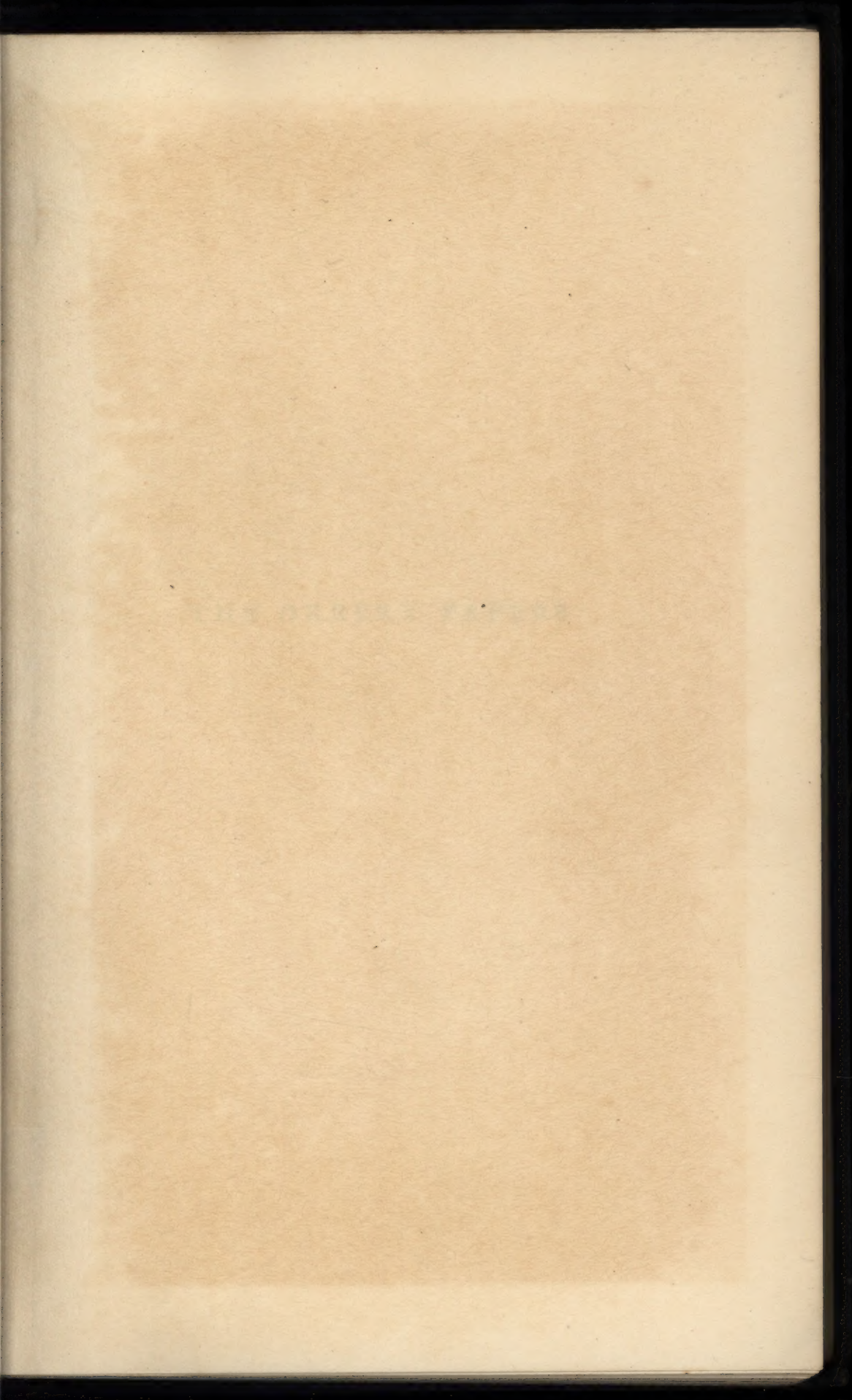


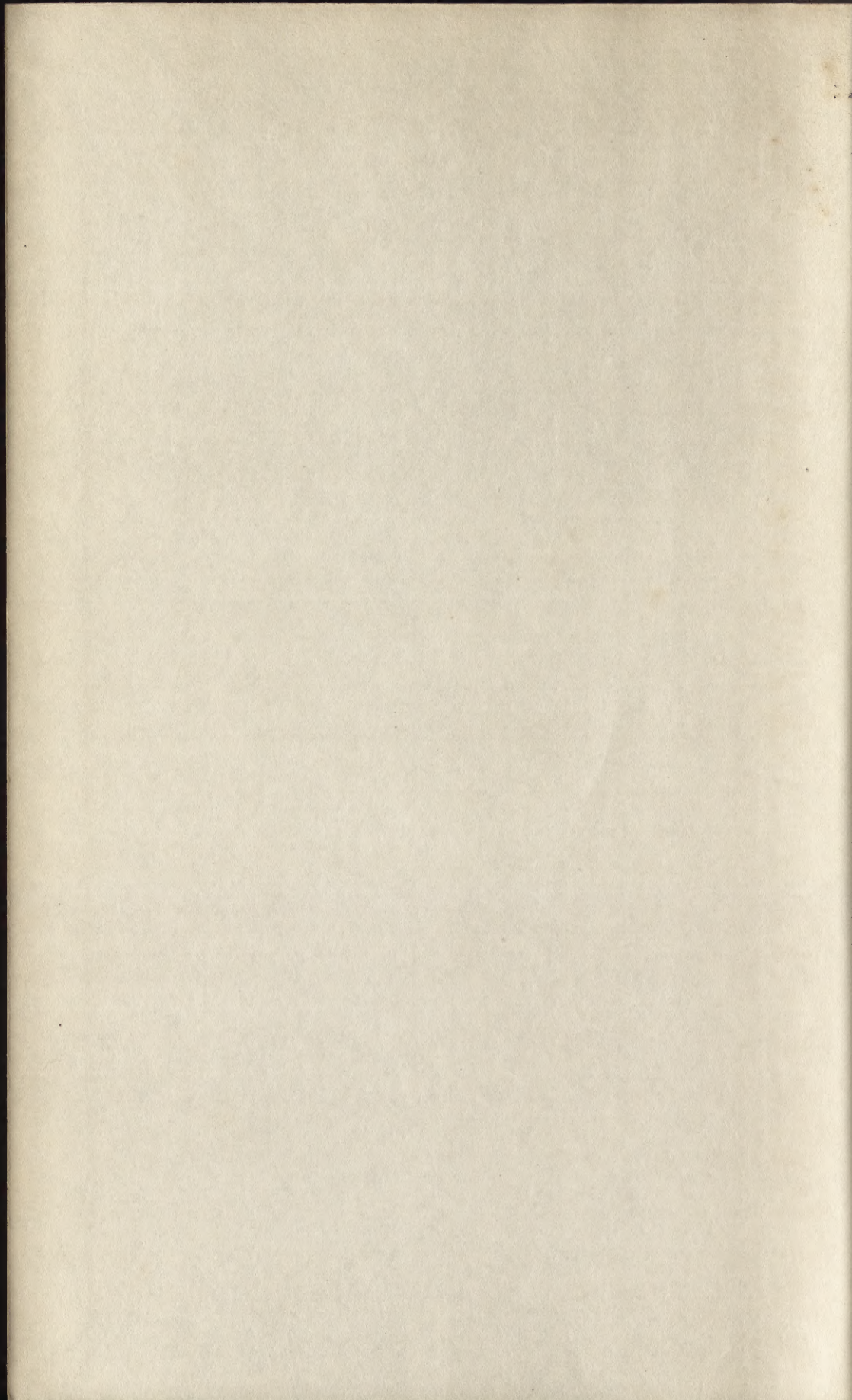




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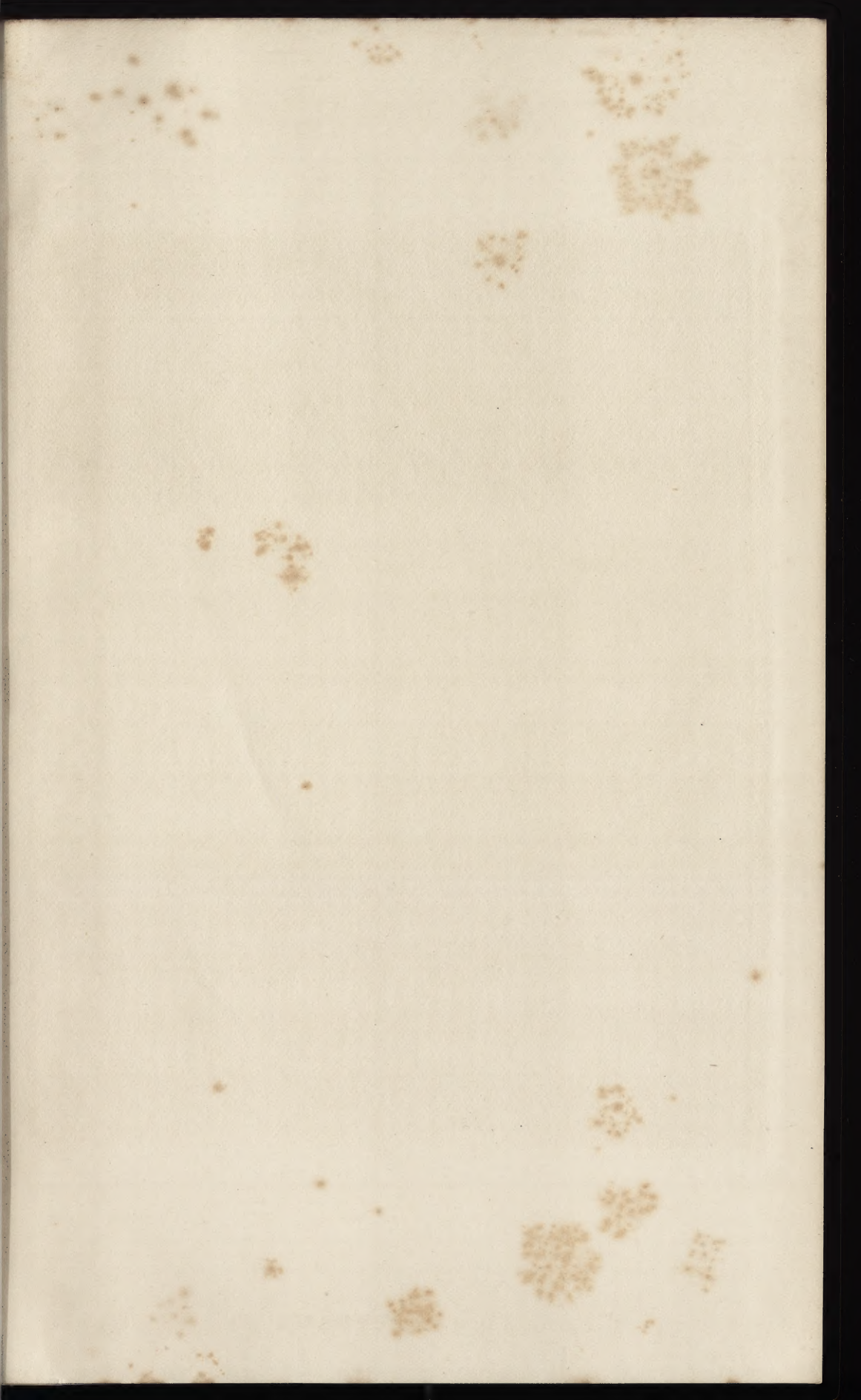


THE ORRERY PAPERS













Walter S. Goodall, Esq.

*Fifth Earl of Orkney with first and second Wife.*

Each 25 X 21 cm  
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THE





*Fifth Earl of Orkney with first and second Wife.*

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# THE ORRERY PAPERS

EDITED BY THE COUNTESS  
OF CORK AND ORRERY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL II.

*'C'était jadis'*



LONDON  
*DUCKWORTH AND COMPANY*

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1903



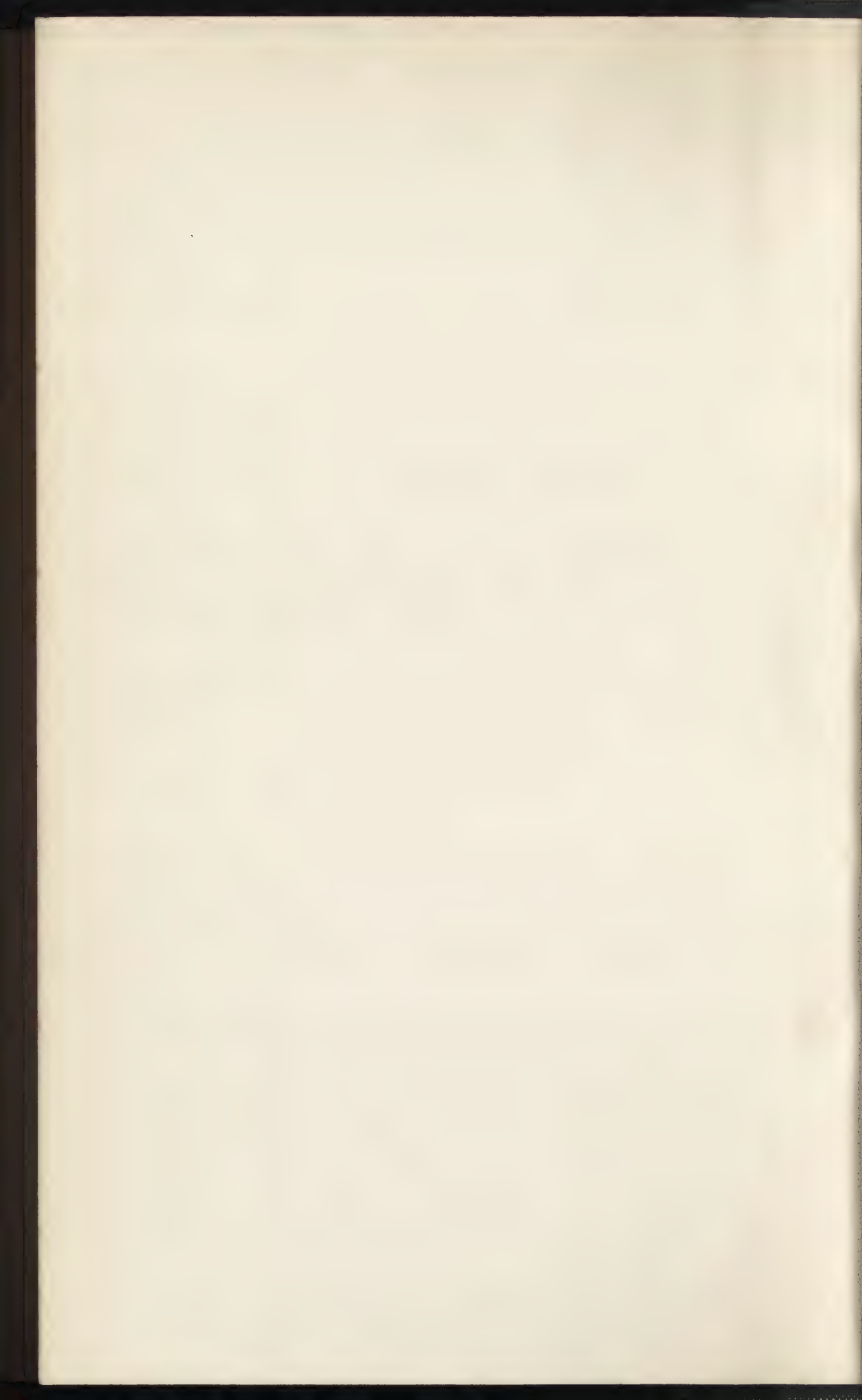
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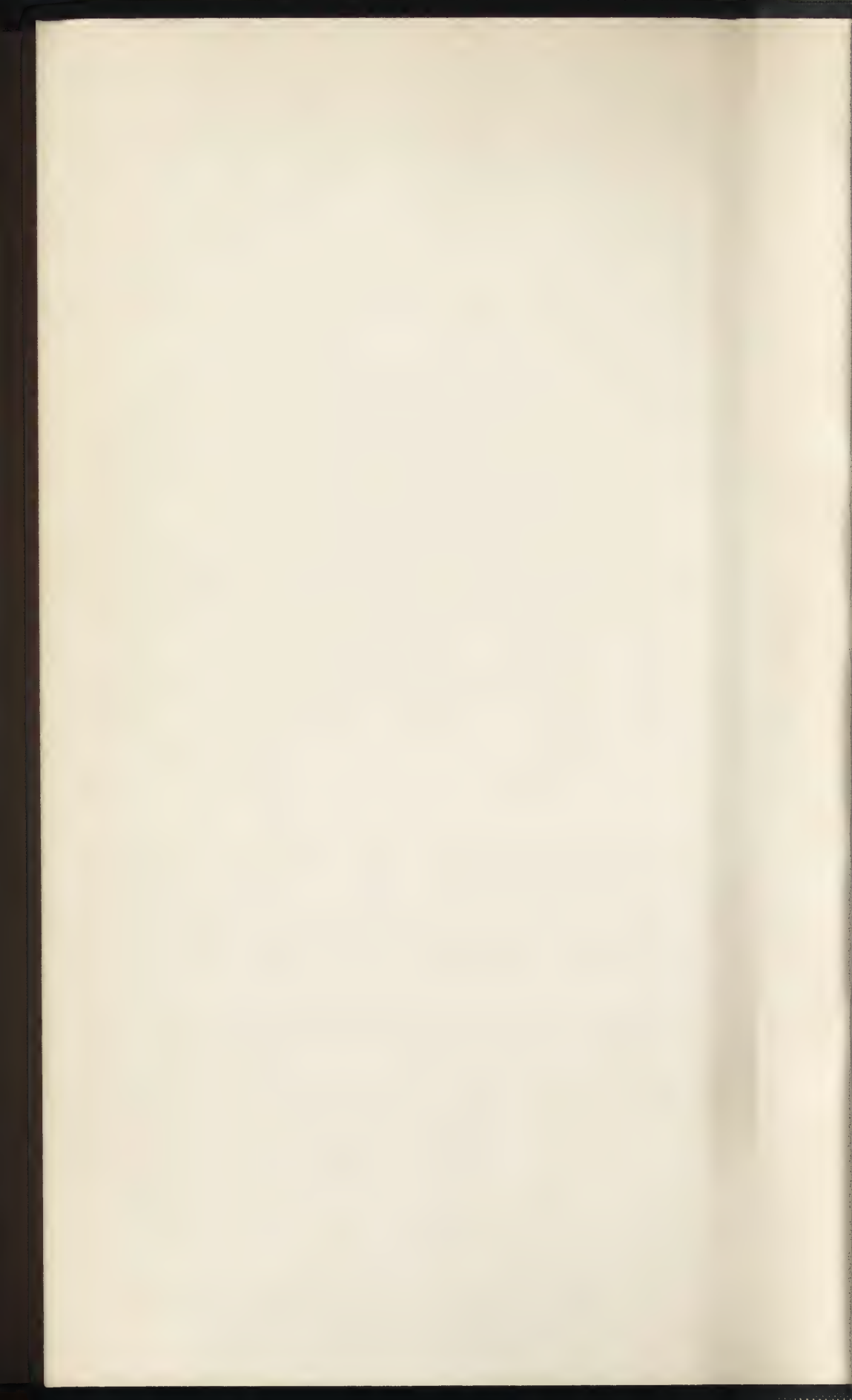


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# THE ORRERY PAPERS

TO DR. KING.

*Caledon, May 30th, 1747.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,— . . . I solemnly protest my absence from you only makes me regret England. There was a time when I wished to have passed my days in my native country. But that time is past. My thoughts and judgement of the Island are altered. I feast here upon the sweets of life. I began there to taste all the bitters of it. I enjoy most perfect health at this place. I had neither health nor happiness at London. The ingratitude of the Marstonites was intolerable: the civility of the Caledonians is superlative. All the Giants are dead. Some wolves and Yahoos are still left: but they serve rather for derision than disgust. My neighbours vye to make the place agreeable to me. They need only to know my disposition to conform to it.

I am the happiest parent in the world. My children are quite recovered. You have long known me the happiest husband. Lady Orrery seems to shine particularly in this sphere. She was formed by heaven for these dominions. They are fine, inexpressibly fine: proper for so excellent a princess.

My Groves flourish amazingly. My buildings rise in the finest view before my eyes. Nothing is wanting but my Friend. The sea is short, accompany L<sup>d</sup> Boyle hither. He



will guide you back again, and Dolphins must necessarily play around the Vessel of such a poet.

I am so perfectly happy in this state, that I am regardless of the state of Europe: at least in those points which cannot affect Ireland. I scarce read a newspaper. Most of my conversation turns upon Potatoes, Flax, Wool, Syder, and strait ditches. How different from my conversation this time twelve months! I was then conversing with Dr. King and the Literati of Oxford. My companions now are the Man-Tyger, the Wild-man, the mad-man (who is *præfectus urbis Caledoniæ*), the dumb-man, the Macgrady Man and honest Tom Heatly the Shoemaker. My Female Goddesses are Betty Montgomery, a mad-woman, and old Betty Gash our Archdeacon's housekeeper. Not a Cary woman, nor a Dalrymple woman to be seen, but my swans, my sheep, my groves and my River make up all defects except the want of your presence! after which I shall languish as long as we are separated, even for a day; I must and will hope to see you. In the meanwhile, let me hear from you often, for I am inexpressibly your own,

ORRERY.

TO THE REV. MR. F——.

*Caledon, June 24th, 1747.*

DEAR SIR,—I am certain two of my letters must have miscarried. The last pressed for an immediate answer, and either you are not so happy as we wish you, or you have not received a request which I made you from Lady Orrery. Give me leave to repeat it.

Many months are now past—I believe four at least—since from my description of Lady Curzon's Bone-house, we came

to a resolution of building a Bonery at Caledon. I then desired you, and I again desire it, that you will, if possible, obtain from Mr. Poole, or by whatever other method you think proper, an exact description of that ossified edifice. Let me know the size of it. The sort of bones. The method of putting them together. In short, all particulars relating to ossification. We intend to strike the Caledonians with wonder and amazement, by fixing an ivory palace before their view. We have already gathered together great numbers of bones. Our friends the butchers and tanners of Tyrone have promised to encrease the number.

We have built, at the expence of five pounds, a root house, or hermitage, to which on Sunday the country people resort, as the Londoners to Westm<sup>r</sup> Abbey. For gayer scenes, I have a lodge near a mile distant from the hermitage, and large enough to contain a good number of friends at dinner or supper, or to entertain eight couple with a country dance. Behind this room are three little rooms, a kitchen, a bedchamber, and another room, besides a cellar. These buildings are in the form of Buckingham House. And the courtyard is filled with various fowls, and admitts the most lively and innocent scene imaginable. All the buildings command a view of the river, of groves and of various agreeable objects. . . . Lord Boyle is with me, all our compliments attend you. I expect King Nobby over every hour. His majesty, by the last accounts, had taken up his residence at Chester. I have no thoughts of England. Caledon has changed me into an Hibernian. It is a charming place indeed.—I am, dear Sir, Yours, etc.,

ORRERY.



FROM DR. BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

*Cloyne, July 11th, 1747.*

MY LORD,—A letter should be natural and easy, and yet I must confess I write with no small concern, since your Lordsp is pleased to say you expect improvement from my letters, that same improvement which in good earnest I should myself have hoped for from corresponding with a person so conversant in the classics as well as the *grand monde*, did not my years, and the nature of my studies, stand in the way.

Your Lordsp's lott is fallen in a pleasant land. For my part, I admire the *belles lettres* without possessing them (A truth I need not mention), my studies having been of the dry and crabbed kind, which give a certain gouty stiffness to the style.

I have just now read over Mr. West's book, a performance worthy your Lordsp's recommendation, and in the reading thereof I have been much edified, instructed and entertained. To me it seems extremely well wrote, and if it had been worse wrote, it could not have failed of doing good among many who do not consider what is said so much as who it is that said it. Certainly, men of the world, courtiers and fine gentlemen, are more easily wrought on by those of their own sort, than by recluse and professed divines. . . . But it is to be hoped the public, by a timely and serious reflexion (whereof I take this gentleman's attempt to be a noble specimen and leading step), will recover their lost sense of duty, so far as to avert that vengeance which the posture of our affairs abroad and the plague hovering round our coasts, do threaten. But, come what will, that your

Lordsp and family may safely ride out the storm is the sincere wish of my Lord, your Lordsp most obedient, etc.,

GEORGE CLOYNE.

FROM MR. BIRCH.

*London, 13 August 1747.*

MY LORD,—I have long been in debt to your Lordsp for a most obliging and agreeable letter such as all your Lordsp's are, and it is one of the greatest pleasures that I feel from the reestablishment of my eyes that I am now able to pay your Lordsp my acknowledgements for that and all your other favours.

With regard to the situation of affairs at home, everything is of course quiet at this season, and with respect to those abroad, the relegation of the Queen Dowager of Spain gives no hopes of a peace with that Kingdom to which her views were the chief obstacle, nor are these hopes a little favoured by the destruction of the Cavalier at Bellisle, near Exilles, by which the French are disabled, at least for this year, from making any further effort in favour of Don Philip in Italy.

The great object of our attention at present is the siege of Bergen-op-zoom, the resolute and successful defence of which has occasioned the main army of the enemy to march towards it, which in all probability will produce another action between them and our army.

The state of literature, both here and in all parts of Europe, is affected extremely by this long and cruel War; and the Booksellers have so little vent for their old stock that they are very cautious of engaging in any new work of weight or importance.

Mr. Littleton has followed the example of his cousin,



Mr. West, with equal success, in his *Letter upon the Conversion of St. Paul*, which I hope has reached Ireland, where the uncommon force and perspicuity of the reasoning may do great good, if unbelievers abound there as much as they do here.

Does your Lordsp remember a very good poem, in imitation of one of Juvenal's Satires, called *London*, published about nine years ago? The author of it, Mr. Sam. Johnson, has now undertaken a work long wished for, and almost despaired of, an English Dictionary; for what we have already under that title does not at all deserve it. Mr. Addison himself had once resolved upon such a design, in the latter end of Queen Ann's reign, when he was out of employment, and as he intended the first volume of Tillotson's sermons, published by the Archbp himself, as one of the chief standards of our language, he actually marked the particular phrases to be introduced in the manner of the Dictionary *della crusca*: but upon the accession of the late King, being again brought into business of the public, he abandoned his scheme. Mr. Johnson has printed an account of his Plan in a letter addressed to Lord Chesterfield, of 34 pages in 4°. It is a very ingenious piece, and I wish the work itself may be executed in a manner equal to this sketch.

The foreign journals mention *Relation d'un Voyage fait en Egypte*: printed at Paris, in 12°, which is not yet to be met with in our Booksellers' Shops. This voyage was performed, in the year 1730, by the Sieur Granger, who was afterwards sent again into the East by the King of France in order to make observations and collections with regard to Natural History, but died in his return from Persia, of a fever, as Dr. Pococke told me lately, occasioned by drinking so great a quantity of wine when he was thirsty.

I have read over, upon your Lordsp's recommendation, *Memoirs and Adventures d'un Honnête Homme*. It is a most agreeable piece, and I long for the sequel of it, which I hope the author will not forget, as Marivaux us'd to do. Marivaux is now dead without concluding his *Marianne, or Paysan parvenu*.—I am, my Lord, etc.,

THOS. BIRCH.

FROM MR. BIRCH.

*London, Novr. 3rd, 1747.*

MY LORD,—Since my last I have two most obliging and agreeable Letters of your Lordsp's to acknowledge: We are now upon the eve of a new Parliament, in which the ministry have so evidently a majority that affairs there are likely to encounter but little opposition, especially from the Prince's party, who are not very considerable for number or weight. We had some time ago a report of a reconciliation between the two Courts<sup>1</sup> founded upon the authority of the Duke of Marlborough, who was said to have declared as much at Burferd Races. And this gained further credit by a late visit of the Duke of Newcastle at Leicester House. But the subject of that visit is now known to have been an information which the Prince was desirous of communicating, concerning some new commotions ready to break out in the Highlands, of which the Government had likewise an account some weeks before. The taking of Bergen-op-Zoom is an advantage to the French which has rendered them very considerable gainers by the last campaign at Land, but it has been fully ballanced by their prodigious losses at Sea; by which their Marine and their Trade are almost ruined. This may probably incline

<sup>1</sup> Of the King and the Prince of Wales.



them to more moderate and pacific counsels at the approaching congress.

The two ships which were sent out last year for the discovery of a North West passage thro' Hudson's Bay, are returned without completing it. They were obliged to winter in the Bay, and it was June last before they could enter Wager River, which they sailed up 80 leagues, till they found it, instead of a streight, to be only a vast river, formed by the conflux of three others, arising from as many lakes. It is probable that another attempt will be made with more success.

Mr. Garrick has incorporated all the best players at Drury Lane House, of which he and Mr. Lacy are sole Patentees. We expect several new players there this season. A Comedy, called *The Foundling*, by Mr. Moore, who gave us an excellent collection of Female Fables. *Coriolanus*, a Tragedy, by Mr. Thompson, author of *The Seasons*, and *Irene*, the Mistress of Mahomet II., who took Constantinople, by Mr. Sam Johnson, who is now preparing the English Dictionary, of which he has published the Plan, which I presume your Lordsp has seen. His talents in poetry are very considerable. We have a specimen of them in an admirable Satire of his entitled *London*, printed near ten years ago.

Mr. Littleton has just given us a Monody to the memory of his deceased Lady. It is in imitation of Milton's *Lycidas*. His poetical pieces already published, with others still in manuscript, and those of his cousin Mr. West, are to be inserted in a Miscellany of the best poems which have appeared for several years past, containing three pocket volumes. Dodsley intends to give them to the public this season.

A copy or two of the late Cardinal Polignac's *Anti-Lucretius* are now in town, having been sent hither as presents to Lord

Chesterfield from Paris, where it is printed in two Tomes in 8vo. It is dedicated to the present Pope by the Abbé Rothelin, to whose care it was entrusted by the author on his death bed. The Abbé is since dead, and an anonymous writer has sent it into the world with a preface in a good taste, both of language and sentiment. He gives us in it the history of the Poem, which was begun in the year 1697, when the author, then only Abbé Polignac, returned out of Poland, where he had been ambassador, by the way of Holland, where, having had several conversations with that famous sceptic Mr. Bayle, he resolved to write a poem in defence of religion, but has formed it upon the principles of a false philosophy, that of Des Cartes, except in the theory of light and colours, wherein he has followed our great Newton. The two last Books, the 9th and 10th, are left unfinished, and the Cardinal had projected two more in vindication of Christianity against the deists. There is a translation of it into French almost finished. I am, my Lord, always your Lordsp's etc.,

THOS. BIRCH.

FROM THE HON. HAMILTON BOYLE.

*St. Peter's College, Dec. 12th, 1747.*

MY LORD,—After returning your Lordsp my thanks for your indulging present, I will give you an account of our success with *Ignoramus*; which has been as great as I could possibly have wished. We have acted twice, and appear again on Thursday the 17th, when we expect most of the nobility: you shall then have an account of the great men who honour our theatre. Lord Oxford and the Dukes of Richmond and Norfolk, and many more have been here, but there was unluckily a council those nights that we have acted, which has



hindered the company that we expected on the 17th. Dr. King was here the 2nd night, and stays in town for the next. He is in raptures about it, and said he would write you word immediately, which he since told me he has done. Nothing else is talked of about Town. My Lord Oxford's encomiums are very great. In short, you will imagine me to have the self conceit of *Ignoramus* if I was to give you a more particular information, though it is your own command. You shall have an account again by Saturday the 19th's post. For then we shall have acted it for the last time: it may be requested by the noblemen to be repeated after Christmas, but that is yet uncertain.

I send you the Prologue and Epilogue, the first wrote by Dr. Johnson, the latter by Mr. Lloyd, which, though it is flat to read, went off as well as any Epilogue I could have wished, and made a great deal of noise about town.

I assure you I am very happy, but I cannot say quite so, since you are absent. My only comfort is, that every day brings me nearer to that happy time of meeting. In the mean time, if I was turned that way, I might solace myself with popular applause, but all the effect which that can gain over me is a satisfaction that I have succeeded in an applause that will always be of service to me. But I reserve more particulars for next post. The old gentleman was here and indeed had a bad journey, but has in this respect as well as all others shewed his love for the family.

I know you will heartily rejoice at my success: when we meet we will talk it over. In the mean time I will drop it till next post.

My duty always attends my Lady though I don't shew it enough by writing often, but her godness excuses me. Many thanks for that charming letter of my brother Edmund's.

You could not have sent me anything so agreeable. I long to thank him for it, till I see him he can only have my prayers. I am, my Lord, Your Lordsp's most dutiful and obed<sup>t</sup> Son,  
H. BOYLE.

FROM MR. HERBERT BOWEN.

*Rupert Street, Sat. x. 12, 1747.*

MY LORD,—I arrived here on Tuesday last through the only bad weather we have had this year. The waters were so much out between Marston and the Devizes, that I was obliged to swim my horse three times betwixt the first and last place. But I was amply rewarded on Tuesday night, when I had the pleasure, the joy, the extacy, nay, I know not what to call it, of seeing Mr. Boyle play the part of *Ignoramus* in St. Peter's College, to a large and to a polite audience. Surely, my Lord, how great soever your Caledonian pleasures may be, had your Lordsp been that night at St. Peter's College, I will be bold to say that you would have thought it the happiest you had ever seen. I am persuaded that the part of *Ignoramus* was never better, if so well, acted, as now by Mr. Boyle. The universal applause of the whole audience convinces me that I am not singular in my opinion, and that what I say does not proceed from my partiality to my dear Captain. The Bp of Rochester, Bp Trevor, Dr. King, Dr. Nichols and several other grave divines laughed to excess.

*Ignoramus* has not been played, tho' often attempted, since the year '30. The gentleman who acted it then (G. Lewis) performed so well that he has been called ever since (by way of excellence) *Ignoramus Lewis*. But I heard him own, and several people say, that Mr. Boyle has by far outdone him, and richly deserves the Bays.



Lord Burlington and family are on the road from Yorkshire to London. I waited on Lord Chesterfield with a ticket from Mr. Boyle. His Lordsp wrote him a polite letter of excuse, that he could not wait on him. I know not whether his Lordsp mentioned it in his letter, but he was obliged to attend a council that night. The play is to be acted again on Thursday next, and I shall again wait on Lord Chesterfield with a ticket for that day.

I am too much enraptured with Dr. Ignoramus to mention anything of business this post, and am, my Lord etc.,

HERBT. BOWEN.

FROM THE HON. HAMILTON BOYLE.

*St. Peters College, Janry. 14th, 1747-8.*

MY LORD,—Since the account of our second nights performance, I have sent my brother the particulars of the third, which you should have had, only I waited till I could add the circumstances of a visit which I made to the Duke of Dorset, from whom I have received so many favours and honours that I join Fitz Gerald with the prayer before sermon ‘Particularly we praise thee for thy mercy in preserving his Grace Lionel Duke of Dorset.’ My first visit was attended with a present of five guineas: but the manner in which he gave them was so genteel that I am doubtfull whether I would chuse his compliments or the gold.

I should do him injustice were I to send you his particular expressions; as your Lordsp knows him, you know his affability. He sent for me last Sunday again to dine with him, when I received as usual his enquiries after you and the whole family, and he desired his compliments to you with

great sincerity whenever I should write to you. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury desire to be remembered in the same manner to you. My Lord told me you were one of his oldest acquaintance; her Lad<sup>p</sup> sent for me to speak the Epilogue to her, which I did.

I had a message last week for an attendance on L<sup>d</sup> Chesterfield: upon which I waited on his Lord<sup>p</sup>, and received compliments from him on the success he heard I had met with: and he added that he wished he could have been a spectator: but he said he would certainly be one if we would act again: I told his Lordsp if he would on fix a day, we would certainly do ourselves the honour of performing before him after the Holidays. And since we have met at School I have waited on him again to know when we might expect that honour, and he desires Thursday the 21<sup>st</sup> of this Month, on which day I doubt not we shall have a noble audience and no purse. His L<sup>p</sup> desired me to give his service to you, as did my L<sup>d</sup> Foley and L<sup>d</sup> Carpenter, who were here the last time we acted.

Scott and the old Gentleman, I hope have given you their particulars. To which shall be added mine after our next appearance on the stage, which though awkward, your affection desires to have, and therefore it shall be the care of, My Lord, your Lordsp's most dutiful and obed<sup>t</sup> Son,

HAM: BOYLE.

*P.S.*—There is a strong report about town that my L<sup>d</sup> Chesterfield is going to resign, but I cannot avouch for the truth of it. My duty to my Lady, etc.



FROM MR. BIRCH.

*London, Janry. 19th, 1747-8.*

MY LORD,—Your Lordsp's most agreeable Letter of the 30th of last Month has just reached me when I was preparing to write to your Lordsp and wishing that the republic of letters here would furnish me with something worthy of your curiosity. But we must wait for a calmer season before we can expect the restoration of learning to its full vigour; for the voice of the Muses is lost amidst the tumults and rage of a war, which the successfull ambition of France leaves us little hopes of seeing a speedy end of.

Mr. Melmoth's translation of Pliny has been so well received that he has ventured to appear lately as an original writer, though in disguise, for he is the real author of an 8vo Volume of *Letters upon various Occasions*, published under the name of Sir Thomas Fitzosborn, Bart. The style and manner of them is founded upon that of Pliny, and the letters consist chiefly of Essays upon moral and critical subjects, descriptions and characters.

Mr. Richardson's *Clarissa* has, I presume, been very current with you before this time. It is not relished here so much as his *Pamela*; and its greatest admirers acknowledge that it might be very much abridged, but the Incidents of the remaining volumes will be much more various and interesting.

Mr. Fielding is printing three volumes of Adventures under the title of *The Foundling*. Mr. Littleton, who has read the manuscript, commends the performance to me as an excellent one, and abounding with strong and lively painting of characters, and a very copious and happy invention in the conduct of the story.

Dodsley's collection of poems by various hands was published last week in three volumes. It contains many valuable pieces which deserved to be preserved in this manner. Several of them never saw the light before. But I think the Editor might have omitted, in the first volume, Dr. King's *Art of Cookery*, and other poems of that writer, which are familiar to most readers.

I have long been surprized that the Abbé du Bos's critical reflexions on Poetry, Painting and Music, which have passed through so many editions in the French, should not have appeared in our language, when such a number of French Books of infinitely less merit are adopted among us. It is certainly not an easy task to do justice to the original in a translation, but it is now at last attempted by one Mr. Thomas Nugent, whose version is published in three volumes in 8vo.

Dr. Bradley, the King's Astronomer, has communicated to the Royal Society a discourse containing some discoveries of his of great importance to Astronomy, and particularly with relation to the precession of the Equinox. This discourse is in the form of a letter to the Earl of Macclesfield, to whom he does great honour as one of the best judges as well as Patrons of Philosophical Studies, of any person of his Lordsp's rank in this or any other age.

I beg the favour of your Lordsp to make my compliments acceptable to my Lady Orrery, Ld Boyle, and to believe me to be, etc.,

THOS. BIRCH.



FROM THOS. CAREW, ESQ.

*Lincoln's Inn Fields, 27th Feb. 1747-8.*

UPON the first sight of my good Lord Orrery's letter, I was a little surprized with the account of his being dead, but when I found that death to be only a translation into the Elysian fields, I changed my mind and began to wish myself in the same state; for upon the most mature and solemn reflection, I am every day more and more convinced that this climate has not the least comfortable spot in its whole territories, and were it not for the sake of others more than myself, I should make an attempt to pass the Gulph between us. I assure your Lordsp, you have a most just idea of the affairs of this most miserable great world. The distress of the inhabitants is now very great, but if I could see less of future events than what daily is discovered to our view, one might venture to foretell that tranquility and pleasure are removing their situation to a more distant climate. . . .

It is no news to your Lordsp that Lord Chesterfield has resigned: but when I tell you that his brother has accepted of a place which became vacant in consequence of his resignation, and that he obtained the favour of a settlement of eight hundred pounds per annum upon the Irish establishment for a fair Lady, I fancy your Lordsp will be at a loss now to fathom this very extraordinary piece of politics.

Your great Friend, and my late master, the Speaker, was seized with a paralytic stroke, which is thought will deprive the senate of his assistance.

I am very sorry to tell you that we talk this day at the Cocoa tree of 5s. in the pound. The money is wanted, and they say they must have it. But I fear the country cannot pay it.

The Duke of Bridgewater died this morning. He is succeeded by a fine youth who is in good hands. It is said that Sr R. G—ve—r<sup>1</sup> is soon to be made a Peer, but I hope without foundation. I am very sorry to confirm the story of the Somersetshire whipping, but its too true. Dr. King is in town. I hope he will succeed in printing his book.

We shall scarce see Sir Watkin this season. I propose to be in Somersetshire some time in May, where I shall be proud of your Lordsp's commands. I wish anything could invite you to change your pleasant situation to that part of this world; you will bring life to your friends, in these parts, to none more than, My Lord, your Lordsp's most obliged and humble Servant,

THO<sup>S</sup> CAREW.

FROM COUNSELLOR FORRESTER.

*London, Febr. 20th, 1747-8.*

NOTHING but the hurry of business I have had these six weeks could have prevented me acknowledging the favour of yours of the 23rd Janry. I read to our friend all that your Lordsp writes of Lord Boyle, which, as it gave me the greatest contentment, seemed to have the same effect upon him, for he and I shall always vye with one another in affection for everything that concerns you. I know Lord Boyle too well to entertain the least doubt of the improving daily. As you are happy in one son near you, you have no less reason to think yourself so in him who is at a greater distance. I am very sure he will make a considerable figure in any profession he shall chuse, though from a partiality to my own, I am rejoiced to find we are likely to have him amongst us. Your Lordsp

<sup>1</sup> Grosvenor.



has an absolute right to command my services in such assistance as he may want in that pursuit. It is, no doubt, of all professions, the most independent ; I mean that a man of parts has a better chance of rising in it without the favour of Courts and Ministers than in any other ; though for some years past it has been the fashion to bring all men into a state of dependence. . . . The grand point, and which I promise myself will not be wanting in Mr. Boyle, is close application to study, and a firm resolution of not taking disgust at what is certainly not very agreeable to a young gentleman. But of this, my Lord, we shall talk more fully at our meeting.

I have brought the Dr. to the point of promising that if your Lordsp will come to Holihead, we will go thither to meet you ; but crossing the sea I can't persuade him to. But really, my Lord, my oratory has not the power of carrying him beyond the limits of *terra firma*.

Public news I have none to send you beyond what you will read in the *Gazeteer*. We all wish for peace, but are not likely to get it. You are informed before this time, of your friend's resignation, which surprized nobody, as it had been long expected, but his manner of doing it, and the circumstances attending his going out, render that full as unintelligible as his meddling with the other place was when he accepted it. He was at Court the day after he resigned, visited all his brother Ministers before setting out for Bath, and to manifest his liking to those whom he was then quitting, has left his proxy with our quondam friend, My Lord Privy Seal. Explain this riddle who can, for it passes my comprehension.

I am afraid I have tired your Lordsp's patience ; it is high time to release you, and let me do it by assuring you that I shall ever be, etc.,

AL. FORRESTER.





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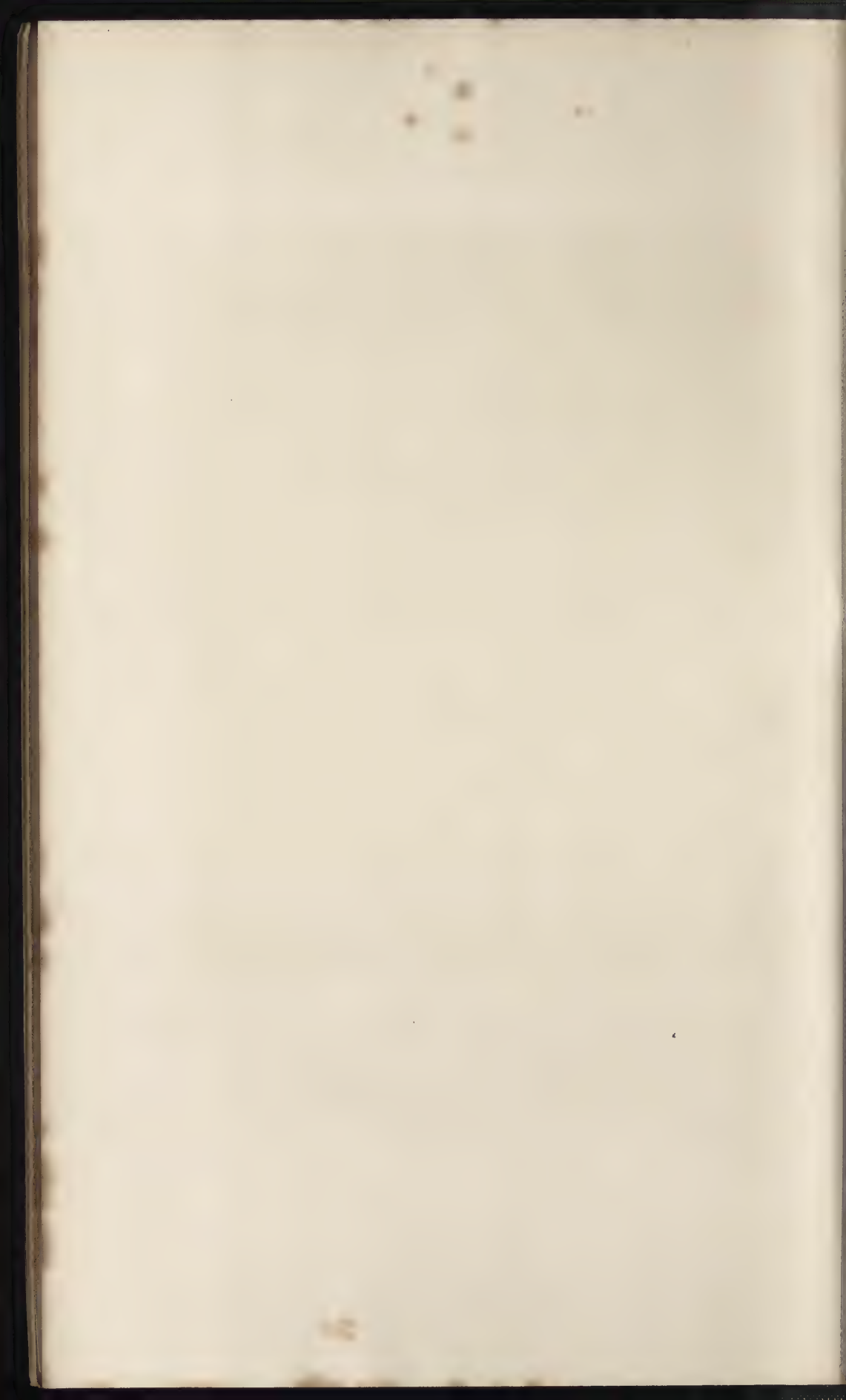
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AL. FORRESTER.



*Philip, Earl of Chesterfield.*

4. 2. 1764  
 Earl of Chesterfield, 25 Nov 1765 (70)  
 a 10 min 30 sec. Car.  
 Last 10 min 30 sec.  
 5th August 1762  
 1762





## FROM MR. BIRCH.

*London, Febr. 20th, 1747-8.*

MY LORD,—Your Lordship's most obliging letter of the 1st instant lies now before me and requires my just acknowledgements. I have the honour of being particularly acquainted with the Bp of Oxford, and shall be glad of waiting upon him with your Lordsp's letter.

Lord Chesterfield's resignation is an event greatly regretted by the public, though not very unexpected ; for he had for some time complained of not having been treated with the confidence due to his post. However, he parted on good terms with the King, who said to him many things which his Lordsp declared afterwards he should never forget : though it would be indecent in him to repeat them. He assured his Majesty that he should give no disturbance to the course of public affairs. He is gone to Bath for his health, and several of his relations and friends have since been gratified with places or pensions, his brother John being offered a seat at the Admiralty Board, which he is said to have refused on account of the fatigue. Col. Geo. Stanhope has a regiment given him ; and Lady Fanny Shirley a pension of eight hundred pounds a year.

The Duke of Bedford has taken the southern province as secretary, which is generally thought the most profitable ; his Grace of Newcastle having quitted that for the Northern, in which the greatest scene of business now lies.

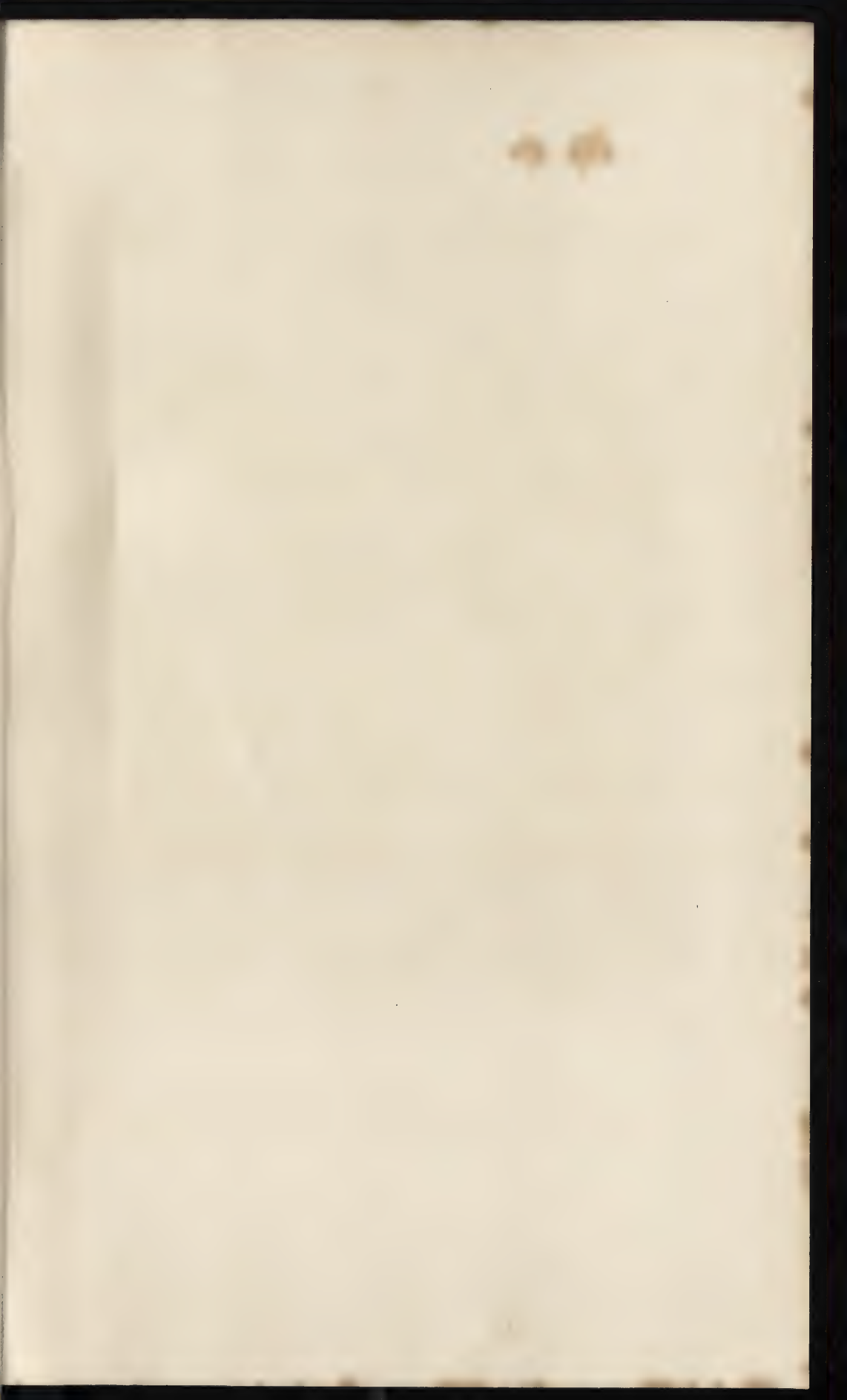
The first volume of Dr. Taylor's new edition of *Demosthenes* in 4<sup>to</sup> which has been several years preparing, is now just ready for publication. It is addressed in a very elaborate dedication to Lord Granville, at whose request the edition was

undertaken; and who is the patron of the editor as well as of the work, having procured for him the Chancellorship of Lincoln, while he was left in the post of Secretary of State. . . .

Mr. Bower's History of the Popes from the foundation of the see of Rome to the present time is now come to the press, and we expect the first volume at Ladyday and the second before Midsummer, but probably shall wait till next year for the two last. It has been encouraged by a very noble subscription, which he owes greatly to the recommendation of Mr. Littleton, whose character of the work seems fully justified by the author's preface, which has been shown to the subscribers. He began it while he was at Rome, where [he] was educated a Roman Catholic; but by his examination of the ancient history of the church was led to renounce his attachment to the Pope's supremacy, and afterwards to abandon his old religion and come to England. He was one of the chief writers of the *Universal History*.

Dr. Moore's new comedy, called *The Foundling*, was brought on the stage on Saturday last, and still continues acting with great applause, which it well deserves on account of the morality, good sense and wit in it. And I was pleased to find the audience interest themselves so deeply in the virtuous distress which fills several most pathetic scenes.

Mr Foote, a young gentleman of a good family, but who having run through a fortune of twelve thousand pounds in two or three years was obliged to enter himself on the stage for a subsistence, had prepared at Rich's Theatre a piece of mimicry at which he has an uncommon talent, but has been forbid acting it by the Licenser, on account of the high indecency of exposing private characters on the stage. He got several hundred pounds in May last by a performance of the same kind at the French Theatre in the Haymarket, in which







*James O'Connell del. sculp.*

*Hon. Hamilton Boyle*  
*afterwards*  
*6<sup>th</sup> Earl of Cork & Orrery.*

*Boyle*

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*Hon. Hamilton Boyle*  
*afterwards*  
*6th Earl of Cork & Orrery*

*Portrait*



he ridiculed the principal actors, Dr. Taylor the oculist, Dr. Lawson, a Physician and others.

Our poetical pieces are all insupportably bad, except an Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon by Mr Akenside, the author of *The pleasures of the imagination*.

With my compliments to my Lady Orrery and Lord Boyle, I am, my Lord, Your Lordsp's etc.,

THOS. BIRCH.

FROM THE DUKE OF DORSET.

*White Hall, March 12th, 1747-8.*

MY LORD,—I had the honour of your Lordsp's letter, and I do assure your Lordsp, that in my poor opinion, our schoolfellow, Mr. Hamilton Boyle, deserves everything that can be said of him ; the applause he met with upon a late occasion made one feel both pride and pleasure, he will certainly answer what may with reason be expected from a son of yours, which is as much as can be said of any body.—I am my Lord, with great respect, your Lordsp's most obedient and most humble servant,

DORSET.

TO THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

*Caledon, March 12th, 1747-8.*

MY LORD,—As I have not the honour to be known to your Lordsp in the manner that my ambition could wish, I have desired my friend Mr. Birch to deliver this letter to you : and as I would not occasion to your Lp more trouble than is absolutely necessary towards granting me your assistance, I

shall be perfectly satisfied with your Lordsp's answer in my correspondence with Mr. Birch.

I have lately lost my kinswoman and friend, Lady Betty Spelman. In her life time she shewed me one, if not two, pictures intended for me after her death. A writing behind the canvass directed for whom the picture or pictures were designed. As I know not her executor, not even his name; forgive me, my Lord, if your own character and the esteem in which Lady Betty held you, lead me to apply to you upon this occasion; and permit me to add that I could wish by your Lordsp's means, to have my letters returned to me. They were many in number; and she kept them as an instance perhaps, that she could condescend to relish trifles. But, in a correspondence with a Lady, towards whom I was far from having any reserve, many expressions might escape me, and subjects and persons might be mentioned in a manner by no means proper for all eyes. In your Lordsp's hands my indiscretions may be safely trusted: and therefore if I might empower your Lordsp (forgive the expression) to receive those letters, I should hope the executor, whoever he is, would give them to you; but I am so entirely in the dark in this whole affair, that unless your Lordsp is so good as to intermeddle in my favour in both these instances, I know not what step I am to take, either to recover the letters or to claim the pictures. I have taken up too much of your Lordsp's time already, and therefore hasten to subscribe myself, my Lord, with the utmost respect and esteem, Your Lordsp's, etc.,

ORRERY.

## TO THOMAS CAREW, ESQ.

*Caledon, March 12th, 1747-8.*

I AM not dead, dear Sir, nor was I ever in a better state of health. I am truly sorry for the Speaker. We shall not soon see his like again, and in this country it is probable I shall not see the likeness of his perrewig. I think the State will scarce be convulsed by the D. of Bridgew<sup>rs</sup> death. But I am sure the stage will feel an earthquake by the demise of Heppesley. Your design is extremely kind in trying to amuse your friends here with the new pamphlets and productions of London. We have them constantly reprinted in Dublin, and my friend Sir George Faulkner (for he either is or should be a Knight) sends them to me with perusals of various pieces before the public receives that satisfaction. If you were with me on this side of the water, we should find great satisfaction in Sir George's conversation. He was the printer and favourite of Dr. Swift; he was the bookseller and companion of Lord Chesterfield, and he thinks wit, like the plague, is contagious. He has a solemnity of face that never alters; so that in his brightest or most gloomy hours he remains immoveable in countenance and appears a kind of talking statue.

*Clarissa* kept us up till two in the morning. *Rhodoric* will keep us up all night, and he, I am told, is to be succeeded again by *Clarissa*, whom I left, adorable girl, at St Albans. . . . [I would] enquire after my Lady C. B.<sup>1</sup> I have expected to hear of her marriage with Lord Hartington many months. You know we honour and love her father, and therefore I wish her, and indeed upon her own account, all happiness and prosperity. Betty has been very ill, but Miss

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Boyle.



Smith's letters are true cordials, and Miss Carew's usquebaugh the prince of cordials. Four or five years hence you will find my appetite as good as usual at strawberries and cream.— Believe me, ever yours,

ORRERY.

AN EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE LORD BOYLE, CONCERNING THE DIS-  
TURBANCE AT OXFORD, RECEIVED MARCH THE 20TH, 1748.

I SHALL proceed to give you an Account of Dawes's Behaviour which may prove of the utmost bad consequence to himself and Prejudice to the University. You are to know that some Weeks since Dawes, Whitmore of Baliol, and another Man of the same College, after having drank very hard, issued forth into the Streets, where they made a great Riot, uttering the most treasonable Expressions they could possibly make use of. They were by no means to be dispersed, though Mr. Blakoe, a Master of Arts of Brazen Nose, attempted it, and some say that Dawes struck him. However, at length he delivered them over to Mr. Sandford, of Christ Church, who, as you know, is this Year one of the Pro-Proctors. The next morning they were carried before the Vice-Chancellor to receive condign Punishment, who imposed them severely, and put by their Degrees for a Year. Just at this time Mr. Blakoe came before the Vice-Chancellor with Depositions of their Behaviour, and all the treasonable Words they had poured forth so lavishly, the Truth of which was attested to by Mr. Leeker of Christ Church and Mr. Knox of our Hall, who offered to make Oath of what they there asserted. The Vice-Chancellor, judging it unstatutable, or thinking it beyond his power to inflict any but Academical Punishment, refused to take their

Depositions, upon which Mr. Blakoe, urged on by his Zeal, or prompted to it by the Rage of his Displeasure (for, not knowing him by Person or Character, I am unable to discover his Motive) went up to London and gave in at the Office of the Secretary of State the full Account of the rash Behaviour of these young Fellows. When the Affair first made its Burst in London, People talked variously : Some imagined it would be shifted if Earl Gower and the Duke of Bedford had not determined to the contrary. Others thought the Delinquents would be seized upon ; while there wanted not many who supposed that the Vice-Chancellor would be called upon to give his Reasons why, as a Civil Magistrate, he had refused to receive the above mentioned Depositions. Thus Affairs remained, till last Fryday One of the King's Messengers went down to Oxford and brought Dawes up to Town as a Prisoner of State. Some say the Baliol Men were likewise apprehended, but whether true or not, I cannot say. I can only affirm that Dawes is so. How this Affair may end, Time must determine.

*London, April 1, 1748.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I would not have troubled you with a Letter till I had received an Answer to my last ; but, as I imagine, you will not be a little curious to be acquainted with my Situation. I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in making you my Debtor for two Letters. Mr. Blakoe, thinking the Vice-Chancellor had not imposed a sufficient Punishment on us, waited on the Duke of Newcastle with his Information, upon which the Privy Council were called, and it was debated whether they should take notice of it ; upon which the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower very strenuously exerted themselves, and insisted on our being called to Account. Accordingly two Messengers were sent down to Oxford for us,

one of whom goes by the name of Ward, in whose custody we now are. The Day after we came to London we were taken before the Duke of Newcastle and examined, and ordered back into Custody. We have heard Nothing farther ; what the Event will be, the Lord knows : But I hope, *nascetur ridiculus Mus*. Knox came yesterday to London, and this Day gave his Evidence against us before the Duke of Newcastle.

[‘ Two or three young riotous students at Oxford, trained  
‘ up in prejudice and heated with intemperance, uttered some  
‘ expressions over their cups importing their attachment to the  
‘ Family of the Pretender. The report of this indiscretion was  
‘ industriously circulated by certain worthless individuals, who  
‘ having no reliance on their own intrinsic merit hoped to  
‘ distinguish themselves as the tools of party, and to obtain  
‘ favour with the ministry by acting as volunteers in the  
‘ infamous practice of information. Tho’ neither the age, rank  
‘ nor connections of the delinquents were such as ought to have  
‘ attracted the notice of the public, the vice chancellor, heads of  
‘ houses, and proctors of the university, knowing the invidious  
‘ scrutiny to which their conduct was subjected, thought proper  
‘ to publish a declaration, signifying their abhorrence of all  
‘ seditious practices ; importing their determined resolution to  
‘ punish all offenders to the utmost severity and rigour of the  
‘ statutes, and containing peremptory orders for the regulation  
‘ of the university. Notwithstanding these wise and salutary  
‘ precautions, the three boys, who in the heat of their intoxication had drunk to the Pretender’s health, were taken into  
‘ custody by a messenger of State. Two of them being tried in  
‘ the Court of King’s Bench, and found guilty, were sentenced  
‘ to walk through the courts of Westminster, with an account  
‘ of their crime fixed to their foreheads ; to pay a fine of five



‘nobles each ; to be imprisoned for two years, and find security for their good behaviour for the term of seven years after their enlargement. Many people thought they saw the proceedings of the Star Chamber revived in the severity of this punishment.’—SMOLLETT (*Hist. of Eng.*.)]

## DR. BARRY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dublin, April 11, 1748.*

MY DEAR LORD,—Lord Boyle has been detained by me from going to Caledon by reason of a purging which he neglected for two or three days. I have had no occasion to give his L<sup>p</sup> any medicines, but to confine him yesterday, and this day to Chicken, and chiefly a Broth Diet. To-morrow he purposed setting off, but I have insisted on his staying this week till his L<sup>p</sup> is fully recovered. The Weather is still severe, and the least cold might increase a Disorder, which is in itself trifling. I parted with Ld Harrington on Monday Night. He told me of a very remarkable Pamphlett, which was just publish’d and sent over to him. A Justification of the Conduct of the Earl of Chesterfield. Some suppose it was written, he said, by himself, but that he could by no means give Credit to, as he knew he parted with the King on the best terms, and the Pamphlett casts many Severe Reflections on His Majesty, and imputes our not having had a good peace with France, and separate peace with Spain, to his Obstinacy and the obedient Disposition of the Ministry. Whoever has wrote it, he says, cannot be of the common Class of Men, as he asserts from his own Knowledge what has pass’d in the most private Councils. He says the Author has dragd him in, in two or three Places, and says his L<sup>p</sup> has quitted the Secretary’s Place for the same

motives with which Ld Chesterfield<sup>1</sup> is now influenc'd to quitt the same post. It will be soon printed here and I shall take care to enclose it. My best Respects attend Lady Orrery. I am, my dearest Lord, ever y<sup>r</sup> own

ED. BARRY.

FROM DR. POCOCKE.

*Dublin, May 3rd, 1748.*

MY LORD,—I am to acknowledge the honour of your Lordsp's letter, and to return my hearty thanks for the two Roman coins which your Lordsp was so kind as to send me by the means of Lord Boyle.

Your Lordsp sees we have a peace. It is said the King of Sardinia's Minister protested, as well as the Emperor's, and both for the same reason, the loss it will occasion of our Money, and the latter will be at a loss for a supply to finish his Palaces and to parade it at Vienna, as they have employed their Money instead of sending their Quota, and it will be a warning to us how to engage any more upon the Continent for such ungrateful Allies. The King of Sardinia is to have a finale and part of the Milanese. We must be still in war with the Spaniards in the West Indies, as nothing is stipulated in favour of our trade, for which we engaged in the Spanish War. Maestricht being excepted out of the Armistice, about which Ld G. Sackville went to Marshall Saxe, is thought to be only to bring in the Empress whose troops are in that town ; and if so, its probable the siege will be turned into a blockade, which it is said the Water had effected before the preliminaries were signed. Dunkirk is not to be demolished, and what we seem to have got

<sup>1</sup> Philip, Fifth Earl of Chesterfield, was made a member of the Cabinet in 1744, and in the following year appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in which office he preceded Lord Harrington.

for our treasures is the establishing an hereditary Stadsholder in Holland, and so we shall probably have peace till an Emperor or King of Poland is to be made ; though the Czarina seems to be almost in possession of the latter. My best respects attend all your Lordsp's family.—I am, with the greatest regard, My Lord, etc.,

RICHARD POCOCKE.

FROM MR. THOMAS CARTE.

*Dean's Yard, Westminster, May 5th, 1748.*

MY LORD,—I had the honour of your Lordsp's yesterday.

I am surprized that my book was so long on the road, and sorry that your Lordsp hath not read more of it that I might have the benefit of your remarks, and judgement upon the transactions related and the dissertations interwoven therein. My second volume, which will be printed by this time twelve months, will go down to the reign of Henry 8th, when embassies and negotiations first came on the tapis, for, Ferdinand, the Catholic, was the first prince in Europe that ever had what is called a leiger Ambassador residing at a foreign Court: and his envoys were looked upon as meer spies, till other powers, finding the use of such ministers, the practice became common. In former times Princes sent persons of quality with a large train to carry a message and settle a particular point ; but their journey seldom took up a month, and they return'd as soon as an answer was given to their matters, letters or proposals. I have seen several journals of these Embassies in the King of France's library ; but there appears little or no intreague in any of them till the time of Henry 8th, when ambassadors began to stay some time in the courts of princes to whom they were sent.



Mr. Ecklin has certainly been very ill-treated, and has created a precedent that may prove very inconvenient if the ill use made of it in his case does not deter people from following it. It is frequent for husbands to give their Wives leave to make a will, but I am told it hath never been more than a verbal leave. Mrs. Ecklin would have that leave drawn up in writing: he consented, and Frank Garvan drew a form. This did not satisfy: she would have one drawn by her own lawyer: He complied; tho' she had given Sir Robert Brown £800 out of her scrutoir in his presence. She used her power to give away everything he had given her, and whatever was in her power to the value of £9000. Yet, he lays her death to heart, and all her ingratitude is sunk in his tenderness. I was much afraid for his life at first, but he begins to grow better, and will be soon setting out for Ireland, where he proposes to spend the rest of his life.

We see nothing here but what is melancholy, and expect nothing but disasters, and all the miseries which an universal want of money can bring on people. The Min<sup>rs</sup> are going to pay £500,000 of Navy Bills to put some specie a circulating in the world, and are in hopes that with the dividends of the three great companies, soon to be paid, they will enable subscribers to pay the late loans for this and the next month, but I don't find that anybody thinks the payments of July and August possible to be made. The distresses of March 24 are inconceivable, and the quantities of paper money given in security for specie, are surprizing. I saw myself £2000 such money given for £100 cash, and such a check is now given to public credit, that few think it can ever recover, and everybody dreads the consequences.—I am, my Lord, Your Lordsp's etc.,

THOS. CARTE.

## TO DR. POCOCKE.

*Caledon, June 6th, 1748.*

SIR,—Enclosed you will find some few pieces which I offer to you, not as valuable coins, but as such only as I have been able to procure at this place. I am told that Mr. Simon has made a very large collection of Irish coins, so that I cannot doubt that he has the Philip and Mary of 1557 and 1558 with the harp on the reverse: a base coin, but curious and tolerably plain. I wish to know when Mr. Simon's book will be published, and whether Bower's first volume of the Popes is yet come over.

Thompson's *Castle of Indolence* came to me last post. I have not yet read it. Such a poem will certainly be very proper to my hermitage, which is now in such beauty that I am impatient to see you there.

I have great expectations from the account of Lord Anson's *Voyage round the World*. It is printing, I hear, in Dublin, and is highly valued in England.

What shall I say about the peace? In my retirement it is impossible to judge of the actions of the great World. But if the newspapers can afford us true lights, I think the movements are a little disturbed. The Wheels don't seem to turn easily: they want oil perhaps. However, it is prudent not to supply our enemies with coin; the scarcity of which and the march of the Russians were the chief motives, I presume, of the Gallic measures. The next winter will abound in Pamphlets, Speeches and protests, and will possibly clear up to us those facts of which we cannot even guess at the springs.

I have not seen the *Anti-Lucretius*: it bears an high character, and will probably be reprinted in Dublin. Any

books in parcells too heavy for the post will come safe if you will be so kind to send them to Mr. William Marlow, Merchant in Mary's Abbey, directed to, Sir, Your most obedient, etc.,

ORRERY.

I hear a most shocking account of some of the Scholars in Dublin College. Is it true?

TO MR. THOMAS CARTE.

*Caledon, June 11th, 1748.*

SIR,—I have not yet had time to look into your history. I postpone that employment for the winter evenings. There are several parts of our English History and Constitution which I wish you to explain to us very minutely. I am afraid some of our most celebrated laws are not built upon so just a foundation, or at least, are not executed in so equitable a manner as they ought to be. The Jury take upon themselves in so many cases to determine the law as well as the fact. It is their constant practice, and not disputed to be their right. But as I am still of opinion that by their original constitution, which is very antient, they were confined to matters of fact; and if their first power extended no further, it appears difficult to determine whether the enlargement of that power in the manner as now practiced, be an alteration from which great benefit may arise. This trial by juries is generally boasted of as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. The jurors are to be men of competent fortunes, in the neighbourhood, and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In Treason, the person accused has a right to challenge



five and thirty; and in Felony, twenty, without shewing cause to challenge. But as several difficult points of law are brought before them, and as they are often composed of men of mean estates and low understandings, I question whether they are always capable of determining properly and judiciously the matters of justice which are submitted to their judgement, even although the judges of the Court explain the nature of the case and the law which arises upon it.

If my paper were not at an end, I should say something upon that head, but I can now only add that I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO ALEXANDER FORRESTER, ESQ.

*Caledon, June 13, 1748.*

DEAR SIR,—I deferred writing to you till I knew where and in what manner my son Hamilton would perform his journey to Ireland. You will not be troubled with him. He is already set out or upon the wing. I am impatient to see so very hopefull a son, whom I hope you will receive as your humble servant, and will assist him with your friendship and instruction.

I have not heard from our friend<sup>1</sup> these many months. I have scarce heard of him, so that I can only guess he is in his Cell. I imagine his thoughts are taken up in preparations for the troublesome consequences that are likely to attend the late uproars and misconduct at Oxford. I hear the utmost resentment, I hope not the severest punishment, will

<sup>1</sup> Dr. King.

be shewn to the transgressors. I am glad to have my judgement confirmed by keeping my young man under my own eye on this side of the water. He shall not stir from me, and if he is not improved, at least he will not be injured by any company he keeps here. I wish him to be better versed in prudence than in Mathematics, in common sense than in poetry, and in a sober uniform conduct than in the joys of Bacchus and Midnight revels. When we meet, I shall speak freely to you upon this subject and many others.

Blasphemy reigns as triumphantly at Dublin College as disloyalty has reigned at Oxford. One young gentleman is banished from the society, two or three more are admonished. Some have publicly denied the belief of Jesus Christ, others have abjured the being of a God: but prudence, or want of sufficient testimony against the offenders, has hindered any violent proceedings upon the occasion.

Tell me, what does the world say to peace? Or is it peace? or is it war? or is it neither?

Hasten hither, my worthy friend, where the Caledonian will receive you with open arms, and where you will confer much additional happiness to Your truly obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

TO THE HON. HAMILTON BOYLE.

*Caledon, June 15th, 1748.*

MY DEAR HAMILTON,—Nothing can be more agreeable to me than your requests. They are always so reasonable that I have a double pleasure in granting them. Your friend, Mr. Tibbald, shall be truly welcome. You describe him as a man of humour. He will find here sufficient fund to

exercise that genius. Even the female sex have something in their manner so formal and particular that we cannot help fancying them rather the ridiculous than the beautiful part of the creation. But I will not anticipate your pleasures.

Marsh is ordered to supply you with what money you want. As you have a companion you cannot possibly call anywhere on the road, a circumstance which I am not sorry for.

I have not heard from Dodd since he left us. I fear he was in the storm. God protect you on Sea and land. I could wish you, methinks, to chuse the shortest passage by sea. Address yourself to Mr. Marlow as soon as you arrive at Dublin, but I believe Dr. Barry will insist upon your stay and your friend's, at his house : nor can it be refused upon any account whatever. I think if you stayed one whole day at Dublin besides the day of your arrival, you would be sufficiently rested after your fatigue and we might be advertized of your arrival, so as to meet you. Come by the way of Newry and Armagh.

Remember to visit our aunt Mrs. Hamilton. I believe most of my other friends will be out of town except the great Sir George Faulkner, who ought to be made known to Mr. Tibbald. A more singular character than Sir George's, even among the singular booksellers, cannot be found in the three Kingdoms, or, in his own phrase, in Europe.

So with prayers, and impatient wishes for your safe arrival, I remain, My Dearest Hamilton, Your truly affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

Lady Orrery joins with me in every word of this letter relating to your welfare. She is your mother indeed.



FROM DR. MEAD.

*London, August 9th, 1748.*

MY DEAR LORD,—Your Lordships commands always do me great honour, and it is a real pleasure to hear of the health of your noble family.

As I am always scribbling, I believe I may this Winter have the honour to present your Lordsp with a little book *De morbis qui in Bibliis memorantur*. The Clergy, I am afraid, will say I am no good divine, for, whereas they are fond of the Devil, I have endeavoured to shew that he is not so formidable as they make him; and that our Saviour came to destroy his works. I am old enough not to be afraid to speak my mind when I think I have truth on my side, and especially when I am convinced the cause of Religion will not suffer by it.

Lord Burlington and his family are well, and, to the great joy of his and the Devonshire family, Lady Hartington is in the fifth month of her Pregnancy.

I beg leave to give my most humble respects to Lady Orrery and all your truly noble family, and am ever, with the greatest honour, My dear Lord, yours,

R. MEAD.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Sept. 3, 1748.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I really believe You are more happy than the Prime Minister, and have made at least as good a peace. Watt deserves still y<sup>r</sup> Attention and Regard, but the greatest part of the Attendants on a Law-suit, like the Russians, receive pay for their formidable Appearance only. These

Halcyon Days will I think ever continue. You cannot too much unbend a mind which has been long kept in an anxious state, and even Pliny will gain more strength for being for some time neglected. When shall *I* have rest! Poor Tibalt has been very ill but is now much better; he is an excellent Schollar, and has a fine Imagination which he has too much indulged. Business and conversing with Fools and Coxcombs would now give his mind a better turn than Horace or Shakespeare.

I have return'd Ld Chesterfield's Letter, which I had seen before; his observations are too just, and his manner of expressing them peculiar to himself. I find 'tis suspected by some, that he will come over again, which I think not improbable. The Author of the Old English Journal has been long displeas'd with him, and calls him Selim Slim; and in his last Paper is particularly severe against him and Barnaby Bustle, the Duke of N——<sup>e</sup> 1. 'Tis certain his pacific Scheme has been in a great measure followed; he has not appear'd against the Ministry, and I believe they cannot well avoid offering him a Government, which will place Him at a proper Distance from them. Lord petersham<sup>2</sup> has return'd to England, and by his accepting so small a Post seems to think that he shall not long have an Opportunity of getting a better. But I forget that I am writing to One who laughs at<sup>e</sup> these Things, and employs his Thoughts on subjects much more agreeable to them. Adieu then, my dearest Lord, and in the midst of your Freedom and Happiness remember sometimes y<sup>r</sup> Faithfull and affe<sup>te</sup>

ED. BARRY.

<sup>1</sup> ('Newcastle.')

<sup>2</sup> Viscount Petersham (and First Earl of Harrington) at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and notwithstanding Dr. Barry's predictions, continued in that position until succeeded in 1751 by the Duke of Dorset.

## TO THE EARL OF SUFFOLK.

*Caledon, Sept. 21st, 1748.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I confess it is a long time since I have done myself the honour to write to you. Your Lordsp, perhaps, may impute my silence to the gloominess of the climate, and the soporiferous particles that float unseen in our bumpers of claret. I cannot say, My dear Lord, that the supposition is entirely without foundation, but the truer and more important reasons have been a very perplexing scene of business, succeeded by an inundation of company that have borne me down most triumphantly with the stream of idleness, and have made me forget all the laws of civility and gratitude, except such as related to themselves. Your goodness, I know, my Lord, will easily forgive me, especially as the correspondence between the two Countesses exhibits to you all the news of Caledon.

How often do I ruminate upon the pleasures of Duke Street? Pleasures now no more. ‘O, ’tis a ruefull thought ‘to have been blest!’ Well, my dear Lord, I will still hope that we shall one day meet, at least in England, if not in Westminster. Till then, continue in . . .

## TO THE REV. MR. BIRCH.

*Caledon, Sep. 21st, 1748.*

DEAR SIR,—It either is or seems to be a long time since I heard from you. Perhaps you are writing the very same sentence to me: but, as the loss is on my side, you must give me leave to complain.

This summer has passed away in great idleness and feasting, so that I have scarce looked into a book of any sort.



Mrs. Pilkington and Con Philips, however, have not escaped me. I was obliged to read them to adapt myself to the conversation of my neighbours, who have talked no other topic, notwithstanding the more glorious subjects of peace and Lord Anson's *Voyage*. I have not peeped into the *Anti-Lucretius*. It is arrived at Caledon and reserved for the longest evenings. Carte's voluminous history of England is weighing down one of my shelves. He, likewise, is postponed to bad weather or a fit of the Gout. Last week brought us the first number of Con's second volume. She goes on triumphantly and is very entertaining. Her sister Pilkington is not so fortunate. She has squandered away the money she gained by her first volume, and cannot print her second. But from you I hope to hear of books of another sort. A thin Quarto named *Louthiana*, is most delicately printed and the cuts admirably engraved, and yet we think the County of Louth the most devoid of antiquities of any County in Ireland. The County of Corke is, I believe, in the press, and I am told it will be well executed. I have seen the County of Waterford, and approve of it very much. These kind of books are owing to An historical society founded at Dublin, and of great use to this kingdom, which is improving in all arts and sciences very fast : tho' I own to you, the cheapness of French Claret is not likely to add much at present to the encrease of literature. If all true Hibernians could bring themselves to be of your opinion and Pindar's, the glorious memory of King William might keep the head cool and still warm the heart ; but alas ! it sets both on fire : and till these violent fits of Bacchanalian loyalty are banished from our great tables, I doubt few of us shall ever rise higher than the Memoirs of that kind I first mentioned.—I am, dear Sir, and so is all my Family, truly yours,

ORRERY.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD  
TO MR. PRIOR.

SIR,—A long and dangerous Illness has hindered me from acknowledging until now, your two last letters ; and, though I am a good deal better, I still feel, by extreme Weakness, the Shock which that Illness has given to a Constitution too much shattered before.

Pray be under no Kind of Uneasiness as to the Accident that happened to my Letter ; for, I assure you, I am under none myself. I confess, the Printing of a Letter carelessly and inaccurately written in the Freedom and Confidence of a friendly Correspondence, is not very agreeable, especially to me, who am so idle and negligent in my familiar Letters that I never wrote one twice over in my Life, and am consequently faulty often, both of false Spelling and false English. But, as to my Sentiments in regard to Ireland, I am not only willing but desirous that all Ireland should know them.

I very well recollect the two Paragraphs in my Letter which might be objected to by many People ; but I recollect them without retracting them. I repeat it again, there are not many People there, who, like you, employ their thoughts, their Time and their Labour merely for the public Good without any private Views. The condition of Ireland sufficiently proves that Truth. How different would the State of your Land, your Trade, your Manufactures, your Arts and Sciences have been now, from what it is, had they been the Object of the general as they have been of your particular Attention ?

I shall still less recant what I have said about Claret, which is a known and melancholy Truth, and I could add a great

deal more upon the Subject ; five thousand Tuns of Wine imported *communibus Annis*, is a sure but indecent proof of the excessive Drinking of the Gentry there ; for the inferior Sort of People cannot afford to drink Wine there, as many of them can here. So that these five thousand Tuns of Wine are chiefly employed in destroying the Constitution, the Faculties, and too often the Fortunes of those of the superior Rank, who ought to take care of all the Others. Were there to be a Contest between publick Cellars and publick Granaries, which do you think would carry it ? I believe you will allow that a Claret Board (if there were one) would be much better attended than the Linnen Board, unless when Flax-Seed was to be distributed. I am sensible I shall be reckoned a very shallow Politician, from my Attention to such trifling Objects, as the Improvement of your Lands, the Extension of your Manufactures, and the Increase of your Trade, all of which tend only to the advantage of the Publick. Whereas an able Lord-Lieutenant ought to employ his Thoughts in greater Matters. We should think of Jobs for Favourites, Sops for Enemies, managing Parties, and engaging Parliament to vote away their own and their Fellow Subjects' Liberties and Properties. But these great Arts of Government, I confess, are above me ; and People should not go out of their Depth. I will modestly be content with wishing Ireland all the Good that is possible, and with doing it all the Good I can : And so weak am I that I would much rather be distinguished and remembered by the Name of the Irish Lord-Lieutenant, than by that of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. My Paper puts me in Mind, that I have already troubled you too long, so I conclude abruptly with assuring you that I am, with the truest Esteem, Your faithful Humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.



[The only extract of the Letter alluded to is as follows]:—

. . . Of the Irish Taste of the present Time I cannot help saying, that except in your Claret, which you are very solicitous should be two or three Years old, you think less of two or three Years hence than any People under the Sun. If they would wish Themselves as well as I wish them, and take as much Pains to promote their own true Interest, as I should be glad to do to contribute to it, they would in a few Years be in a very different Situation from that which they are in at present. Go on, however, you and our other Friends; be not weary of well-doing. And if you write to the most worthy Bishop of Cloyne, pray assure him of my true Regard and Esteem. And remember me to my honest and indefatigable Friend in good Works, Dr. Madding. And be assured yourself that I am, with sincere Friendship, Your most faithful Humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

FROM MR. BIRCH.

*London, Sept. 30th, 1748.*

MY LORD,—Your Lordsp's favour of the 21st of this Instant is so very obliging and agreeable that I could not excuse myself for neglecting one post to return my acknowledgements for it.

I hope the re-establishment of peace will soon restore vigour and activity, after so long an Interval, to the republic of Letters, and supply us with other kinds of entertainment than politics, Gazettes and Histories of Campaigns.

Our two Stages are now opened, and Mr. Rich has had the good fortune this year to engage Mr. Quin and Mrs. Westington in his Service, tho' the latter is in danger of being sued

for breach of Contract by Mr. Garrick, who on the other hand is threatened by her with a prosecution for a promise of Marriage.

Thomson, the author of the Seasons, has left a posthumous Tragedy called *Coriolanus*, which will be exhibited at Covent Garden early this Winter in order to the payment of his debts, which through his excessive ill economy and luxury are very considerable. Mr. Littleton, who was his great friend and procured him a place of good value about two years ago, has undertaken the discharge of the Tradesmen Bills, which were no less than thirty in Richmond and Keu, where he had a House. His last poem, the *Castle of Indolence*, in Spenser's style and metre is, I think, worth your Lordships perusal, being allowed to be the most intelligible, correct, regular and spirited of all his performances.

Mr. Garrick designs to entertain the Town this Season with two Dramatic pieces, a Tragedy entitled *Irene* by Mr. Johnson, whose English Dictionary, tho' in great forwardness, is not like to appear these two or three years; and a Comedy, by Mr. Moore, whose *Foundling* had so considerable a run last Winter.

Our Operas for the ensuing season are to be of a new and Burlesque kind, which the Italians call *Burlette*.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Richardson's Sequel to *Clarissa* is in the press, and will be compleated about the middle of November; and Mr. Fielding's Novel called the *Foundling* will be published about the same time. His Bookseller had so great expectations from it that he gave him £600 for the Copy; and Mr Littleton, who has read part of it in manuscript, speaks of it in terms of high approbation.

Mr. Warburton is employed in a new edition of Mr. Pope's

<sup>1</sup> From *Burla*, a joke.

Works in 8vo in a very beautifull form, and I wish he may acquit himself in it with more success than he has done in that of Shakespeare, in which he has afforded materials for one of the most ingenious pieces of Satire that I have ever read. It is a pamphlet of 62 pages in 8vo, entitled *A Supplement to Mr. Warburton's Edition of Shakespeare: being the Canons of Criticism and Glossary collected from the notes in that Celebrated work, and proper to be bound up with it.*<sup>1</sup> These Canons of Criticism are drawn from Mr. W.'s Notes, and illustrated by examples from them. They are an excellent piece of Irony and are 21 in number. This piece has had two Editions, and extremely humbled Mr. Warburton's pretensions to Criticism in the opinion of the public.

The King of Prussia has resumed lately the Character of an Author, and it will be well for Europe if he will no otherwise employ himself for the rest of his Life. The subject of his last performance is an account of his own Family, which is published in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. This Academy, which was founded in 1711, has been put upon a new and more extensive foot by this King, and their Memoirs, of which we have yearly a Volume, shew that the Members are men of eminent abilities.

With my Compliments to my Lady and your whole family, I am, my Lord, Your Lordships most obedt. and most humble Servant,

THOS. BIRCH.

TO THOMAS CAREW.

*Caledon, October 12th, 1748.*

So kind and so entertaining a letter as your last ought to have met with a much earlier acknowledgement: but alas,

<sup>1</sup> By Thomas Edwards, barrister, of Lincoln's Inn.



dear Sir, my time has been consumed in Irish hospitality, in receiving and returning visits, in the ceremonious mysteries of Hobb Nobb, and in gathering in my Flax and Potatoes.

I have of late studied very hard : but my studies have not been directed to Homer, Virgil, or any antient authors. I have kept close to writers of a very modern date. To female writers, even to the illustrious Constantia Teresia and the no less Laetitia Pilkington. The latter is at a stop. The presses will not groan without money, and her stock is exhausted. I mean her stock of money. Not so the lively Teresia. But I am not at a loss to know a friend of mine to be Tartuffe. I have great expectations from the 24th of October. She is then to display Tartuffe, in what she will call his proper colours. How dangerous an animal is an enraged female.

The letters of a Peruvian Princess have charmed me. But how shall I wade through Tom Carte's first volume? I believe it must stand like a wooden book, unmolested but well ornamented in my library.

I suppose this will find you at Crocomb. May it find the whole family well, for believe me, Dear Sir, you have all a most faithfull servant in

ORRERY.

TO DR. MEAD.

*Caledon, Nov. 14th, 1748.*

WHEN I look at the date of your letter, my dear Doctor, I blush with shame. What shall I say for myself? Although I have real excuses I fly for refuge to your good nature. I dare affirm it is as extensive as your knowledge in physic. As I have so often experienced the latter, let me enjoy a noble instance of the former by receiving an immediate pardon under your own hand.

I am glad you are preparing for us a new work. The Devil is so fine an excuse for all kinds of wickedness, that according to the general notions of him, we can have little or no sin. All our iniquity must be laid on his shoulder. . . . We have no Sciences here, not a book to be borrowed in my neighbourhood, not a man of learning to be conversed with, except my friend Skelton, by whom I wrote to you four or five lines. I ventured to recommend him to the honour of your acquaintance.

As to my return, the time of the year allows me not to think of it for some months, at least. I have not yet fixed any time for quitting my Caledonian Territories. I am doing great works, and am a kind of Sovereign among my tenants, who are very numerous and tolerably loyal: but still I languish after my Friends, and like a tragedy heroine, am a little impatient till my part is finished that I may put off these buskins and throw aside my robes to resume my own plain cloaths and live in quiet in my own house. But in every dress, in every country and in all seasons, I am, my dearest Doctor,  
Your own

ORRERY.

FROM THE REV. MR. PHILIP SKELTON.

*London, Knight's Coffee House,  
Essex Street, Novr. 12th, 1748.*

MY LORD,—My affair hath kept me so busy, that I had not time to pay my respects to your Lordsp as often as the many obligations I have to your Lordsp required.

I waited on Mr. West in the country and paid much respect to your Lordsp's letter, but being confined in a fit of the gout and surrounded with company, he could not look at my manu-

script. He only gave me some usefull advice and gave me leave to return.

I waited on Dr. Meade and Mr. Foulker, who received me very civilly, and enquired very kindly for your Lordsp. They both made me the usual tenders of their services, and asked me to come and see them, which I promised to do, but have not yet had leisure to repeat my visit.

Soon after I put the first part of my work to the press, Mr. Millar, a very enterprizing bookseller, articed to give me 400 sets of the whole in sheets. Of these I am at liberty to dispose of one half here and the other in Ireland. As to my own Country, I make no question of my setting off 200 there, but I am in some fears, as I am a stranger, lest I should not find means to pass so many here.

People may call this the centre of news, but I never was in a place where there was such a dearth of that valuable production; news, being one of those things that grow as they proceed, is, I believe, always least as it is nearer the fountain. No mortal talks here of any thing else than the new Mistress, who arrived here a few days ago from Hanover. She is very young and beautiful, but the cast Goddess is immensely rich. She and her wealth stay at Hanover.

My most humble respects and best wishes attend good Lady Orrery and all your Lordsp's most agreeable family. I am, my Lord, your Lordsp's most obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

PHIL SKELTON.

FROM DR. MEAD.

*Ormond Street, Novr. 30th, 1748.*

MY DEAR LORD,—Your Lordsp's letter of the 14th gave me, as yours always do, so much pleasure that if I had reason



to complain of your Lordsp's slowness in returning an answer to mine, it immediately made me amends by the satisfaction which it brought of hearing of your wellfare, and receiving your commands. There is only one thing which makes me unhappy ; that is, that it will be some months, nay, perhaps some years, before we shall enjoy you here. How do your friends here envy those in Ireland their happiness !

I shall take care to give Mr. Lond proper directions concerning the medals for Pliny, etc.

I hope, in two or three months' time, to have the honour of entertaining your Lordsp with a little book *De Morbis insignioribus qui in Bibliis memorantur*. In which, if the Divines are angry that I have not allowed the Devil power enough, it is because I think they have given him too much. It is plain he is a weak adversary, because he is a Coward : for the Scripture says If we resist him he will flee from us.

I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Skelton but once, though I desired him to call upon me. I dare say from what your Lordsp is pleased to say of him, that I shall improve more by his company than by my own ; but his studies, as your Lordsp observes, have given him a melancholy turn, which ought indeed to be cured by frequent conversation.

With most humble service to Lady Orrery and all your truly noble family, I am, with greatest respect, My Lord, Your Lordsp's most obedient and faithfull Servant,

R. MEAD.

FROM MR. BIRCH.

*London, Decemr. 20th, 1748.*

MY LORD,—Your Lordsp's favour rec<sup>d</sup> last post but one calls upon me for my best acknowledgements, and reminds me

of giving you some account of the state of the learned world since my last.

Mr. Richardson has at last finished his *Clarissa*. The performance is certainly a most excellent one and may be of great use, if the length and seriousness of it do not so much discourage an age of remarkable indolence and levity.

Mr. Fielding's novel, called the *Foundling*, in 6 Volumes, was expected before this time, but will not be published before the middle, or perhaps end, of next month. Humour is the chief characteristic of it, though I am told by my friends, who have seen it, that it is not destitute of the instructive and pathetic.

The Burlettas in the Hay-market have banished thence all the nobler music of the grave operas, and these new musical farces seem more generally adapted to the taste of the audience than the greatest performances of Handel, from whom we expect nothing till Lent shall call for his Oratorios.

Dr. Middleton's larger work against the notion of miraculous power subsisting in the Church after the Apostolic age, of which he gave us the scheme in his Introductory Discourse about two years ago, was published last week, and the whole impression of 3000 sold off in one day.

Monsr. Otter, a Member of the Academy of Belles-Lettres and Inscriptions at Paris, has given us likewise in two Volumes in 8vo an account of his travels into Turkey and Persia, whither he was sent about the year 1734 by order of the Court of France. It is dedicated to Count de Maurepas, and is drawn up in the form of a Journal. The author went from Constantinople to Ispahan in Company of the Persian Ambassador and returned with the Turkish. One of the greatest curiosities in it is the anecdotes relating to Kouli-Khan Achmet, Basha of Babylon, who supported himself in his government there by ballancing between the Turks and Persians.

The French Nation are applying themselves again to the cultivation of literature, which met with considerable interruption from the war. Count de Maurepas, who is at the head of their finances, is encouraging a magnificent Work of fifteen volumes in 4to, containing a general and particular Natural History illustrated principally from the King of France's own Cabinet. The chief directors of it are Monsieur de Buffon and Monsieur d'Aubenton, two members of the Academy of Sciences.

My compliments attending my Lady and your whole family,  
I am, my Lord, Your Lord's, etc.,

THOS. BIRCH.

TO DR. MEAD.

*Caledon, Janry. 13th, 1748-49.*

YOUR last most obliging letter, my dear Doctor, should have been answered sooner, had not it found us in the midst of great anxiety for our little daughter, who was upon the point of death in a Fever. When death seems to threaten any of our family, so evidently, it is a sign we are at a distance from you. The King of Terrors dare not come so near us when you are within our call. But you will be glad to know, according to your usual humanity, that the child is now recovered and running about the house as usual.

In my solitary walks, I sometimes reflect on the great and happy change I shall find in religion and politics at my return to England. When my affairs called me into this Kingdom, Rebellion was scarce extinguished, the Clergy were roaring at the Devil, the Pope and the Pretender. Europe was in arms, the Goddess of discord was triumphant. Thank Heaven! The face of the world is changed. The Temple of Janus is shut. The Pretender is sent with his hands tied in a ribbon to



some very distant climate, and the Pope is fairly vanquished by Mr. Boyer, as his Friend the Devil by Dr. Middleton. The Clergy may spare their lungs for the future and the Government remain secure. . . . Indeed, my dear Doctor, so glorious a revolution would tempt a man to leave his potatoes, but since I have sowed them I must see them grow. In the meantime I waft my sighs towards Ormond Street, and shall continue to do so till I can put myself under the protection of your own *Dea Salus*. But I must confess that your letters hitherto have kept me in perfect health. Can you wonder if I desire a frequent repetition of your prescription?

Lucy not only murdered sleep, but murdered Pliny: I shall endeavour to gather up his scattered limbs again and try to revive him. Whatever orders you give to Pond, I will ratify.

Lord Burlington's son gives us real joy. I shall trouble Ld Burlington with a line or two on the occasion.

Adieu, my dearest Doctor, believe me impatient to assure you personally how truly I am your own

ORRERY.

TO DR. BARRY.

*Caledon, January 28th, 1748-9.*

DEAR DOCTOR,—Your reproaches are very just. I have no excuse to plead but idleness. I am busy all day with my planters, and playing all the evening with my Children. I am so happy to be freed from lawyers that I almost detest pen and ink, least it should draw me insensibly into a law suit. Of this there can be no danger with you, so I stand inexcusable. I will amend my course of life and be more punctual for the future. In truth, I never was so happy in my life.

Lucy has been at death's door. There was a time when

such a shock, and it was a great one, would have demolished me for some weeks, but I am become a sturdy oak, and the whole family now are oak saplings, except poor Lady Betty, who, I think, is more of the willow kind.

I wish Dr. Nat<sup>1</sup> all imaginable prosperity. Is it possible, an old woman can dye? Some of them, I hear, can run mad. I would have them all locked up as mad people when once they become troublesome to the world; which they fail not to do as soon as they become old women.

Lord Boyle is rambling the Lord knows where, with whom, (I mean, besides dogs and horses) so that he is diverted, I care not. I believe he will scarce go to Dublin this tour, especially when Nat is away, who is his *fidus Achates*.

What an immense long letter, my dear Doctor, have I wrote to you. Let me hasten to my gardener with great shame, for few words would have served to tell you that my heart, whatever becomes of my pen, is all your own.

ORRERY.

FROM MR. MARTIN FOLKES.

*London, April 21st, 1749.*

MY LORD,—I beg leave to return your Lordsp my most humble thanks for the honour of your kind letter. The business of Electricity has a good deal employed us this last year, though we have only been able to discover some wonderful facts which are without doubt of great use in the system of nature, tho' I fear far out of our reach in the least to be understood.

I was the other day with our friend Dr. King, who is just gone out of town, and I saw Dr. Meade, who always expresses

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Barry's son.

his great respect for your Lordsp. Tho' we admire your way of life, we cannot help lamenting your absence from so many of those who so truly honour you. If I might any way be of service here I hope you will command one that is most sincerely and with the greatest respect, my Lord, Your Lordsp's, etc.,

M. FOLKES.

*P.S.*—There is a strong report of a comet that has been seen within these last few nights. I have not yet attempted to sit up and see it. I presume your Lordsp has heard Cap<sup>n</sup> Harden's book is preparing concerning the antiquity of Egypt. 120 plates are already finished, and the rest are going on with all diligence at Copenhagen.

TO THE REV. JOHN MAXWELL,<sup>1</sup>

*Caledon, April 26th, 1749.*

GOOD SIR,—Nothing but the unhappy situation in which for some months past the illness of my children has involved me, should have hindered me from writing to you, in case that any circumstance had occurred which might have been necessary for you to know or for me to communicate. Be assured, my thoughts of you and my intentions towards you, are the same as ever. But indeed, poor Lady Betty still makes me at once a happy and an unhappy parent. She is now at your relation's house (Fellows-Hall) in a very painful tedious illness. She receives there all possible care and comfort in this situation. Lady Orrery and I, one, or both, visit her constantly twice a day. Alass, Sir, what are classics, what is learning, what is thought, when a beloved Child is in danger?

*Irene* I attempted to read. I could not go through it.

<sup>1</sup> Probably a publisher.



It is a beautiful story spoilt. Tragedies and Dictionaries are different. Success and good fortune are always the same: the two last, I hope, will attend you. If merit is not your obstacle, I should not have the least doubt. Believe me ever, your true humble servant,

ORRERY.

TO DR. KING.

*Caledon, May 2nd, 1749.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Your new acquisitions of Fame may please me, they cannot surprize me. Fame, if a shadow, must naturally follow such a Sun. I have not lately written to you, having passed all these last eight months amidst Doctors and Apothecaries: not on my own account, for I've never had better health, but on the account of two of my children (the Mesdames Betty and Lucy), who have both been in the utmost danger and have laboured under a very tedious illness. They are now recovered, and that usual flow of spirits, which proceeds from a tranquility of mind, and which, like the Thames, is gentle, smooth and even, without ever being too full, is again returned to me. In this disposition I am preparing to set sail for England, having been called to Marston by an affair of consequence which requires my presence. I shall leave this house on Monday sevensnight, and propose to be in the neighbourhood of Froome about the beginning of next month. Lord Boyle accompanies me. Our stay in England will be no longer than our business requires, which probably may take up about two or three months. But it will be time enough to talk of our intended motions when we meet. Where shall that happy interview be? I should chuse London, as I must be there in June. It is a great satisfaction to me to be thus called unexpectedly to

the pleasurable improvements of your conversation. I have lived with Yahoos. I shall hope soon to converse with human creatures. And you know me ever to be, my dearest Doctor, your own

ORRERY.

TO DR. MEAD.

*Caledon, May 8th, 1749. Monday.*

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am setting out for Ormonde Street. I intend to leave this old castle on Monday next, an unexpected affair of consequence having called me to Marston. From thence I shall soon turn my horse's head towards your museum, and although my stay in England, and at London particularly, will be but short, yet I shall endeavour to make it as happy as I can, by passing as much of my time as possible with you.

You may be certain I have many letters to write upon this occasion, nor would volumes suffice to tell you, what must be comprised, like an Iliad in a nutshell, that I am, my dearest and ever honoured Doctor, your own

ORRERY.

TO THOS. CAREW, ESQ.

*Caledon, May 15th, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,—I should have wrote to you long ago, if any circumstances from Caledon could have proved amusing or entertaining, but for some months past they have been the contrary. Lady Betty has been frequently very ill, and Lucy has been at death's door. Thank Heaven, he was not at home, or at least refused her admittance. At present we are all in good health, except Lord Boyle, who has been bruised by a fall from his horse: he is daily growing better, and as

soon as he is able to travel, will accompany me to England. Prepare your strawberries and cream, for I propose to be in Lincoln's Inn Fields in June. When some affairs to be transacted at Marston are finished I must again return to my potatoes. I wish you would come over next year to taste them. We have had, till within these few days, a very dreary season, which, as a Planter, gave me no disgust, but as a farmer sometimes made me a little impatient. At present it is the finest weather possible: and even hot, in the North of Ireland. Three years and half are now passed since I have seen Marston. I hope to find my hamadryads there in perfect health, and their shady habitations making a great progress towards the arch of Heaven. Trees are the best monuments that a man can erect to his own memory. They speak his praises without flattery, and they are blessings to children yet unborn. Every gentleman in Ireland is become a Planter. I doubt the spirit is not so universal in England. Yours,  
 ORRERY.

TO MR. JAMES BALLANTINE.

*Dublin, Novr. 9th, 1749.*

GOOD SIR,—Thank you for your congratulations on my arrival. We had the finest passage possible, after staying at Chester and Parkgate near a month. Business, notwithstanding my impatience to be at Caledon, will detain me here till February. Then I will hasten down to my Hibernian Hamadryads on Orrery Hill, and to that great monarch Rex Nobby, *equorum facile princeps*.

The verses<sup>1</sup> on Sir Watkin Williams are the composition of Mr. Alderman Cooper of Chester: a better Alderman

<sup>1</sup> Some rather poor lines written on Sir Watkin Williams' death.



perhaps than a Poet. I am sorry to find they were ever mistaken for mine. I am determined never to write any serious pieces of poetry without putting my name to them : and, indeed, I think I am almost as fully determined never to attempt the poetical strain again. The flights of youth may be excusable, but in the middle age of life we ought to prefer the *utile* to the *dulce*.

At my return to Caledon you must teach me instead of my son Edmund to read. For I live so constantly amidst Balls, Festinos, Drums, bad plays and nonsensical Farces, that in all probability I must begin again at my Alphabet. You may guess therefore that I live for others, not for myself ; but no gaieties can ever make me forget you, or be less than I am, good Sir, your true and faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO WILLIAM COWPER.

Dublin, Nov. 11th, 1749.

SIR,—I am extremely obliged to you for the account you have sent to us of Winstaye. As the news is good, your letter, if possible, is still more acceptable. I cannot wonder that you should be inspired at the sight of so melancholy a spot of ground, which was of much more fatal consequence to England than the larger Gulph that swallowed up Curtius was to Rome.

The civilities which we received at Chester, the kind notice shewn to three strangers, and the particular favour of your company have made deep impressions on our minds. We retain a gratefull sense of every particular. *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

Dublin is extremely gay, although we have no bulls bated, nor any Quaker pilloried. Cards, Balls, Drums and Festinos

make our evenings pass joyfully, and the mornings are consumed in dressing, visiting and doing no business in the Senate.

Lord Boyle and Mr. Worsley are your true humble servants: join with them, I entreat you, your faithfull

ORRERY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE EARL OF  
ORRERY.

*In the Kings Bench. Fryday, Novr. 17th, 1749.*

LADY MARY COKE<sup>1</sup> brought into Court by her husband called Visc<sup>t</sup> Coke.

Sr Richard L. Loyd of Council for Lord Coke, moved to file the writ of Habeas Corpus and Return:

The Return was: That Dame Mary Coke is the lawful Wife of Lord Coke, and resides in the same house with him: nevertheless he has her body here, as by the said Writ he is commanded.

Sr John Strange of Council for Lady Mary then said that he had very little to trouble the Court with at present: for as his Client had been confined for some time past, and her relatives and friends desired to see her, they could not now lay her case before the Court. He should therefore only move that the several persons which he should name might be allowed access to her, in order that they might take proper directions to prepare articles of the peace which she intended to exhibit against her husband: and as a prosecution was likewise soon to be commenced in the Commons, that she might also have Civilians and her Proctor to attend her.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Campbell, youngest daughter of John, 2nd Duke of Argyle, married in 1727 Edward Viscount Coke, son of the 1st Earl of Leicester. This marriage being without issue the earldom became extinct.

*Persons to have access to her.*

Dutch<sup>ss</sup> of Argyle. D. of Argyle. Earl and Countess of Dalkeith. Earl and Countess of Strafford.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Mackenzie and Lady. Earl and Countess of Bute. Lady Har. Campbell. Earl of Pembroke. Sr Jno. Ligonier and General Campbell.

Lord Coke consented to the before List ; and said that he hoped that such of these as came to his Wife would act as friends as well as Relations.

*Some of the Personages whom I observed in Court.*

Dukes of Dorset, Devonshire, Queensbury. Earl and Countess of Bute. Earls Gore, Burlington, Hallifax, Leicester, Ancram and Countess. Earl and Countess of Strafford. Effingham and Countess. Dalkeith and Countess. General Howard. Sir Jno. Ligonier. Sir Robt. Sutton. Mr. Mackenzie. Mrs. Greenville. Mr. Henry Fox. Dutchess of Argyle, Rutland, Queensbury. Lady Har. Campbell. Lady Glenorchy. Lady Betty Germain. And many others whom I did not know, nor could get informed of.

The Ladies were on the Bench : the Gentlemen were as near them as they could conveniently be seated.

Lord Coke brought Lady Mary Coke into Court : she was in black, with a black hat. When Lady Strafford saw them come in, she fainted away. When Lady Coke got upon the Bench and saw Lady Strafford in the fainting fit she likewise swooned and was a long time ere she could be recovered : during which Lady Mackenzie and Lady Har. Campbell were upon their knees with smelling bottles, etc., assisting the two

<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Strafford was sister to Lady Mary Coke, as were also the Countesses of Bute and Dalkeith, and Lady Harriet Campbell. The Countess of Dalkeith, whose second husband was the Right Hon. Charles Townshend, was later created Baroness Greenwich in her own right.



fainting Ladies. The poor Dutch<sup>ss</sup> of Argyle wept bitterly : tho' there was a splendid appearance, yet there was scarcely ever seen a more melancholy one. Every body seemed sensibly touched. I must own I was much affected, and one must be void of humanity not to have shared in the distress.

The Lady was in a bad way all the time that she appeared in Court. Her Lord behaved with indifference and unconcernedness. He was very unwilling to allow of the above mentioned persons having access to her, but his Council in whispers intimated to him that he had better come in, for that if he did not give his consent, the Court would allow the access without it.

I fancy Articles will be exhibited next week, when She must again make her appearance, but I hope that she will then be in better spirits.

Lord Coke's Council are Sr Richd. L. Loyd, Mr. Ford and Mr. Jodrell.<sup>1</sup>

#### TO LORD ANDOVER.

*Dublin, Nov. 20th, 1749.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I am honoured with yours of the 18th October. I took the liberty of sending your Lordship the verses on Sir W. W.'s death at the request of the Author, who desired that your Lordship in particular might have a Copy. The author's name is Cowper. He is a Surgeon and an Alderman of Chester. He had great obligations to Sir W. I never saw the Verses till I saw them in print, and to me the author appeared a better friend than a poet. Your Lordship's grief on the unhappy occasion made you judge favourably of a poem which otherwise would rather have

<sup>1</sup> To this extract there is no signature.

excited mirth than sorrow. I will boldly avow the character in prose, which I believe you must have seen in some of the newspapers. Nothing but the repeated request of the poetical Alderman could have induced me to the trouble which I gave you. On the subject itself I must be silent, for I ought not to plunge you into the torrent of my own grief.

My two fellow travellers join with me in compliments to Lady Andover and your Lordship. I am extremely glad to hear that Lord Aylesford<sup>1</sup> is well. I am to him and to your Lordship a most obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO DR. MEAD.

*Dublin, Nov. 21st, 1749.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Although I was welcomed on shore by your obliging letter in answer to mine from Marston, yet this is the first moment in which I could find time to answer it. Our moments here fleet away in various pleasures. We cannot remember ourselves because we are not ourselves: and we can only recollect such friends who are distinguished by so superior a brightness that their influence and warmth are felt daily, and who, by shining in a distant sphere, are adored by us amidst all our follies, and confusion. Such are you, my dear Doctor.

Our Lord Lieutenant continues pretty well. He is extremely acceptable by his politeness and affability to every body here. We pay our Court with as true duty and devotion as if we were Frenchmen, and Lord Harrington the grand Monarch of Versailles. But alas! what have you to do with our Courts or our Irish entertainments: let me be

<sup>1</sup> Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, was brother-in-law to Viscount Andover, who died without succeeding to his father's Earldom of Berkshire, which eventually devolved upon the grandson, Henry, Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire.

contented if at this distance you sometimes remember your  
ever obliged and true humble Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM RILEY TOWERS, ESQ.

*January 2nd, 1749/50.*

MY LORD,—I have enclosed to your Lordship under four covers a Pamphlet which is much esteemed here as extremely well wrote, Observations on the Mutiny Bill. Lord Egmont, is supposed to be the Author, and I hope it will contribute to your Lordship's amusement.

All last week the Candidates for Westminster and the Council were employed in settling the Terms under which they were to proceed on the Scrutiny demanded by Sir George Vandeput, and have not yet determined them: but it is generally understood the ballance will be found for Lord Trentham. The Speaker has been moved to call the Member, but has refused it. Sir John Strange has had the offer of the Rolls, and has taken a fortnight's time to consider of it, as the two Chief Justices have been extremely ill, and are not quite recovered yet. The Citizens of West' and their Representative, Sir Peter Warren, are very busy in planning an Act of Parliament on the same foot as the Irish Civil Bill Act for Recovery of small debts in a summary way.

I had the pleasure of sitting two hours with Dr. Lee, who enquired for your Lordship. He told me he had the honour of being a fellow student with your Lordship at Oxford. I am, with most sincere respect and esteem for your Lordsp and family, and with best wishes for many happy new years, My Lord, your Lordp's most dutiful, etc.,

RILEY TOWERS.



## TO RILEY TOWERS, ESQ.

*Dublin, January 13th, 1749/50.*

SIR,—You make me a person of great consequence by the early information which you give me of news stirring in London. The scene of action here is confined within so small a compass, and so unvaried, that you must accept of thanks instead of news for the packets which you send me.

Give me leave to ask you some few questions about the Theatres? And as an inducement that they may be answered, I will send you some account of the *Dramatis Personæ* in *Smock Ally*.

We have two new Actors just entered upon the Stage. Their names are Diggs and Mossop. The first is an Englishman. The latter a native of this Country. Diggs is the son of the late Colonel Diggs, and is nephew to Lord Delaware. Mossop is the son of a Clergyman, and is just come out of the College. Diggs has a very fine person: tall, well shaped and genteel: the carriage of a Gentleman and an Action that always, or at least generally, pleases, and often surprizes. He seems to have been born for an Actor, and errs only by imitation, for when he acts merely from his own judgement, he seems to promise wonders. Mossop has a good person, manly, but no carriage: his action wild, ranting and irregular, but still improving after he has once gone through a part. His voice is very sweet and strong, but he imitates *Quin* so much, especially in modelling his voice, that it commonly sounds harsh and untuneable. Diggs is an Actor, Mossop will be one.

We have Macklin and his Wife. They are both excellent. They boast a little daughter who is to appear soon as Countess

of Rutland in a new Tragedy of the Earl of Essex written by Brooks.

Young Cibber is a young Lord Foppington. He struts finely on our Irish Stage, but his person has not dignity enough for Buskins.

Our Women, I believe, are more fit for private than public action. When they appear Queens and Princesses, they still put us in mind of Drury and its hundreds.

Now let me enquire after the Garrick, the Quin, the Barry, and that sweet Syren, Mrs. Cibber? Have you any Harlequins? Any new Plays, or any old Dramas revived?

I entreat you, if possible, to make my Compliments to Dr. Lee, whom I esteem with true honour. I often reflect on the many hours which he allowed me to pass in his company at Oxford, and I own there is inexpressible pleasure in the remembrance of such a Companion. Adieu, dear Sir, believe me yours,

ORRERY.

FROM RILEY TOWERS, ESQ.

*January 9th, 1749/50. Tuesday.*

MY LORD,—I had the honour of your Lordsp's yesterday, and, as your Lordsp has been so good to permit, shall trouble you once a week with whatever occurs here, that will be any Amusement to you.

Lady Mary Coke is a good deal better, and, by what can be learned from their friends, I fear they will go on with their suit next Term. If the scrutiny had produced any publications your Lordsp should have had them, but none have yet appeared. The Contest is, who shall be allowed good Votes? Those who pay poor money, or the housekeepers in general.

Mr. Leigh, the High Bailiffe, has given his opinion that all housekeepers Inhabitants have a right to vote, and takes in, in his opinion signed by him, Scotland Yard, Old Palace Yard, the Admiralty, Whitehall and the Mews: except such as are his Majestie's menial Servants, and also allows the Watermen's Votes, on which footing Lord Trentham will most certainly carry his Election.

Mrs. Phillip's affair is laid at Lord Scarborough's door, and some say the Chancellor is much offended at her.

Yesterday Sir John Strange kissed the King's hand on being appointed Master of the Rolls.

I am, with the greatest duty and respect, My Lord, Your Lordsp's most dutifull, obliged and obedient Servant,

RILEY TOWERS.

TO DR. KING.

*Dublin, January 18th, 1749/50.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Although my thanks come late, yet they are sent as soon as I have received your speech, a learned present which must prove an honour to any Library where it is placed.

The death of our Friend is a subject that I should chuse to wave, did not that part of your Speech demand particular approbation. Were a man conscious that he was to receive such a monumental inscription as you have bestowed on Sir Watkin Williams, methinks he could meet death with pleasure rather than with regret. After what you have published, it may be said our Friend died suddenly, not untimely. I have often thought that many men are as happy in their deaths as others have been in a long applauded life: for many men have lived to loose in one hour the Portion of esteem and



veneration that their whole former life could only attain to with the utmost difficulty and danger. I am persuaded our Friend was immoveable steady and fixt as the Sun. Yet it is happiness to land safe and unwounded on that shore from whence no traveller returns. Be all this as it may, it is a felicity to dye esteemed, regretted, and sung by Dr. King, because it argues the honour and happiness of having enjoyed his friendship *durante vitâ*. Business confines me to this City. My mornings are devoted to Rent-Rolls, Computations and the Marriage Settlement of my Daughter. The Evenings pass away amidst Drums (not Trumpets) and such idle deversions as ought not to be named to the Muses of Oxford.

Receive the joint compliments of us all. Let us hear from you sometimes, that we may be convinced you deign to remember us in Ireland.

Adieu, dearest Doctor, Ever, Ever yours,

ORRERY.

TO MR. THEOBALD RUSSELL.

*Dublin, Jan. 23rd, 1749/50.*

I AM very glad to find, most illustrious Poet, that you are so happy in the sunshine of the real Phœbus.<sup>1</sup> His friendship to you is an instance of the excellence of his heart, which I have always observed to be entirely equal to the excellence of his head : each superior to the common run of mankind. He blooms and becomes splendid at a time of life when other men wither and grow dim. His lustre is the same if not greater in his evening than in the noontide of his day. Worship him, if you will oblige me. He desires, He expects, He will receive no other adoration than that of sincerity and honour. I know you are one of the Sons of virtue, and if I did not

<sup>1</sup> Dr. King.

know it by experience I should be certain of it from his favour towards you. Follow his advice: he is more capable (not more willing indeed) than I am to advise you.

Send me some news of the mighty controversy going on in the University. A Bentam, a Burton, against a King. An Army of frogs against an Eagle. If they peep up their heads above their own mud, they must for ever bid adieu to croaking. Some papers, some Epigrams are stirring? Are there not? If not, more shame for the young Poets than I dare express. Try to amuse me sometimes: for to say truth, I have little relish for the amusements of this Town, altho' I mix in them all, and am as well known at the Assemblies and the Playhouses as if I had never looked into a book nor ever had a fit of the Gout: Ignorance and Idleness triumph here. Oh! Russell, how I languish for my own country, yet in all places am truly yours,

ORRERY.

TO WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

*Dublin, February 1st, 1749/50.*

SIR,—I find myself in the same situation that I was in some time agoe, much in your debt for many agreeable performances that have given us great pleasure. I must take them all in the lump and return my thanks in general; for, to be particular would fill more than this sheet of paper.

A virulent paper or pamphlet against Dr. King has been shewn to me lately. I know not the Author, but he seems almost as severe upon Dr. Ratcliffe and the Trustees as upon Dr. King. He is very dull, and yet his scurrility is of a kind that ought to be answered. In the mean time the Doctor appears to me like a noble Eagle flying high in the air and

basking himself in the Sun, while his enemies are like so many frogs croaking in a dirty pool, and constantly pelted, whenever they thrust up their heads thro' the scum of the water. I am, Sir, your very faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM DR. KING.

*London, Feby. 6th, 1749/50.*

MY DEAR LORD,—Your letter was most welcome to me, and your approbation of my Speech has given me great pleasure, especially at this juncture, when I am attacked by all Orders and Professions, by all Sects and religions and No-religions, by Giants and Knights, Squires and Dwarfs, Women and Children. These new Criticks will allow me no more learning than Melmoth will allow me morals. I could, however, easily bring myself to forgive all their invectives if they had not taken uncommon pains to alienate the affections of some of my old friends. But under all these persecutions I am as easy as if nothing had happened, as if I had not an Enemy in the world. I neither lose my appetite or break my rest. I am conscious to myself that I have done my duty in that station in which I have been placed to the best of my skill and judgement.

But let me quit this apologetic turn of moralizing into which I have fallen before I was aware, and congratulate you on Lady Betty's marriage. Mr. Cary told some months ago that she was to be married to Mr. Worsley of the Isle of Wight, a young gentleman extremely well esteemed by all his acquaintances and very likely therefore to prove a good Husband.—I am, my dear Lord, Your Lordship's most faithfull Servant,

W. KING.



## FROM RILEY TOWERS, ESQ.

*Feb. 10th, 1749/50.*

MY LORD,—Last Thursday about one O'Clock we were most violently shocked at Westminster Hall. We shook to that degree, it was feared the building was coming down. The Terror was universally spread, as all parts of London and Westminster felt it. And at first it was imagined it proceeded from the blowing up some Magazine or Powdermills; but our Terror encreased when we found from all accounts it was an Earthquake. We had some days before a very extraordinary light in the sky, and that followed by very violent storms of thunder, lightning and rain.

Still proceeding on the Scrutiny. There is now a vacancy for Middlesex in the room of Sir Hugh Smithson. The Duke of Somerset's death has vacated his seat. Nothing new worth sending your Lordship. I am, with my most and sincere affection and duty to your Lordship and family, my Lord, your Lordsp's most dutifull, obliged and obedient Servant,

RILEY TOWERS.

## FROM SIR JAMES WORSLEY.

I RECEIVED with great joy your Lordship's letter by the last post, and am delighted to hear that the expedition I used in forwarding the Articles was soe well seconded in the concluding the Marriage in which I have great hope we all of us shall have cause to rejoice. I wish it suited with your affairs that we might have the honour of your Lordship's and Lady Orrery's company at Pilewell sooner than you give us to hope.

But my Son might come with his Lady and Lord Boyle, who may be pleased with retiring from the *Beau Monde*, of which they have had enough by this time to satisfy reasonable people. And my son has now an Estate which will require his attention. And your Lordship may well think we are very desirous of having the pleasure of dear Lady Betty's company as soon as may be. My Wife writes to Lady Orrery and to our dear Daughter by this post ; therefore with my hearty wishes of a lasting joy to us All, I beg your Lordship to believe me Your most affectionate Brother and most humble Servant,

JA. WORSLEY.

*P.S.*—Having sent my Amanuensis to London I find it pretty difficult for me to write, so hope our dear Daughter and Son will give me leave to make my Answer to them by the next Post.

*Pilewell, March 18th, 1749/50.*

#### FROM LADY WORSLEY.

*Pilewell, March 18th, 1749-50.*

MY LORD,—The joy which the Alliance with your family gives is inexpressible. The sweet disposition of your daughter, with her other amiable qualities will certainly make my Son the happiest of men. I hope he will, with me, do all in his power to make my dear Daughter the happiest of her Sex ; it shall be the business of my life to make everything agreeable to her. And, my Lord, I must again beg leave to tell you the vast pleasure I have in subscribing myself, Your Lordship's Most Affectionate Sister and very humble Servant,

RA: WORSLEY.

## COPY OF A LETTER TO THE COUNTESS OF ORRERY.

*Burghlay, Mar. 22, 1749.*

It is so long since I had the pleasure of hearing from dear Lady Orrery that I fancy my last, which I wrote just before Xtmaz, never came to your Ladyship at Caledon, and soon after had the satisfaction of hearing by a friend that you was very well and in Dublin, and in the newspapers last post informs me that Lady Boyle is married. If it be so, we wish Lord Orrery and your Ladyship joy, and hope Lady Betty will be as happy as her friends wish her. The Gentleman I do not know, but am sure 'tis in his own power to be quite happy in a Marriage State; for no body can have a better character than Lady Betty has. I hope this will bring Lord and Lady Orrery again to England, for it is now many years since they left us: though I cannot say England is more agreeable than it was. Rather the reverse, for nothing is thought of but gameing, and now an hundred is nothing for to be set upon a Card. Where this will end I cannot tell, but I fear in the ruining of many families; even the Earthquake did not disappoint them of any pleasures, but I hear the thoughtfull part have left it for fear of another, which they have too much reason to fear upon all accounts.

Lady Nassau Pawlet has married the worst of Rakes. His name is Dalawell.<sup>1</sup> His Father has a very good estate, Lives in Northumberland. I believe her Ladyship is old enough to be his mother, but she took a great fancy to Mr. Foot at the Little Play House, and he went about every where in her Chariot, and she entertained his Company, but this Foot is

<sup>1</sup> One of the wild Delavals of the North; whose property eventually lapsed to the Astleys of Melton Constable in Norfolk, and the Carpenters of Lord Tyrconnel's family.



married, so as he could not have her, but recommends his friend, and it is reported she has settled upon Mr. Foot £1500 a year, and Dallawell, it is said, is to give him a Sum of Money. 'Tis a sad thing she had no friend that would lock her up, for fear she has been mad for some months, 'tis to be hoped they will now take her Children from her. The Ladies has all got a Twerl, I fear; for there is a story about Town that Lady Doddington Montague is married to a foot soldier, and went off with him to Dover, where he was followed and arrested. Every one of her friends have taken pains to persuade her not to marry this Creature. He has been drummed out of the Regiment for doing something wrong. Another affair furnishes Conversation at present, which is Lady Jane Bridges having been denied admittance into her Mother's House at ten o'clock at night. 'Tis said that Lady Carnarvon<sup>1</sup> has given her cruel usage some time: and not long agoe, when Lady Jane was drest to go to Mrs. Holmon's Assembly with her Mother's leave, and the appointment made of going with a Lady she approved, when the time drew near she told Lady Jane she should not goe. Lady Jane remonstrated that she had served her so several times w<sup>th</sup>out any reason for it and she had always submitted; but she had now set her heart upon going, should doe a very rude thing in disappointing the Lady, and without her Ladyship would give her a sufficient reason for refusing her, she begged her pardon if she resolved to go without her leave: accordingly she went, and came home in a Chair at ten o'Clock. When her footman knocked at the door there was no entrance, and a Servant of Lady Carnarvon called from the Area That his Lady was gon to Bed, and

<sup>1</sup> Lady Catherine Talmash, widow of John, Marquis of Carnarvon, eldest son of James Dryden, first Duke of Chandos, whom he predeceased, and daughter of Lionel, Earl of Dysart.

ordered the Street Door should not be opened. Lady Jane bid him carry a Message to her Mother, presenting her duty, and that she begged she would be so good to give her Admittance, for she sat in the Street and did not know where to go : Answer was brought That she might go where she pleased, but she should not come there. Lady Jane cryed and sent once more to intreat admittance : and if that was not granted begged an order where she should go : she believed her sister Lyons would not be agreeable to her Ladyship, and she knew of no other place she could go to at that time of night. Her answer was from her Mother, that she did not care where she went ; she should not enter her house. So Lady Jane went to Mr. Lyons, and the next Morning sent Mr. Lyons to her Mother to know if she would receive her, and if not, to desire her Cloths might be sent her. When Mr. Lyons came to Lady Carnarvon's he found the House shut up and her Ladyship gon out of Town. So Lady Jane went to Coll: Inwood's, whose Wife is a Relation, and staid there. Lady Carnarvon returned in two or three days and drove to the Duke of Chandois. Asked if Lady Jane was there, the Porter said No : at which she put herself in a passion, and said she would have her. The Duke was at home and went down to the Coach. Asked her to come in, answered her Lady Jane was not in his house, that she had been to visit Lady Caroline, but was gone. She then abused the Duke, and swore so terribly, That his Grace left her and ordered the Street Door to be shut. She got out of her Coach, and knocked at the door like a Bedlam. Ten minutes cursing and swearing all the while with a Mob gathered about. A Servant of Duke came to her, desired she would forbear, lest the Hubbub should fright Lady Dutchess, who was with Child. 'My Lady Dutchess,' says she, 'D—m her Dutchesship, I will have my Child.' At last

she went to Colonel Inwood's, and sent for her Daughter down. Lady Jane sent her duty and came directly. Lady Carnarvon bid the Footman open the door of the Coach, saying to Lady Jane in a haughty tone, 'Come in, Madam.' Says Lady Jane, 'I come to know your Ladyship's Commands, but 'must begg to be excused coming into your Coach, or going 'with you. The usage you have given me has made me resolve 'the contrary.' Accordingly Lady Carnarvon was obliged to go away without her. Lady Jane's friends are going to place her in a house by herself. Lady Carnarvon's behaviour is not to be wondered at, I think, for I hear she drinks very hard, and seldom sober, not even in a morning, and some think she has quarrelled with her daughter from a design of marrying some mean Fellow.

I fear I have tired your Ladyship with this long Story, but it was so very extraordinary, I could not forbear sending it. My Lord and Lady Betty desire me to present their Compliments and congratulations to Lord Orrery, your Ladyship, and Lady Betty, and wishes all happiness may attend her, and am now and ever Your Ladyship's obedient humble Servant.<sup>1</sup>

FROM RILEY TOWERS, ESQ.

*London, April 3rd, 1750.*

MY LORD,—I was honoured with your Lordship's yesterday, and it gave me great pleasure to hear you intend so soon for London, as I shall esteem it my greatest happiness to be permitted to partake in the conversation of your Lordship's leisure hours here.

The Commons yesterday agreed to a Clause in the Bill for granting Supplies for laying a duty of four pence a yard on all

<sup>1</sup> Signature not given.



Irish Sail Cloath of the value of fourteen pence a yard and upwards, and two pence a yard from ten to fourteen pence a yard, w<sup>ch</sup> duty is to continue so long as we give the prae-miums in Ireland for the exportation of that manufacture, and I most heartily wish they may not, next Sessions, attack our Linnen Trade.

We are under dreadful apprehensions of another Earthquake, which, we are told by some prophetic Genius here, is totally to swallow up the whole cities of London and Westminster, on Thursday night next at twelve o'Clock ; insomuch that vast numbers have, these three or four days past, being removing their families out of Town to avoid it.

Dr. King left Town for Oxford on Saturday last ; was very well, and desired his compliments to your Lordship and family.

His Majesty sets out for Hanover about the 20th. The Scrutiny is not yet over.

My father and family join in duty and best Respects to your Lordship, my Lady, and all at Caledon, with, my Lord, Your Lordship's, etc.,

RILEY TOWERS.

TO WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

*Caledon, April 16th, 1750.*

SIR,—I return you thanks innumerable, as I have received innumerable printed and manuscript poems, etc., from you ; but you will add to your many favours if you will send me an exact account of the Earthquake that has happened in the City of Chester. The newspapers tell us that twelve houses and the Townhall are fallen down by the Shock. As I have received no Account of it from you, I cannot suppose it true, and should be particularly sorry that it has damaged a City in

which I have so many friends, and that it approaches so near to this Kingdom.

Nothing but an Earthquake can disturb our quiet here. I must soon quit this peacefull Scene for the noise of Dublin : a City which is now in as great Confusion as possible, by our guineas being clipt in such a manner as to want six or eight Shillings of the full weight. This misfortune, like all other public calamities, falls heaviest upon the poor, but is still sensibly felt by the rich. No money is current except at Card Tables, and there the Gentlemen are obliged to produce their purses, out of which the Ladies chuse the broadest guineas they can find. In the Country we are in a woefull situation, and unless I had most of my eatables within myself, I could scarce furnish a daily table. No expedient is found, and perhaps any thought of, to remedy this evil. Many of the Coiners are imprisoned, and a Taylor in particular (excited by the Reward of Two hundred pounds) has accused his Wife and Son as his Accomplices. A monster for the treason and more so for the treachery. Whether Earthquakes under ground will affect Ireland or not, I shall not prophecy, but from some circumstances I am afraid she will soon feel a shock of one kind or other. For these and other reasons I shall remove all my Family this Summer, and shall shew them the way as soon as possible.—I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO DR BARRY.

*Caledon, April 16, 1750.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—While I stay in Ireland I shall leave the Earthquakes of England to be solved and to be feared by the little English Philosophers. But I own I dread an

approaching Earthquake in this Kingdom, which, wherever I am, must be felt by me, and what is worse, will certainly affect my friends. Whether it will burst forth from the bowels of the Earth, or whether it will come in the Thunder of the Skies, cannot be foreseen : and many symptoms there are that foretell a horrible Shock to this unhappy Island. I do not pretend to guess whether Lucas, Lucifer, Latouche or some English Belzebub is to strike the blow, but I'm of opinion, that a blow will be stricken that will penetrate through the bowels of our Kingdom, and will leave us *Sine nomine Corpus*. You will fancy that these gloomy thoughts proceed from the melancholy hue of the Country, which is still leaveless and still a prey to the coldest blasts of Boreas, but I assure you they proceed from the Accounts sent to me by my friends ; and from the great confusion which is occasioned by the miserable state of our Coin. The remedy hitherto pursued has been worse than the Evil. Orders have been sent not to receive the Taxes which belong to the King, in Guineas. We have no other Coin in which we can or ought to pay his Majesty. We are to take Guineas from our Tenants, we must not pay them to our Landlord. The poor, who never fail to imitate the higher powers, refuse to receive, this Week, those pieces of gold which they paid us, the last. How must we buy bread? We may run in debt for Claret, but veal and pork must be paid for. At Whisk, indeed, any Money may pass, or let the gentlemen produce their purses and the Ladies take their choice of what pieces they like best. But, if when we have quitted the Whisk Table (at which I wish to stay as long as possible) our money is of no more value than counters, I believe we shall be necessitated to adjourn our parties of whisk into England. All, all will center there.

Chester has had its earthquake, Heaven preserve Dublin.



Enough of Earthquakes. Let us think of something to relieve our sinking spirits.

The D. of Bedford is to be our future Ld Lieutenant, or I am misinformed. But what have I to do with future Lord Lieutenants? I shall be in England, out of hearing of the Castle Minuets, out of reach of the royal chair and, what really makes me melancholy, separated from my friends in College Green. However, there is so strict an union between us (an union by which, as will always be the case of an Englishman, I am a gainer) that I flatter myself no distance can lessen our affection; and absence, once past, only serves to heighten the joys of a Return.

As I begun, I must end in, my melancholy strain, which perhaps the croaking of my Rookery has occasioned: I hear beauty flies from us, and quits the Liffy for the Thames. We shall be so deserted at this rate, that I question whether Sin will stay amongst us, unless it is to keep company with the three rebellious Com—rs and the old Chairman who prints treason against Sr R. C. Adieu,

ORRERY.

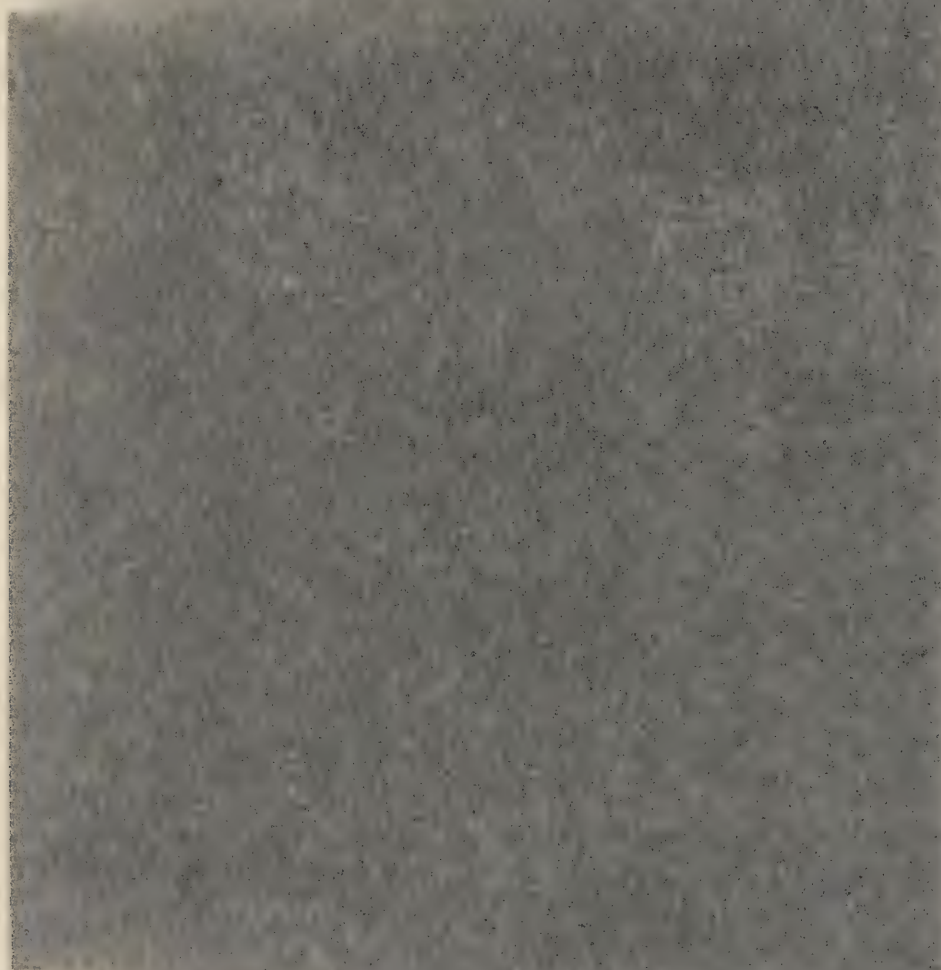
#### TO HIS EXCELLENCY HENRY BOYLE.<sup>1</sup>

*Leicesterfields, Novr. 23rd, 1750.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I have lately seen honours bestowed upon me which I knew, without any information, must be the gift of your hand. I cannot be more your own than I was before, but believe me most truly sensible of your goodness to me. I do not find that it is absolutely certain that his grace of D.<sup>2</sup> is to be our Lord Lieutenant. The knowing people, or the affectedly knowing, say there are to be various changes;

<sup>1</sup> Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Dorset.



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By Henry J. G. G. G.

His Excellency  Henry Boyle

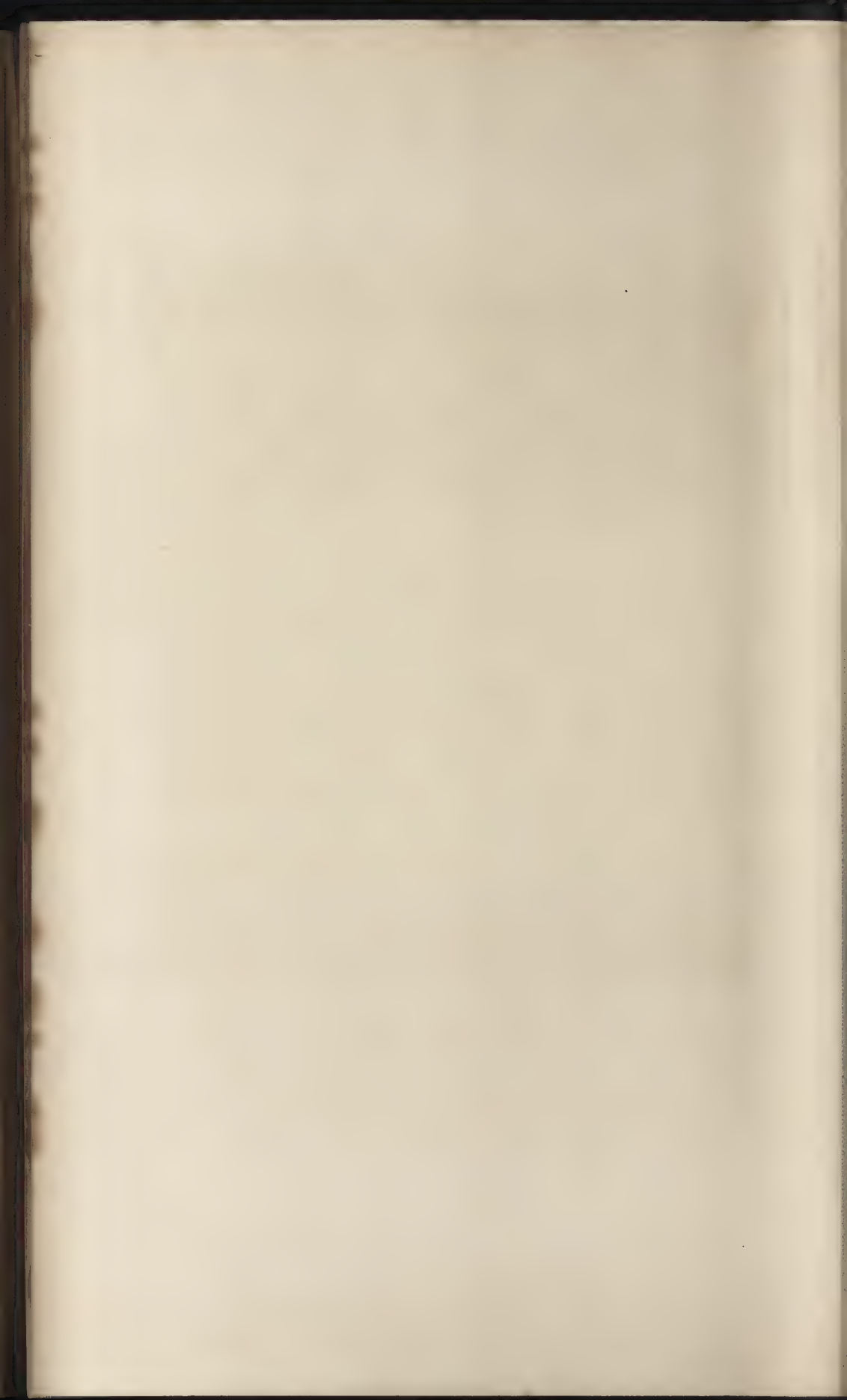
Published by J. G. G. G.

By Henry J. G. G. G.

1st Earl of Shannon

Original by H. J. G. G. G. 59 x 41

Earl of Shannon, 1st Earl, 1747 (179) 10 p. 1/2



and that there are various struggles and great workings within our mountain of state. When it bursts, some people will be knocked on the head: but thank Heaven, I am out of the reach of this Vesuvius.

I am sorry to tell you that the noble head of our family, Lord Burlington, is in a dangerous state. He was seized with an apoplexy at Cheswick on Tuesday last, as he was preparing to ride out. At the time he fell into the fit, he was alone, crossing a little paved Court and opening an iron gate. He recovered sufficiently to rise and make some noise, so that the Servants came to assist him. He fell a second time and remained speechless and senseless that day and night: yesterday he recovered his speech and senses. He has gone through all the operations necessary on these occasions, but to day he is lame on one side and still continues very ill. A dead palsy is to be feared, if not death. So that I wish I could give you the least glimmering of hope on this melancholy occasion, for every prospect seems dreadful. I thought it incumbent on me to write to you, my dear Lord, although my letter must give rise to sensations very different from those with which I would willingly inspire you. I would ever give you joy and never give you pain. If I have the happiness to hear of a recovery, which seems at present almost despaired of, my pen will fly very swiftly over the paper. All future bad news, if it must take place, I shall leave to others, for its with great regret I have gone through this irksome task.

Adieu, my dearest Lord, I am, and so is Lady Boyle, to you and to your family, a most aff<sup>te</sup> and true servant and Kinsman,

ORRERY.



## TO DR. BARRY.

*Leicesterfields, Novr. 23rd, 1750.*

MY DEAREST DOCTOR,—I hope Lady Orrery has informed you in what manner my time is taken up, otherwise I must appear inexcusable for this long chasm in my correspondence. When I received your last, Lord Chesterfield was gone to Bath, and, since his return, I have not seen him. That affair must have been long ago settled, and, I hope, to your satisfaction.

This post will carry to Ireland various accounts of the melancholy and dangerous state of my noble relation, Lord Burlington. That which I now send you may be depended upon as a true one.

On Tuesday Lord Burlington went in the morning to Cheswick, and was preparing or intended to ride out, perhaps back again to London. He was crossing a small paved Court, and had opened an iron gate which leads, as I remember, to the front Court of his house, when he was seized by an apoplexy and fell down, but before his servants came to his assistance, he was endeavouring to rise, and fell a second time. He remained speechless and senseless all that day. Lady Burlington, who was in London, was sent for ; and he was attended as soon as possible by Dr. Taylor the physician and Dr. Middleton the Surgeon. They sat up with him all night, and by loosing thirty ounces of blood and being blistered on his legs and other parts of his body, he yesterday recovered his senses and, in some measure, his speech. Dr. Mead was sent for to Cheswick, but could not go till yesterday, as he does not stir out in the evening. This morning Dr. Mead (from whom I have parted not a quarter of an hour) has seen Lord Burlington, who is come to his senses, but is lame on one

side and remains still very ill. A palsy or death will probably be the end of this unhappy situation. His melancholy family are with him, Lady Burlington, Lord and Lady Hartington, who has a young son that is one of the finest children of his age, and of whom Lord Burlington has ever been extremely fond.

I know, my dear Doctor, my name will be mentioned on this occasion. I must leave you to do me justice. I never have given myself any airs, or formed even any private hopes from the affinity I have the honour to bear to my Lord Burlington. My views are all centered within my own family. I go no farther in conversation, nor even in thought. Dispositions, settlements, or schemes of domestic affairs, are not topics that delight me. If I can bring myself to look after my own affairs I think I perform an herculean labour, and therefore I never trouble myself with distant views; so that you must learn from others those particulars which perhaps any other man in my situation could have told you. But you must have observed that I know more of Horace than of any parchment, deed, or marriage settlement whatever, and therefore you will excuse the pedantry when I say *Det vitam, det opes, aequum mi animum ipse parabo*.

Lord Boyle joins with me in all compliments. Hamilton is at Oxford. I am in perfect health and ever yours,

ORRERY.

*Thursday afternoon, 3 o'clock.*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY HENRY BOYLE.

*Leicesterfields, Novr. 24th, 1750.*

MY DEAR LORD,—After what I told you in my last, that I would not write unless I had better news, you will be glad

to see my hand again. Lord Burlington is much amended yesterday and again today ; so that there are great hopes of his life. Whether he will be perfectly restored to the use of his limbs, remains yet a doubt. But we may rejoice at this alteration, and may hope for a more perfect recovery than can yet be assured. I shall not write again unless you wish to have me continue my accounts, and your commands are ever to be obeyed most readily by one who am, my dearest Lord, your own

ORRERY.

FROM HENRY BOYLE TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dec. ye 7th, 1750.*

MY LORD,—I cannot but say that I have been much disconcerted since my reading the part of your Lord<sup>ps</sup> letter relative to the sudden manner in which Lord Burlington was deprived of his speech and senses, from which, with the other circumstances attending it, I must confess myself more than apprehensive of the most fatal consequences: your Lord<sup>ps</sup> goodness, in communicating the particulars of this want to me, shocking as they are, demands my best acknowledgem<sup>ts</sup>, but the very kind and gentle manner in which you have done it, inflames the account beyond the compass of my talent; we have this day four packets due, and the wind still adverse to further intelligence, I dread, yet I wait the arrival of them with impatience; if I receive no accounts from your Lord<sup>sp</sup> by then, I shall from thence conclude the rest, my thoughts will then respect what more immediately relates to the honour and interest of your family for which I always shall, as I ever have had, the sincerest regard. I took leave to hint in a late letter to my Lady Orrery something concerning the Council board in this Kingdom, little at that time suspecting what I now fear the case is,



you will therefore now pardon me if I do not hesitate at saying that Lord Boyle has a right to demand it of you to enter your claim to one honour in particular, which has in a manner been hereditary in the Earls of Cork, two there are amongst us here who will certainly solicit it for themselves, but as it would Grieve me to see this feather pluck'd out of your Cap which I am confident will not be refused you if you ask it, so for that and a thousand other more material reasons, I trust you will not decline it: I have taken this liberty on the terrible apprehension that all is over at Chiswick, turn it as you please, but do me the justice to believe that it has proceeded from the perfect esteem which I have for my much honoured Chief, for Lord Boyle, and for each individual belonging to you; this affair is in the immediate province of the D. of Dorset, for we are told that next packets will certainly inform us of his being declared our Lord Lieu<sup>t</sup>: I know how nearly you stand related to each other; surely you may speak to him concerning it, he knows your figure and the interest you must necessarily have in this Kingdom, which cannot but have their due influence on his situation, especially in a matter, which no man, whatever his pretensions, in any degree equal to yours, nor resent or even take amiss its being continued to a family which for generations past has inherited it, and to speak yet more plain, should think no man of honour ought to attempt to interfere with you in it; I cannot but think that however the fate of this most valuable Lord may have been determined, for indeed he had many good qualities, you must in your degree have resolved in your mind the consequences of appearances so strong against him, in which case the two particulars I have promised to take notice of, Lord Treasurer and Privy Council, could not well have escaped your observation, if this finds you in a temper of mind

doubtful as to the probability of your succeeding in it, I pray you that this my representation may be taken into consideration, and be allowed its proper weight; the Honour when obtained will be permanent, for the Profit arising from it is but a trifle, and I will pawn my life upon it that, let the Mountain burst when it may, it will never reach you in this abstracted situation, which is really Irish and altogether independent of the Politicks of our neighbouring Kingdom.

I fear but my Affection may have carried me too far, but I hope to be the more readily excused when the Honour so justly due to you and your merit have been my only motives for it: your Lord<sup>ps</sup> friends here, and they who have the honour of being allied to you are very intent on this point, but none more so than my Lord, your Lord<sup>ps</sup> most obedient humble Servant,

HEN. BOYLE.

My best respects attend Lord Boyle.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY BOYLE.

*Leicesterfields, xth 20th, 1750.*

MY DEAR LORD,—The six packets that came from Ireland brought me last night your two letters, both filled with that friendship and affection that are at once the honour and the comfort of my life.

No excuses, my dearest Lord, as you love me, for any advice that you offer to me. There was some time when it was necessary for me to revolve in my thoughts the situation that you hint at. I am convinced you point out to me the right road. I shall act a part that need not make you blush for me if——, but I'll say no more at present, than that there is no immediate prospect of such a scene.

Lord Burlington's life is out of danger : he may live many many years. But it is to be feared he will ever be lame : however, there are even favourable circumstances in that point. Poor Man ! I pity him from the bottom of my soul. And although I have great reason to think he has forgotten, and will forget so insignificant and so distant a relation as I am (for our common ancestor has been dead above one hundred years) yet I shall ever honour, ever esteem him, ever speak of him with the deference that becomes one whom he once honoured with his countenance and regards.

My comfort, my dearest Lord, is in you, whom I try to look upon as my brother and my friend. I will try to preserve your friendship and merit your affection : and therefore, forgive me if I tell you that Sir Henry Bedyngfield came to me the other day, to know if you had any friend or any attorney whom you employed here. I answered you had a friend and servant in me, but, as to any Attorney, I knew of none. Why will you not employ me ? I shall obey your commands most punctually if you think fit to trust me, and I am already fully apprised of the situation of Lady Dowager's affairs, Lady Betty Germaine, etc. I only offer my service : reject it or accept it as you please : but I shall be always happy in being your representative, for, in truth, my dear Lord, I am your own

ORRERY.

FROM MR. JOHN MEREWETHER.

MY LORD,—My brother the Rev. Merewether, lately deceased, has appointed me, John Merewether, Batchelor of Physic, his Executor, and in his last will had these express words, ‘ *I desire that an exact Catalogue may be taken of my books,*



*'and shewn to my generous benefactor, Lord Orrery, in order to chuse any books he likes, which I do most freely give his Lordship.'*

I have catalogued the most material part of the Study, which I have sent: the catalogue of the rest are to be perused by your Lordship's order at Foscoate when you please. I beg the favour of a letter from your Lordship as soon as possible, because the books are in the possession of the next incumbent.

I have sent the Catalogue by the bearer, Mr. Jones, Linen Draper in Cheapside, London, who shall wait on your Lordship according to your order.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, humble Servant,

JOHN MEREWETHER.

Be pleased to direct to John Merewether, at Chippenham, Wilts.

#### THE EARL OF ORRERY'S ANSWER TO ABOVE.

*Leicester Fields, Feb. 14th, 1750/51.*

SIR,—This morning I received yours giving me the melancholy account of my friend your brother's death. His kind remembrance of me has had the effect which it ought: but it cannot have heightened my opinion of him, nor my sincere reverence of his memory, although he had not distinguished me in so acceptable a manner. He was—— I protest, Sir, when I am to begin his character, with the sentence 'He was,' I can say no more. In future composed moments I will endeavour to do him all the justice that my thoughts can allot him. I have in pursuance to his will, marked out such books as I wish to place in my Library as the gift (I am sorry the last) of a most valuable man. But I must desire to be informed by

you in what manner, or when, I may have them conveyed to Marston. Any letter directed for me in Leicester fields will come safe.

Methinks, Sir, I may claim a right to be acquainted with you. The brother of my friend must, even without your own character, be highly welcome to me. He had a Sister who lived with him, to whom I beg my compliments. I have delivered to Mr. Jones the Catalogue, marked by my hand X to distinguish the books I Chuse. As I am going out of Town soon, the more expeditious your answer the more obliging to, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM MR. JOHN LYON.<sup>1</sup>

*Dublin, William Street, April 3rd, 1751.*

MY LORD,—The Governors of St. Patrick's Hospital had a meeting last Friday to consider of a proposal made by Mr. Faulkner to give Two hundred pounds for the property of Dr. Swift's History of the latter part of Queen Ann's reign. This is so beneficial an offer towards augmenting the Author's charitable foundation: that as Trustees they think it ought to be accepted. And they incline the more to this opinion, because, if it were improper to publish that History, and were they willing to suppress it, they cannot do it. For it lies totally in the power of another person to publish; the Author having deposited the Original with a friend to make it public in case it be not committed to the press, or be not printed exactly according to the Copy. The Governors called the Virger of St. Patrick's before them, to ask whether that copy, said to be now in your Lordship's hands, be all of his hand

<sup>1</sup> Secretary to the Governors of St. Patrick's Hospital.

writing? He answered, that he had many years ago transcribed the whole work by the Author's directions, who had it compared with the Original and declared at the same time he would send it to London in order to be published. Mr. Faulkner was sent for, who told the Board that if his proposal be accepted, he will go to London in a little time and wait upon your Lordship for the book. His offer will be taken again into consideration at the next meeting, and in the meantime, I am commanded to acquaint your Lordship with this affair, and have enclosed the resolution of the Board for your further satisfaction.

I am, my Lord, with the highest respect, your Lordship's, etc.,

JOHN LYON (*Secretary*).

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

(*After reading Mr. Lyon's Letter.*)

*Battersea, Sunday Noon.*

MY removal into the Country, and those disorders which the Easterly Wind has revived in my crazy constitution, have made it impossible for me to wait on your Lordship and to enquire after your health. I do not see that you can stand out the siege, as you call it, any longer. But for my part, as I thought Swift's Pamphlet unfit to be published for a history, so I thought it not worth being kept. I hope to hear that your Lordship is quite recovered. I return you the letter your Lordship sent me, and am most sincere devoted to you.

H. ST. J. L. B.



TO ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

*Leicester Fields, Monday Afternoon.*

SIR,—I am very sorry I was not at home when you gave yourself the trouble of coming here. I can only stir out in the middle of the day, and was unluckily gone to take the air when you called, in Leicester Fields.

If it is not inconvenient to you, I could wish to see you tomorrow any time before half an hour after twelve: that being my hour abroad, in hopes of conquering by air and exercise a very troublesome cold that has hung upon me several days.

In the meantime I enclose to you a paper which I desire you to consider and to tell me your real opinion, whether it is possible to delay the delivery of Doctor Swift's manuscript any longer. It is certain I have no right to it, nor, if I detain it, can I hinder the publication. The Original is in hands that are desirous on all accounts to print it. But I will say no more till I receive your judgement: being desirous to stand justified in your opinion, because I am, with the most perfect esteem and regard, Sir, your very obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*May 2, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I have been some days ill and confined with a feverish cold, wh hindered me from writing sooner. I impatiently waited for Pliny, and at length received him in his Senatorial Habit, but these external ornaments did not long engage my Eye, and for some time had not patience to read one, but wandered with delight through

the two Volumes, but read no part definitely. Next day I fixd my attention and made it my Companion till One in the morning after I went to bed.

I read it over with a Lover's Eye.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,  
Thou art all beauties or all Blindness I.

What immense pains and application must this finished and fine performance have cost you. This cannot be the production of Leisure Hours, and you need not be ashamed to own y<sup>t</sup> it took up as much time as the Siege of Troy. I never had an opportunity of seeing but very few of the Letters in manuscript, and those in the First Book ; but from y<sup>r</sup> peculiar happyness in writing Letters I was always sanguine in encouraging yr Ldp to proceed. Any preceeding Translation will enhance the value of this, and I will venture to prophesie that its fame will last as long as the English Language is read and understood. I was agreeably surprized with the poetry, which I did not expect. You have certainly, my Ld, made the Translation of his Verses much more agreeable than in the Original, but I am always more delighted when I meet with yr own productions, wh I own have pleasd and surprisd me. If Pope was alive you may be assured he would not be pleasd with your numbers. They are too much like his own.

This is too much from a friend, perhaps you'll think, but as I write with the same sincerity with which I think, how could I avoid speaking from the fulness of my Heart ? The Designs of the Copperplates are beautifull and well executed. Vaillant<sup>1</sup> will make a fortune by it. G. Faulkner often wishes to be in his place. Ld Boyle could not have a finer introduction into the world. *Romana cito venturus in ora.* You have

<sup>1</sup> A famous French bookbinder of his day. He presented Lord Orrery with a magnificent binding of his two volumes of 'Pliny.'

placed him in the fairest point of Light, which will make his many excellent Qualities more conspicuous. But wither will my roving Imagination carry me if I do not sett Bounds to this Letter, and yet if this was not Subject I should not be able with my aching Head to have scribbled so many lines. My little Villa begins to ryse abone the Ground. I shall be happy there as Pliny was at Laurenti. Then as I have been a Slave to the town, I shall think my Garden and park an Elysian field where I can freely breath airs of my own. I shall sleep better and of course complain less of the Headach ; perhaps to I shall attempt to write, only with a view of attending you in that immortal Fame w<sup>h</sup> you must enjoy.—I am, my Dearest Lord, ever your Faithfull and Aff<sup>te</sup>

EDW. BARRY.

TO SIR JAMES WORSLEY.

*Leicester fields, May 4<sup>th</sup>, 1751.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been honoured with a message from the Princess of Wales. She commands me to tell you that two of the young Princes, Prince William and Prince Henry, are advised by their Physician to use the salt water, and to bathe in the sea. If it is not inconvenient to you or Lady Worsley, her Royal Highness would be desirous that the two Princes may be at Pilewell. You will be so good, therefore to lose no time in sending me such an answer as I may communicate to her royal Highness.—I am, dear Sir, with my compliments to Lady Worsley, your most affectionate and obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

The two Princes are to go to Pilewell about the middle of June.



TO HENRY BOYLE, ESQ.<sup>1</sup>*Leicester Fields, May 16th, 1751.*

MY DEAR LORD,—The gout hinders me from making use of my own hand to entreat you to give your attention to some papers which I shall send you soon, relating to Sir William Courtney, who has received such usage as will be thought perhaps worthy of public resentment. But I shall not mention at present any particulars of that case, hoping to have an opportunity of sending you a very full account by a friend of mine who will soon be in Ireland. Give me leave, in the stile of friendship, to add that Sir William Courtney is a gentleman for whom I have a particular respect and regard, and whose humanity and justice is such, that whoever opposes him in his just rights must be uncommonly outrageous.

I am, my dear Lord, your affectionate humble Servant,

ORRERY.

Lord Burlington is come to town, and, as they say, is much better, but he sees no Company.

## TO RICHARD PURCELL, ESQ.

*Leicester Fields, May 16th, 1751.*

MR. PURCELL,—This is the fourth week, rather the beginning of the fifth, which has confined me in a regular but painfull fit of the Gout to my Chamber and great chair, during which I have had an opportunity of sending to Sir William Courtney your letter of February 14th. It is very certain from papers which I have lately seen, that the outrages committed against Sir William Courtney are not only extra-

<sup>1</sup> One of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

ordinary but punishable. To those points Sir William, no doubt, will give a proper attention, and I hope the Gentlemen of the Country and all honest men will exert themselves in so just a cause. Thus much in general. But for your particular part, I must insist upon your doing Sir William Courtney all the service in your power, as he is a gentleman for whom I have the highest honour and the greatest regard. You are in the Neighbourhood, and may perhaps perceive instances of misconduct or knavery. If so, pray fail not to communicate them to me, and I shall take care that the manner of conveying them to Sir William shall be safe and proper. In serving Sir William Courtney you will serve Your faithfull humble servant,

ORRERY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH.

*Leicester Fields, May 18th, 1751.*

MADAM,—I am unhappy in not having so many opportunities of putting your Ladyship in mind of an humble Servant as I wish for, and therefore your Ladyship must not wonder if I snatch any occasion that offers to assure you of my most constant and faithfull devotion.

This Letter, Madam, is the prelude to another which I shall send by my daughter, Lady Betty Worsley, whose health requires her, I fear, to go to the South of France. In her way thither, I shall hope you will allow her to throw herself at your feet. She has an hereditary right to your protection, and the sunshine of your Ladyship's Friendship will be as chearfull and advantageous to her mind as the sunshine of Montpellier can be to her health of body.

Mr. Garrick, the Roscius of our Stage, will have the

honour to deliver this to your Ladyship. He is received and countenanced here by Persons of distinction and discernment, and he has my friendship into the bargain, of which I cannot shew him a greater instance than by introducing him to your Ladyship, to whom I am, with unspeakable and inalterable respect a most devoted and most obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

*Leicesterfields, July 15th, 1751.*

MY DEAR LORD,—You may look upon this as an Epistle from one risen from the dead. I have really been so long upon the brinks of the other world, that I can scarce think myself returned to this: and while I stay in it my remainder of life shall be as private as possible. Indeed, it must be so, for I have not health to sustain a body that in years might be engaged in the famous cricket matches, but in constitution ought to make interest for a place in Hyde Park Hospital.

My reason of troubling you with this letter (for some Irish visitors will detain me, I fear, this Week from Battersea) is to know if you have thrown away any of your idlest time upon the Translation of Pliny. If you have not, give me leave to place the two volumes at your feet. If you can bear the performance, the Author will think himself sufficiently recompensed for all his pains and study.

My dear Lord, answer this in two lines, and let one and a half of them be an account of your health. Live, my dear Lord, for the good of mankind, and forget not, even when he is buried in Somersetshire, your faithfull and affectionate humble Servant,

ORRERY.



## FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

*Tuesday.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I rejoice to hear that you are so well recovered. The shock you have had has been, it seems, more severe than I thought it. You are, however, of an age to recover many such shocks, tho' I hope you will not have them. But for my own part, since you are so good as to enquire after my health, I will tell you very calmly that I go down the hill of life apace. Physical evils increase upon me; and moral evils, to which I have been long exposed, do not lessen. There is one advantage in them; the first makes a man tired of his existence, and the second makes him so of the World in which he exists. I have been this good while so much out of order in body and mind, that I have not had the free use of either, and I would not willingly read anything of yours till I am in a temper to taste it with an entire gust. I hope soon to be in that temper, for my health is a little better, and I am this very day delivered from a young fellow who was the torment of my Life. Whenever you can come hither you will give great pleasure to the Hermits of the place: and if you do not come, he will put you in mind of him by going to Leicester Fields.

I am, my dear Lord, with true esteem, and a very warm affection, your most faithfull and most obedient Servant,

H. ST. J. L. BOLINGBROKE.

## TO THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

*Leicester fields, Oct. 13th, 1751.*

MADAM,—As I intend soon to go to Marston, I most humbly beg the favour of your Grace to return to me my

two pictures. I hope the request is not unreasonable or inconvenient, but the room being unfurnished, and the Pictures indeed being such as I am fond of looking at, your Grace, I flatter myself, will excuse this repeated solicitation from Your Grace's most obedient, humble Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Dublin, Jan. 6, 1752.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I have heard nothing of late of any design of vindicating the Dean's [Swift] character, and if his dependants, by printing an answer to yr L<sup>p</sup> Book, tis likely their splenetic resentment will evaporate in Words. For all I hear is chiefly from my Sons. I make it a general Rule never to introduce the Subject in Conversation ; those I have talked to were the Bp of Derry, Clogher and Clonfert. The former told me that Serj<sup>t</sup> Marshall he heard says Mrs. Vanhumrigh is not fairly represented, and has wrote to the Bp of Clogher for some Letters, but this was some time agoe. Evelyn has been presented to a living by the Primate. I heard one of my Sons mention him as the supposed Author of the poem on the Church yard, wh I find by yrs he has no right to. He is an intimate of Sheridan's, which I suppose gave occasion to rank him among the discontented tribe, but the Bp of Derry says he does not think he would engage in anything of that nature. What I have in the general observed on this occasion that it is impossible so early to write just criticisms on the Life and writings of an Eminent Author without giving offence to Some of his Dependants and admirers. They make no allowance for the beautifull circumstances wh adorn his character, and which are freely bestowed on him in several parts of your

Book. I think this Subject does not deserve any further attention, and I should have passed over in silence what I heard, but that I thought it necessary that yr L<sup>p</sup> should be prepared for any of their weak schemes. The remarks that have been made are too just, otherwise they would not give offence, their vindication, if attempted, would be very temporary, his character is now indelible and will last till the End of Time.

I suspect that the S——<sup>1</sup> does not much like the Castle governors, nor they him. Some Schemes have been privately opposed, they want to fix power in other Hands, and he is and certainly will be immoveable in the Interest of his Country, however outward appearances show nothing of this.

Marston must be very agreeable after the noise of London, yr Gardener's conversation will be more agreeable than yr Bookseller's, even when he speaks of a third Edition. Will you there form a design of some new work, or rather be content to enjoy that large share of Fame wh you have justly acquired? About 20 years hence *Remarks on the Writings and Life of Mr. P.*<sup>2</sup> would be a Subject proper for your pen; sooner it would be *periculosae plenum opus aleae*. I lament Ld B.,<sup>3</sup> but am glad he lived to express his sentiments to yr L<sup>dp</sup>. Tho' this year commences with a new stile, I must end my letter in the old one in wishing to yr L<sup>dp</sup> and yrs many many happy years. I am, my Dearest Lord, ever most sincerely and affectionately yours,

EDW. BARRY.

<sup>1</sup> Speaker.

<sup>2</sup> Pope.

<sup>3</sup> Bolingbroke.



TO DR. BARRY.

*Marston House, near Frome,  
Somersetshire, February 7th, 1752.*

I most heartily thank you, my dearest Doctor, for your last kind letter, which I should have answered sooner, did not a perpetual round of busy idleness take up my hours unaccountably here. I am infinitely pleased with my new purchase: a most delightfull situation and vast command, and an old house<sup>1</sup> about a mile and a half from my own, that employs me in cutting ivy and pruning up old trees, and, if it rains, I have a large antique room to stretch my legs in, and a little closet of books within it. In the Summer I shall probably put up a bed in the haunted room, but, as I hope then to have a bedfellow, I need not fear the rattling of chains or the groans of a murdered traveller. There has been formerly a Park, but it is now turned to a farm; however, many of the trees stand and are very beautifull. Time may repark it.<sup>2</sup> What is all this to you? Alas! what have you to do with Somersetshire? Nothing; but you see I cannot help talking with you of my delights wheerever I am. My misfortunes are my separation from you and my other friends in Ireland; and the various difficulties of coming to you. Don't mistake me, I intend to come again. I am not afraid of those difficulties: but I must rest a little from my journey; and then hoist sail for Dublin; for surely, Ireland is not without her charms, and I intend to taste them at a proper season.

As to writers against my late performance, I am perhaps too indifferent about them. I treat them, maybe, with too much contempt. But as yet, the few squibs that have been

<sup>1</sup> Millard's Hill, still in existence.

<sup>2</sup> An unfulfilled anticipation.

let off at me have not disturbed me half so much, nor seemed so dangerous, as the shoe-boys crackers in Leicester fields. Such as I have seen are in print, low in style, erroneous, impotent, malicious, if they knew how: wrongheaded and ridiculous. I treated them as a friend of mine used to treat silly and absurd books of devotion. I just looked into them, shrugged up my shoulders at the folly and threw them into the window seat among the foul linnen and various unseemly utensils.

The Church Yard's Author's name is Evelyn of England; but not even known to the person you mentioned. I am told some letters of Swift are to be published in Ireland. But I am apt to think the whole will vanish in smoke and vapours.

I shall not appear in print again, if ever, for many years. I may sit down satisfied, but as I will never disguise my intentions, I think Edmund deserves a Work. I wish you could propose one to me.

My Mare is neighing at my garden door, and I must go to Vallis to see an old lock mended, so adieu, my dear dear Dr., ever your own

ORRERY.

TO MR. JOHNSON.

*Marston House in Frome, near  
Somersetshire, February 15th, 1752.*

SIR,—You will excuse me, I dare say, if I am a little troublesome by breaking in upon your studies by a Somersetshire letter. The late relish that I had in London of polite literature is not yet totally worn out, and until I am absolutely rusted into a western kind, I must retain a pleasing memory of the hours which you allowed me to pass in your company. Be not frightened, dear Sir, I shall not often trespass upon your

better employments. Let us correspond with that friendship which is above ceremony. Let us write to each other not when we ought, but when we please. A forced letter because the clock strikes, is the most disagreeable task in the World. I would write as I would eat, just when my appetite prompted me. These are my preliminaries, and, as I know they are founded in true friendship, *non alia mercede bibam* ; or *scribam*, if the verse would allow it.

We know nothing of what is passing in the World of Learning and Politics, except what we can pick out once a Week from the Bath Journal. The explanation of the articles falls generally to the share of the Curate, whose Comments are boldly and judiciously announced (amidst tobacco smoke and october) against Courtiers, Officers, Taxgatherers, Lawyers and Physicians, and sometimes a gentle whiff is wafted towards Bishops. We be *bould*, and we do *tailk* better *nor* pretended patriots. That's what we do do. This is the most important chapter of our history.

A benighted traveller lay here about three weeks ago, and left by accident a paper on which I saw the *Rambler* had got a pair of boots. I hope they are of that sort which I remember my nurse told me went five miles at a stride ; if so, I may hope to hear that the Rambler intends to take a walk towards Marston. I shall be glad to see him in Boots, Shoes or Slippers.

How does good Mr. Johnson? How is the fair Enchantress, whose appearance I dare say will draw many to her Castle? I shall be glad to be thought a Knight Errant in her train, or to be of any real service to those whom you number among your friends, for I am with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient, humble Servant,

ORRERY.



## DR. BARRY TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

*Dublin, March 4, 1752.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I was greatly pleas'd to hear that y<sup>r</sup> new Purchase exceeded y<sup>r</sup> expectation, and will make Marston even more agreeable to you. There has been an open Quarrel since the beginning of the Sessions between the Speaker and Primate, and a Coldness—to give it a mild expression—between him and the Castle. A Rumour was spread that the Speaker w<sup>d</sup> quit the Chair, and Ponsonby, who had joyned the Primate, visited most of the members. This the Speaker then openly resented, and declared that he would never quit his Friends while they supported him. Several material Questions have been discuss'd at the Castle, which the Speaker did not approve, and, since, an enquiry has been made into the conduct of the Surveyer General, who has expended over forty thousand Pounds in repairing and building Barracks (in a very wretched manner) who was supported by the late and present Administration. It has engaged the Committee of the whole House for two Months. Ld George has exerted all his Force, and the Report comprises a large Volume. Three Days have been already spent in reading it, and on Saturday next the Resolution will be moved. It has grown to such a Height that it has engaged the attention of the whole Kingdom, and every one now considers it as the final Question, whether the Speaker is to stand or fall. They have gain'd a formidable Party among the rest, Jack Burk has quitted the Speaker; each Side has summon'd their forces from all parts of the Kingdom. Ld George in a late private conference with the Speaker, said that he fought against him with more Disadvantage than he should against any other man

living, for that he was so universally belov'd,<sup>1</sup> and his Friends attach'd to him in such a Manner, that he found them immoveable; he said that this Disadvantage was the greater since all the Strength of Promises and Menaces was used to shake them, and had terrify'd several to a compliance. However we shall certainly carry Everything by a fair Majority, and I believe they are now afraid their Resentment will not be kept within Bounds, but the Speaker will act with Resolution and Temper if his Country Friends who are now his chief Supports will suffer him, for many insist on expelling the Surveyour, who is a member. It is impossible in this compass of a Letter to describe the Spirit that prevails. The Speaker told the Ld-L<sup>t</sup> lately that he had been 45 years in Parliement, and seen all Parties of Court and Country, Whig and Tory, but that he never saw such Animosities and Divisions among Gen<sup>ts</sup> as at this Time, for that was not properly either Court or Country, Whig or Tory. The true Question is whether they should be govern'd by the primate, and an English Party. Ld Kildare constantly attends and is as Warm as the Speaker. Our Grand Debate will probably last till Midnight next Saturday. The Speaker dined with me twice within these six days and staid till one in the morning. There is great Reason to suspect the Bishop of Corke has been seduced by the primate. Some of his conduct has been so remarkable that the Speaker will never I believe regard him more; but a little Time will clear up some Things that are now obscure. The House is every day full, tho' no material Business is under consideration, for each is afraid of their taking an Advantage if they had an Opportunity. This Affair already

<sup>1</sup> Lord G. Sackville's tribute to the character of Henry Boyle, Irish Speaker, and eventually 1st Earl of Shannon, was amply borne out by facts. No man in the history of Irish Politics earned more public esteem on all sides, or more private regard from his friends.

begins to make a Noise in England. The D. of Dorset expresses the highest Regard for the Speaker, and I believe is uneasy that such Divisions in Parl<sup>t</sup> attend his Administration.

[Sent thus unfinished and unsigned.]

FROM DR. BARRY.<sup>1</sup>

*Dublin, March 4th, 1752.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I was greatly pleased to find that your new purchase has answered your expectation, and will make even Marston more agreeable to you. I hear no more of the threats and malice of the poor wretched *Junto*. I believe Mrs. Barber wrote several of them: for the Doctor had all by heart and often used to repeat them, or rather, stammer them. Nat often bantered him on the subject. I never saw any in print, and heard two or three very dull ones read.

There has been an open Quarrel since the beginning of the Session between the Speaker and Primate, and a coldness, to give it a mild expression, between him and the Castle. A rumour was spread that the Speaker would quit the Chair, and Ponsonby, who had joined the Primate, visited most of the Members. The Speaker then openly resented and declared that he would never quit his friends while they supported him. Several material questions have been discussed at the Castle, which the Speaker did not approve, and since an enquiry has been made into the conduct of the Surveyor General, who has expended above Forty thousand pounds in repairing and building Barracks in a very wretched manner, who was sup-

<sup>1</sup> This letter and the previous one from the same writer are so nearly identical that the two together would scarcely have been worth reproducing, but that the slight differences which exist complete the picture of the excitement then prevailing in Dublin and the intense heat of Party Spirit. The first of the two was clearly sent off in violent haste, and Dr. B. may not have remembered how much he had already described in it.



ported by the late and present administration. It has engaged the Committee of the whole House for two months. Lord George<sup>1</sup> has exerted all his force, and the Report contains a large Volume. Three days have been already spent in reading it, and on Saturday next the Resolutions will be moved. It has grown to such a height that it has engaged the attention of the whole Kingdom, and everyone now considers it the final Question, whether the Speaker is to stand or fall? They have gained a formidable party, among the rest Jack Burk has quitted the Speaker. Each side has summoned their forces from all parts of the Kingdom. Lord George, in a late private conference with the Speaker, said that he fought against him with more disadvantage than he should against any other man living; for that he was so universally beloved, and his friends attached to him in such a manner, that he found them immoveable. He said that his disadvantage was greater, since all the strength of promises and menaces were used to shake them, and had terrified several to a Compliance. However, we shall certainly carry every thing by a fair majority, and I believe they are now afraid their resentment will not be kept within bounds. But the Speaker will act with resolution and temper, if his Country friends, who are now his chief Support, will suffer him, for many insist on expelling the Surveyor, who is a Member.

It is impossible in this Compass of a Letter to describe the Spirit that prevails. The Speaker told the Lord Lieutenant lately, that he had been 45 years in Parliament and seen all parties of Court and Country, Whig and Tory, but that he never saw such animosities and divisions among Gentlemen as at this time: that this was not properly either Court or Country, Whig or Tory. The true Question is, whether

<sup>1</sup> Sackville.

they shall be governed by the Primate and an English Party? Lord Kildare constantly attends, and is as warm as the Speaker. I shall give your Lordship an account of our grand debate, which probably will last till Midnight, next Saturday. The Speaker dined with me twice within these six days, and staid till one in the morning, which of late has been an early hour with him. There is great reason to suspect that the Bishop of Corke has been seduced by the Primate. Some circumstances of his Conduct have been so remarkable that the Speaker will never regard him, I believe, more. But a little time will clear up some things that are now obscure. The House is every day full, tho' no material Business is under Consideration, so he is afraid of their taking advantage whenever they find an opportunity.

I thought this account to your Lordsp necessary, who have been always anxious for the Honour and Dignity of our friend on whom the Happiness of this Country in a great measure depends. This affair already begins to make a great noise in England. The Duke of Dorset expresses the highest regard to the Speaker, and I believe is uneasy that such divisions in Parliament attend the administration.

I am, my Lord, your Lordsp's, etc.,

E. BARRY.

FROM LORD FOLEY.

*London, March 10th, 1752.*

MY LORD,—When I had last the honour of seeing your Lordship, you were pleased to desire your name might be set down among those who would contribute towards the support of George Smabridge, the son of our late good and worthy friend. I have therefore taken the liberty to enclose to your Lordship the paper signed by the other four gentlemen, that,

if you approve of it, you may do him the honour of adding your name.

We think fifty guineas a year, with what he will get from the College, will be a sufficient maintenance for him till he goes into Orders, and then the Primate has promised to provide for him, which will not be above five years or thereabouts. Your Lordship will see by the enclosed paper that money is advanced from the first of January last, and so to be collected yearly. If your Lordship will please to let me know who you will appoint to pay the money here in Town, I will call upon him for it, and take care to transmit it to Mr. Smabridge.

As I understand you have put off your lodging in town, I am afraid you design going from Somersetshire to Ireland without letting us have the pleasure of seeing you again in London. Wherever you are, I shall always be with the greatest truth and respect, My Lord, Your Lordship's most obedt. faithfull humble Servant,

FOLEY.

TO LORD FOLEY.

*Marston House, March 14th, 1752.*

MY LORD,—I return the paper your Lordship sent to me, signed with my subscription. I most humbly beg your Lordship's pardon for troubling you with receiving my ten guineas, but I dare not make the Bill payable to any bearer but yourself, as it goes by post.

I have no thought, my Lord, of going into Ireland. On the contrary, my family are all coming hither. But as I love retirement, and am attached to this place particularly, I shall scarce visit London soon, unless your Lordship has commands there for your most faithfull and obedient humble Servant,

ORRERY.



TO DR. BARRY.

*Marston House, March 18th, 1752.*

MY DEAREST DOCTOR,—The post before the last brought me your exact account of the situation of my friend and Kinsman. You judge rightly, I shall always be anxious in those points which concern him, but my solicitude was entirely removed by the Votes of the H. of Commons which came to me yesterday. Stronger there cannot be : and every one rises higher than that which precedes it. Ne—l seems to have proved a Badham to Ireland. But the triumph of my best and dearest friend is the chief object of my joy. His honour, his dignity, his power, his prosperity and his conduct are ever before my eyes, and where he is successful I am sure the success of the nation must follow. I have most true happiness upon this occasion ; and it is the greater as I am certain that you exult with me.

Curiosity makes me enquire into the conduct of my friend Jack Burke. I should be sorry indeed if he had left us. I am willing to know how the Bishop of Corke conducted himself? Pray satisfy my Queries.

As to Mother Barber, the Verses and the Son, they move not me. I am told Sheridan is at the head of all the Cavillers. But silence, the strongest symptom of contempt, is my rule. The Book that cannot defend itself ought to dye. The Book that can, ought not to be defended.

I am very busy preparing bowers and planting roses for Lady Orrery. I am all alone, except my company of Workmen. More acceptable Companions than Ministers or lords.

The Garters are disposed of : and the King is hastening abroad to beget a King of the Romans.

The last time I saw Lord Chesterfield, he spoke of you with true esteem. Dr. Mead is going so fast that his friends almost wish him gone. He has his intervals, however, but its the accidental blaze of an expiring fire.

I am, my dearest Dr., ever your own

ORRERY.

DR. BARRY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dublin, April 2, 1752.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I shew'd yr Letter to the Speaker, which pleas'd him greatly; he read it over twice and was delighted with yr manner of approving his Conduct. He is still on distant Terms with the Castle; he might easily be on whatever he desires, but it will be hard to reconcile him to such things as have past. The Bish<sup>p</sup> of Cork's conduct is more I believe to be imputed to an enthusiastic weak Head than a bad Heart, but his Behaviour has been somewhat unaccountable. Jack Bourke has been in open declar'd opposition. Ld Geo. asked the Master of the Rolls if he had not drawn up the last Resolution (of laying this Affair before the King); he said he had not, but ask'd why he imputed it to him, 'because' said Ld G. 'there is something clever in it.' 'Why then' reply'd the Master, 'I assure yr L<sup>p</sup> I know 50 men who are strongly in Opposition, capable of drawing up such a Resolution, and further, My L<sup>d</sup>, I assure you I know six of the most sensible Men of yr Party who are ready to joyn us whenever we want them.'—Where this confusion 'tis yet hard to determine.—I think the Scheme yr L<sup>p</sup> mentions too large and diffusive. Each particular Author can only be treated with general observations, all w<sup>h</sup> have been already made. How much has been said on Shakespear.

What has Addison left unsaid about Milton, and of Pope 'tis dangerous to say anything unless one joyns in the common chorus of Praise and Incense. I think a Plan of some Greek Tragedy, done in the manner of Philip's 'Distressed Mother,' which is partly a Translation, and where you may alter it as you see proper, and make it yr own, would be a fine and usefull Performance, and suit your Genius. Garrick would adore you for such a Performance. The Preface may afford a Dissertation on Poets and Poetry, and may be as long as you please. But some time must be allowed before yr Lordship can fix on any Subjects. But let it be *simplex et unum* from whence you can expatiate with Freedom. The former is too diffuse and large, and contracts the Mind in the Execution of it, can never shew a Genius, and must be either tedious or obscure. The Death of Hercules by Sophocles would, I think, afford materials for an English Stage. The characters of Dejanira, a female, but more amiable Othello, and of Alcides would be very great. Some new Ones must be added. I am, my dearest Lord, ever yr own

ED. BARRY.

TO THE REV. JOHN MAXWELL.

*Marston House, 8th July, 1752.*

SIR,—You should have heard from me sooner, had not illness deprived me for some time past of any possibility to write a Letter: but no matter, I am recovered and we will look forward and forget all disagreeable scenes past.

You wish to know from me the State of literature. I could much sooner inform you of the state of ignorance. It is our glory at Marston to know nothing; however, our unhappy neighbourhood to Bath forces us sometimes even to



hear the sound of Greek and Latin, and a Scholar breaks in upon our dullness, and the Rector fails not to bring him to the great House. By these means I shall now and then be enabled to send you some sterling pieces. I mean a Catalogue of them, which your knowledge in antiquity may relish, at least when I think I can add to your entertainment or satisfy your curiosity, you may be certain of hearing from me.

Doctor Middleton's works are published in four pompous quarto volumes. We have some new pieces in the whole Collection, but most of them have been printed over and over. An imposition which the Public is obliged to suffer from every writer whatever. First we receive an Author's works printed in different sizes at different times and sometimes in different Kingdoms. Then he dies, and his Executors, in conjunction with the Booksellers, come forth with what they call all his Works, corrected, collected and adorned with prints, and his Life written by a friend, in which he is painted as a faultless person, and as such we are ordered to worship him. Be it so, but what's to be done then with the superfluous learned Lumber? I know not, unless the Legislature will interpose and order the Booksellers to take back their unfashionable goods, as Upholders take back their Mourning, at a small price for the hiring of it.

Dr. Newton's edition of the *Paradise Lost* has not answered the expectations of the World. Perhaps we raise our expectations too high. Dr. Newton is a man of worth and learning: but people have carried their prejudices so far as to be angry at his Dedication. It is the first piece that strikes our Eyes in the Book, but suppose it written to the great Mr. Pulteney instead of the E. of B.,<sup>1</sup> and should not we then change our

<sup>1</sup> Bath.

Notes and sing panegyrics instead of satires. Remember I do not tell you by way of news that the World is full of Prejudice, Party, Caprice, Folly, Madness and a numerous *et cætera*. Posterity will be only fit to judge of the Works of the present age.

My late friend Lord Bolingbroke has cost me many a sigh : not for his death, but for his Writings. Good God ! are abilities given to us only to attack the Being who gave them ? No sooner do we find ourselves giants in Knowledge but our first attempts are against Heaven. Thus we shew ourselves true Sons of Earth : Toads endeavouring to swell to the size of Oxen. Let the Man who attacks our present Religion point out to us a better, and then he will have a right to our attention.

All the circumstances of the fire at Captain Maxwell's are true ; unhappily, too true. A Child burnt, and, after that, need I add every individual piece of furniture that could be destroyed by flame.

Direct to me by way of London at Marston house near Frome in Somersetshire, where dwells immoveable at present your faithfull, humble Servant,

ORRERY.

FROM DR. JOHNSON.

*London, 9th July, 1752.*

MY LORD,—Illness is an affliction so severe as to need every alleviation that the condition of our Nature can admit, and sure, there are some by which Pain may be mitigated though not appeased, and of those I should count one of the most powerful that which your Lordship enjoys, the consciousness that all who know you wish your recovery.

I do not mean, my Lord, to except from the number of

those who wish you well, even the Beings whom Idleness, Wantonness, or an opinion of their Wit incite to attack you in print, or to attempt your disturbance by private admonitions. I have lived long enough among Scribblers to know that every little Invective proceeds either from Malevolence, or Kindness, or love of Truth, or love of falsehood or any other Love than the Love of Writing. It would be a very severe censure of those who have attacked the *Memoirs of Swift* to say they hated the Author without knowing him, and more severe still to say that they could know him and hate him.

I hope I shall always rejoice when I am the Occasion of good, and therefore congratulate myself upon the accident by which I introduced Mrs. Lenox<sup>1</sup> to your Lordship. She tells me with how much historical information you have been pleased to honour her, but thinks she has not clearly explained her Plan, which comprised not a complete Commentary on Shakespear, but only translations and Extracts from such Writers as he appears to have made use of. I believe he read chiefly Hall and Holingshead for English History.

We have at present no literary news, but something undoubtedly the Winter will bring us. If it brings your Lordship to Town I will forgive any other disappointment and shall make no complaints of long nights and cold days.

I am, my Lord, your Lordsp's etc.,

SAML. JOHNSON.

TO DR. JOHNSON.

*Marston House, 12 July 1752.*

I HAVE received yours, dear Sir, and am most truly sensible of so strong an instance of your friendship. Nothing is so

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, author of *Shakespear Illustrated*, 3 vols. 1753-4.



amusing in so deep retirement and so indifferent a state of health as mine as the Correspondence of such a friend. A Letter of that kind constantly raises my Spirits and drives away the langour which is apt to secure pain.

I hope I cannot often personally offend, and if my book gives offence, it ought to be candidly and openly attacked, which as yet has not been the case. At first I read some of the printed attacks upon it, but my Pride or my Reason found them so very low and despicable, that for a long time past I have not lost more time or thoughts about them: nor did I ever hear, nor do I desire to know who the Authors are. I forgive them. If their own Conscience can forgive them they may be perfectly easy. I cannot wonder that the book should be obnoxious in Ireland. Many of Swift's Sycophants are still living. Many expected to be flattered, for all who flatter love flattery. But in England the want of a dinner, I presume, has raised more Spleen and Vapours in empty stomachs and emptier heads, than any Passage whatever in the book. The love of writing and the eagerness of hunger has made more Critics than the best Computer can easily guess.

I not only esteem and admire you, but must esteem and admire all your friends, because I am sure they are valuable. The papers which I sent to Mrs. L. have long lain by me: were thrown aside because I would not walk into Mr. P. and W.'s<sup>1</sup> province, who seemed to think that Shakespear was the *Sanctum Sanctorum* where they only were sufficiently holy to enter. She may do with the papers as she thinks proper. I have no copy of them. If even some words in them may be of service to her I am happy. Do not let her pay them too great regards. They are not mine: they are hers, and she has a right to do with them as she pleases. I shall soon write to her upon the Occasion.

<sup>1</sup> Pope and Warburton's.

I am, dear Sir, with truth, esteem and gratitude, your  
Faithfull and obedient humble Servt.,

ORRERY.

TO COUNSELLOR FORRESTER.

*Marston house, 25th July 1752.*

AFTER so violent an attack of illness as I have had, a man does not easily recover his Spirits to the degree necessary to write Letters. That is the reason, dear Sir, why you have not heard of me till now, in answer to your last. I rejoice that the fire was not near you, my apprehensions were very great, and your account, dreadful as it was, still gave some private consolation. Your reflections upon the Miseries of human kind are very just, and could I avoid the pain, I should not be sorry to find my Constitution of a sort that promises an early release from a Scene of anxiety and sorrow, of doubts and fears; besides a numerous train of Evils too long to be mentioned and too gloomy to be thought of. Is it worth a Man's while, then, to disturb the Religion of his Country? to make People more unhappy than they are?—certainly, it is not. Were Parts given to us for that purpose? Or are we to retire from Society only to prepare Mines of Gunpowder to blow up the poor Mortals who chance to come in our way? Surely whoever acts in such a way is guilty of Crimes that even reach beyond this world, and that seem to be equivalent with the rebellion of the fallen Angels, and perhaps to deserve a punishment like theirs, an eternal existence and an eternal misery. You see I think with you in regard to a late Work in every point unworthy of its Author, and not equal in style to his other Works, and void of any brilliant thoughts or remarkable observations. I am truly sorry to see a performance of the kind. I should be sorry to see it from my hand, am much

more to see it from his. He had vast Powers. The mis-application of them is his own fault. Rest, if possible, his Soul in that peace in the enjoyment of which he seems to have envied others.

What becomes of you this Summer? Summer, did I say! With us it has been a Winter: a very dreary and a very disagreeable one. I wish to see you, and yet can scarce ask you to come to a House so full of noise and workmen as this is, and must be, for some time longer. Lady Orrery is still detained in Ireland. When she arrives, I shall hope you will turn your Post chaise towards Frome.

I am, dear Sir, your faithfull, etc.,

ORRERY.

TO MR. WILSON. = *Benja*

*Marston house, 27th July 1752.*

I AM extremely obliged to you, Sir, for the pictures of my two sons. They are both very like. They are both excellent pictures. Lord Boyle's appears to me less finished than the other, at least, I would willingly think so, as perhaps that hint may induce you to come hither after your Journey to Yorkshire.

As to your disagreement with Miss B., I can be no judge of it: but I remember Hamlet, speaking of the Players, says, 'After your death you were better have a bad Epitaph than their ill report while you lived.'

To induce you to travel to Marston, I can tell you we have the finest Prospects that the eye could wish. Some Seats, such as Mr Hoare's, Wilton, Long Leat, and that large House the Bath, all in our neighbourhood. Wilton, the most distant, is in your way to London. We have also some natural Curiosities: Hookey-Hole, Stone-henge and Glassenbury's<sup>1</sup> Waters

<sup>1</sup> Glastonbury, celebrated for its beautiful ruin, and the Christmas flowering Thorn, which a legend ascribes to the planting of his staff by Joseph of Arimathea on his visit to England after the Crucifixion.



and Thorns. You will also find some true humble Servant ready to attend you upon all Occasions. I shall be in some pain while you travel. You will often enquire the road, you will often be deceived : you will believe every Man you meet, and by that means will be once or twice on your return to London : and then you will wonder how people can act insincerely towards an innocent Stranger. Let us get you here, and you shall meet with no insincerity, but shall be most truly wellcome to, Sir, your very faithfull obliged and obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

TO MR. THOMAS CARTE.

*Marston House, Aug. 5th, 1752.*

I AM sorry to find, Sir, that you are in want of the Bath waters for your health. The only alleviation to my concern will be your kind visit here : where, if ever business in Ireland can be finished, you will meet Lady Orrery. I retire, Sir, partly upon account of health, which of late has grown worse and worse. Another reason for my retirement is an absolute conviction that it is to no purpose to endeavour to save a Country which is resolved not to be saved. I have seen so many instances to confirm this melancholy opinion that the idle hopes of vain and visionary minds appear to me as airy bubbles not in the least to be regarded. My wishes for my Country will be the same to the last hour of my breath. My opinion of my Countrymen grows indeed less and less favourable every day. But, to say truth, we are a declining People : destined, I fear, to absolute destruction. We have had our Day. It ended with Queen Ann. Since her time all has been Confusion and Discontent at Home ; Folly and False Politics abroad : not to mention that Spirit

of Slavery and Irreligion that is spreading itself throughout the several parts of the three Kingdoms. These are undeniable Truths. What then have we to hope? Or from whence? Not from Heaven, if we are to judge of the future by past events. Not from Heaven, if we are Judges of our own merits. Hopes may serve to fill Bumpers, but they will scarce at present be the Entertainment of closet reflections or cool speculation. Retirement, therefore, is the best choice that the most healthy man can make, and to one with my wretched constitution it is not only eligible but necessary.

Don't imagine that this way of thinking affects my Spirits. I am as chearfull as possible when out of pain. If I sigh 'tis for my Country, not for myself: yet I am in some doubt whether my Country is worth a Sigh: her very Climate grows worse and worse: nor have I seen a true Summer's day this year.

Pray send me an account of the people of France. They seem to be changed, if our newspapers may be depended upon. You must have seen their disposition during your stay at Paris.

I am reading your History with great care and satisfaction. It is a Work that will be of public use, and must have cost you immense labour, but I know you are indefatigable, as I shall be in shewing myself, Sir, Your very faithfull humble Servant,

ORRERY.

DR. BARRY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dublin, Nov. 28, 1752.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I most sincerely congratulate your L<sup>p</sup> on your happy meeting with Lady Orrery; may no Seas or future Accidents separate you again, and may you grow old

together in the next Century. I saw the Speaker this morning, he was preparing some Papers for Lord Kildare who soon goes to England to try if he can stem the Torrent of the Primate's Power. All Places and Preferments flow from that Channel, w<sup>h</sup> will be apt in this corruptest Age to carry a growing Interest with it. As the Dispute is only for 'Power' 'tis to be hop'd that some means may be found to prevent these Divisions, for the Business of the Government and the Country has been hitherto conducted in a manner that has fully gratify'd One, without giving offence to the Other, and tho' our Trade has been confin'd, yet we thought under all our Disadvantages that our days were Halcyon, and our Loyalty has always at least kept Pace with our Happiness. When I have any Leisure I spend it with my Books, or at the Hill, where I have made a Canal and Grass-walk, though I have a strange desire even there to see Marston, and I really think some time before I can die in Peace I must pay a visit to Somerset,—I am my dearest Lord, ever yours,

ED. BARRY.

FROM MR. FAULKNER.

*(Account of his Interview with the Earl of Kildare.)*

On Saturday, 16th of Feby. 1754, two paragraphs were printed in the *Dublin Journal* of that day, that there was a meeting of several noblemen and gentlemen at the Phœnix Tavern the Wednesday before and at the Tholsel on the Friday following, at which Lord Kildare and several other Noblemen and Gentlemen were present. Ld Kildare in the Chair. At which meetings they drank the King, the Royal family, the Duke of Dorset, prosperity to Ireland, and many



other loyal Toasts. All which Healths Mr. Faulkner took it for granted were drank. But about two o'clock on Saturday Lord Kildare, Lord Carrick and Mr. Abraham Creighton, a member of Parliament, came to Mr. Faulkner's House, made him read the Paragraph, and when he came to the part that related to the Duke of Dorset, Lord Kildare asked him by what Authority he dared to mention that man, whose health was not drank nor ever should be where he was present, and that no honest man or any friend of Ireland, would ever drink his health; then called Mr. Faulkner many gross and scandalous names, and insisted on Mr. Faulkner contradicting that scandalous and false paragraph in the next Journal. At the same time Lord Carrick said many severe words to Faulkner which are forgot and cannot be recollected. But asked him how he came to admit the glorious and immortal memory of K. William? To which F—— made answer that it was remarkable in Ireland, that in all public Companies that Toast never was omitted. Then Ld Kildare insisted on Faulkner's contradicting that paragraph in the next Journal, or he should repent it. On the Monday following Ld Kildare called again when Mr. F. was abroad, and asked one of the Servants if he intended to retract that paragraph. To which the Servant made answer, my Lord, I cannot tell, but I will tell Mr. Faulkner when he comes home; to which his Lordship replied, I insist upon it, and if he doth not, let him look to it. But since that time he hath not called at Mr. Faulkner's house, nor was the paragraph contradicted, as Mr. Faulkner never meant to give the least offence to any person whatever by speaking of it.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Dublin, Feb. 19th, 1754.*

I HAVE enclosed a list of the Healths at the Meeting of the Gentlemen of Ulster, published by Wilson, who writes the daily *Advertiser* and is against the Court. His shop is thronged like a Coffee house every day, and he is likely to make a Fortune, tho' perhaps at the loss of his Ears. George Faulkner published in his Journal the same day a list of the Ulster Toasts and inserted the Duke of D——<sup>1</sup> which was not drank, and omitted the glorious memory,<sup>2</sup> two great faults. On Saturday Lord Kildare, Lord Carrick and Mr. Creighton went to Faulkner's Shop, Lord Kildare charged him severely for daring to insert falsehoods with his name, and tho' he narrowly then escaped punishment, solemnly threatened he would break what bones he had left in his body, if he did not in his next paragraph retract his Error and publish that the D. of D.'s health was not drank.

The Speaker was sent for yesterday at the Castle ; what passed I cannot say, but last night he seemed much vexed and concerned at this incident, though there was nothing prejudicial to the Duke if Faulkner was obliged publicly to retract, yet the D. did not perhaps care to be thus printed of. However, I find now that Faulkner has not taken notice of it, and Lord K—— sent a paragraph to Wilson, who takes notice of this Error of Faulkner's. Some gentlemen who went into Faulkner's soon after, asked him what he would have done had Ld Kildare struck him ? He said he would not have received a blow from any man living without returning it, and that he would take the Law of him afterwards, and that during the

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.<sup>2</sup> Of William III.

whole Conversation he preserved a firmness and presence of Mind. His wife said that he had no business to strike any Lord, nor should not do it; that he was greatly frightened and that he had still a trembling on him; and she would not suffer any of them to come near him again, but engage them herself; and a Gentleman told me he saw Ld Kildare there in his Chariot the second time that day, and Mrs. Faulkner talking to him as red as a Turkey Cock, but she would not produce her husband. Faulkner was a considerable time with the Duke last night in great consternation and Terror on many Accounts, but determined not to reprint anything to the honour of his Grace.—I am, etc.

AN EXTRACT FROM WILSON'S *DUBLIN UNIVERSAL ADVERTISER*, FEBY. 19, 1754, MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING LETTER.

*Dublin Advertisement.*

WHEREAS in several newspapers lately published by George Faulkner, he has taken upon himself to invent many Falsehoods in order to deceive his Readers, particularly in his Journal of Saturday the 16th instant, where he gives an Account of the Toasts that were drank at the meeting of the Gentlemen of the province of Ulster, at the Tholsel of the City of Dublin. Among which he mentions that the Duke of Dorset was given for a Toast, and omits the glorious and immortal memory of King William with many other patriot Toasts. THIS IS TO ASSURE THE PUBLICK that the Duke of Dorset was not drank there, but as inserted in the *Universal Advertiser* of the aforesaid Date, Friday, Feb. 15th. One hundred and twenty four of the nobility, members of Parliament and other Gentlemen and Merchants of great distinction and



property in the province of Ulster with the Lord Mayor and Sherifs dined at the Tholsel of this City, to which place the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Richard Cox, and the four worthy Patriots lately turned out of their employments were invited. The Rt Honble the Earl of Kildare in the Chair. After Dinner the following Toasts, among a variety of others, expressive of the most unfeigned affection to his Majesty and true patriotism were most chearfully and unanimously drank : The King, the Prince of Wales, the princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal family. The Duke and the Army. The glorious and immortal Memory of the great King William. May the Succession to the Crown be perpetuated in the illustrious House of Hanover. Prosperity to Ireland. Prosperity to Ulster. Prosperity to the City of Dublin. The Earl of Kildare and Liberty. The Speaker of the House of Commons of Ireland, and may we never want a Man of his Sense and Spirit at the head of the Commons. The ever memorable Majority of the 23rd of November and 17th of December 1753. May the Commons ever defend themselves against all unconstitutional influence. May the true lovers of Liberty in Great Britain and Ireland be forever united in affection as they are in Interest. Disappointment to all those who, under pretence of supporting the prerogative, would destroy the Liberty of the Subject. The four worthy Patriots lately turned out of their Employments. May those who advised the late P— be soon voted Enemies of the Country. May all Priests who have the Ambition of Woolsey meet with the fate of Laud. May that Man who has neither Wife, W—e or Estate never have any share in the Government of Ireland. May the Island of Saints never turn to Sodom and Gomorrah. Speedy Exportation of rotten Stone duty free. May Back Lane never get the better of Bride

Street. The Linnen Manufacture. The Earl of Tyrone. The Earl of Carrick. Lord Kingsborough. The Patriot Representatives of Munster. Do. of Leinster. Do. Con-naught. The free and Independent Inhabitants of the Town of Belfast. A high Wind and a lee Shoar to all the Enemies of Ireland, etc. etc. etc.

## FROM DR. BARRY.

March 2nd, 1754.

LORD KILDARE's treatment of Faulkner on inserting the D. of D.'s health among the Ulster Toasts and this opposition at Council, has again disturbed the prospect of some degree of peace, and has made it again uncertain whether the S—r will be left in the Government. He himself thinks that the expression of the D., saying he will recommend nothing, is a sort of dismiss; but I hope still they will not fling away the only person who is most capable of restoring order, and I am sure is well inclined to it. The best way would be to depend implicitly on his discretion and to require no express Terms.

The play of *Mahomet*<sup>1</sup> (a translation of Voltaire's piece) was acted some time ago, and some parts were encored and

<sup>1</sup> From the *Dublin Spy*, Feb. 8th, 1754: 'A Spirit of Freedom enlivens the tragic scenes of *Mahomet the Impostor*, indeed almost ev'ry line carries with it its point. If 'it had been calculated purely for the Meridan of Ireland, the acumens which run 'through some of the spirited Speech could not carry a keener edge. Mr. Sheridan, 'who acted the part of *Zaphna*, was excellent in the scenes of love and distress. Mrs. 'Woffington performed *Palmyra* with great decency and eloquence of action. Mr. 'Diggs, who played *Alcanor*, had a great advantage, for he was the chief engine that 'played against the Court. He was encor'd in a spirited speech, and Bravo'es thunder'd 'from the Pit: and to prove how infamous is a Courtier's heart, there were several 'diabolical hisses at the encore, some I marked to come from the tongue of two clergy- 'men who sat near. Oh! the serpent tongues! to attempt to hiss down such sentiments 'of honour and freedom. Had they known I had been near, they had been less free of 'their infernal sibilations.'

applauded with repeated Claps, some faintly hissed, and the whole was attended with great confusion, but ended without mischief. This night the play was to be acted again. The House crowded. Diggs in his first speech was encored ; he made a decent Speech that the Actors had agreed that it was a prostitution of the Stage to repeat Speeches. Expressed his distress that he must offend an Audience for whom he had the greatest Respect, or act improperly. They called for the Manager. A Gentleman spoke from the pitt. Said he had the Curiosity to go behind the Scenes, and that the Manager was gone away. In repeating the Call for the Manager, another Actor came out and offered to read the part. The Audience hissed him off. Peg Woffington appeared, but her Voice was lost in the hissing and clapping noise. The Curtain was dropped and the Audience disappointed of the Play : and I just now hear they were so much enraged at the Manager's conduct, that the Benches of the pitt and Boxes were all torn to pieces, the Curtain and Scenes destroyed, and that some threatened to fire the House.

Sheridan is a declared Courtier, and yet re-acted this play, as he knew it must bring a full house, tho' probably attended with a real Tragedy, which would have been the Case had they not stopped early, for the passages which they thought applicable to the p——r<sup>1</sup> would have been marked and encored with Vehemence. What an opposition might have produced no one can tell.

Sir R. Cox's Account of the money Bill was published this Week, and I hear is reprinted now in London, or will be before this Letter arrives. Several hundreds were sold in a few hours. Where will all this confusion end ? I shall soon write again. I can only add that I am, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Paramour.



FROM A PARAGRAPH IN A LETTER FROM  
MR. FAULKNER.*Dublin, March 12th, 1754.*

‘ . . . Sheridan is undone. His Theatre in Smock Alley  
‘ being torn to pieces in the inside, and he will appear no more,  
‘ he says, on the Stage.’

## FROM DR. BARRY.

*(Extract.)**Dublin, March 14th, 1754.*

. . . DIGGS LATOUCH, who was turned out of the House of Commons, tho’ perhaps fairly elected for Dublin, on account of his close connection with Lucas, has since been a noisy Tribune, and a Chief Partisan of the Castle; and last Wednesday sat in the Chair at the Tholsel at an Entertainment, where as many as they could collect, to the number of 203, dined, to return their Thanks to the Duke for his Interposition in favour of the Bankers.

This Gentleman has been regarded as the head of the Citizens who opposed the Aldermen, and gave himself the liberty of speaking w<sup>th</sup> some freedom of the Speaker, and lately in a Coffee house told him that he was as fit a person to head the Citizens of Dublin as Lord Kildare was to head his party. This was a boasting lie, for it is certain the S——r has not exchanged one word with him these two years. Dick Boyle was told of this by one who heard him declaim in this manner in the Coffee house, and this morning went to his house. He could not deny the charge, and Mr. Boyle pulled him by the nose (which is very large and fit for that use) and kicked him and told him he would use him in the same manner

whenever he met him, till he acknowledged his offence in a Letter to his Father. He said he should hear from him before 24 hours were passed. This will make a new turn and be variously represented. I wish it had not happened at this time.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORRERY TO  
MRS. DOPPING.

*Tuesday, Florence, Jan'y. 28, 1755.*

IT was with the greatest pleasure imaginable that I received yours of the 26 Dec<sup>br</sup> yesterday morning, your Letter was therefore exactly one month and one day on the Road. in absence it gives us vast satisfaction to find our friends were well on such a day, tho' alas, this is a vain satisfaction, for I have learned by sad experience that when I have imagined those I loved tenderly were well, and by that thought made myself happy in our seperation, that these were gon where we could no more hope to meet with them. The old Proverb is now one of my great consolations, that *no news is good newse*, for we have not yet received a single line from any one of our Friends in England, and only yours from Ireland, tho' Both my Lord and I have written several Letters to each Kingdom, and amongst the rest one to Marlow, who I desired to shew it to you, informing him that Pisa was not a Habitable place, and tho' a pleasant City, yet poverty and desolation prevails so throughly there that it was impossible to remain at Pisa. No House to be got but one at an excessive price, with some furniture but not one conveniency, nor could we there get proper Masters for Lucy, we therefore resolved to pass this Winter at Florence, where we have the happiness of Mr. Mann's

company and friendship, which is a great consolation to us. We have a good House, and our diat for ourselves and two Servants at 12s. a day, the rest of our family are at board Wages. Our coach stands us in above 100£ p<sup>r</sup> An, our washing as dear as at London. we therefore live on reasonable terms, and Lucy's education is very good and very cheap. her playing and singing 15s. p<sup>r</sup> month, dancing 10s., writing 10s., drawing 10s., I paid at London three Guineas p<sup>r</sup> month for dancing, and she learned but twice a week, but indeed the Moinseiore was all velvet and gold, Italian is our dearest article, £1 p<sup>r</sup> month, she is fond of all these accomplishments, and they will have this good effect, that they will employ her till she gets a House, Children and other amusements. I send you an account of those things because I know all curious observers love to be informed of the Price of most particulars in different Countrys.

Our Healths are as follows, my Lord has a better Apitite than ever he had, eats his dinner very well, and sleeps the whole night without weaking, he finds staying at home in these Cold Evenings agrees best with his Constitution, and as the Mornings are generally fine and warm, we often take the Air and walk. my Stomach is much better, and with my usual temperance I keep very well. The Baths of Pisa are charming places both for convenience and amusement of the Gay, but to them I shall not go. I believe the Viterbo Waters will be the properest for my complaints, as they are like Spa, but my great expectation is from the Ice, which agrees with me beyond all things I ever took, and certainly, taken in moderation, it is an excelant Stiptick. Lucy has no Complaints.

I am sorry for poor Madden's girl, and for her mis-



cariage, if it was so, but perhaps you may find it was not so, for I really think her Children are like the Prince of Condé, 14 months in bringing to perfection, my best love to her and to all my friends. I am glad Towers is married, and that you have got my thing for little Dr. Anthoney, I hope he got some Money with his wife. wish him joy in our name. Mrs. Boyle breeds fast, two girls at a time no mortal can bear. I am glad Leslie is happy, though he never resolved so much as to answer my Letters. Does Mrs. Brownlow breed? Palmer is old and peevish, he should have known his own mind better than to have married and then part, for when once the knot is tied, it is better to let it remain till death do them part, and really that promise shews that it is wicked to divide till that period. Lady Lanesborough<sup>1</sup> was wise, as long as there is no remedy, to see even Lord and Lady Belfield's daughter, perhaps the Countenance of Friends may prevent her from going in the way of her mother, grandmother, etc. etc. I cannot think St. W's church burnt on purpose, but it is always said so, of most edifices, happy the fire did no more mischief. I think the Chancellor was wise to get so good a Lady to sit by the fire in the Evenings with him, and when people's Children are all married and gone from them, I declare I think they then want a companion more than in middle Age when they can get companions abroad. Therefore let the old and the young marry for prudential reasons, and the middle Aged if they like it. but when once married, as I said before, let them stay together, for it is a shame and a sin to part.

<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Lanesborough was the only daughter of Viscount Belfield, afterwards created Earl of Belvedere—both titles now extinct.

The Earldom of Lanesborough is a later creation than the original Viscountcy of that name, and a different family altogether: the earlier one pertained to the Lanes who were ancestors maternally of the Lane Fox family of Bramham in Yorkshire.

I will send the Cones, and also some other Cones. next year I hope to be so well versd in the Milean's manners, as to find if here there are any kinds we have not in England.

I will next month give you an account of the Carnival, which is now growing towards a hight. We were three times at the first Opera, Bad, and twice at the present, Worse; this night we go to the Play for the first time this Carnival, the Actors and matter are so bad that it is impossible to go to their Comedys after Shakspeare and Garrick. The Opera dresses are fine, and also those for the Dancers, who caper and jump like mad; but no grace, no Arms; however, they afford the Florenteens infinite joy; but they make such a Noise that you cannot hear either Opera or play.

The weather is very cold and frosty, it has been so indeed all this month. we have had two fires, and they cost us 13s. p<sup>r</sup> week. I wrote to you lately, and hope now our correspondence will be regular, for nothing gives me more joy than to hear from my Friends. I am sure Edmund will be very glad to answer your Letters, write to him and try. I wish my paper longer, love to all from your aff<sup>te</sup>,

M. ORRERY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Dublin, Dr. 15, 1757.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I have been confined to my Chamber till within these two Days by a Quinsy attended afterwards with a Fever. I was taken ill the 25th of last month, and at one Time I thought my Case very dangerous. I am now, thank God, free from any Complaint of Consequence, but low. I know nothing of our public or political affairs. Some useless attempts have been made to bring in

Resolutions against Poenings act and the power exercisd by the privy Council. An Enquiry was to be made into the conduct of Comm<sup>rs</sup> of the Revenue for some years past, and it was agreed that it should be made by a Select Committee of 31. Very few of the party, and those doubtfull. I think three were only chosen, the Speaker's part had the majority in this choice by Ballot, neither S<sup>r</sup> Rich<sup>d</sup>. Cox nor Melone were chosen, so that the Enquiries will be of no Consequence. Ld R. seems to loose Ground. I suspect the Connexion between him and Ld is somewhat relaxed. His Lsp sete with me an Hour two days agoe, looks well, and is a happy Spectator of these contentions for power, for vanity, interest or resentment are the Springs that actuate our political machine. The D. of Bedford had the greatest Reason to expect an Easie Session, as he had nothing to ask but the Common Supplys, and no views but the interest and happiness of the Country, and whenever any attempts have been made for some time against the Ease or Dignity of Government, he has a considerable majority, and will certainly keep it. I have enclosed in another paragraph an Oration of Mr. Lenlay delivered to a large Audience.—I am, my dearest Lord, most sincerely yours,

EDW. BARRY.

FROM DR. BARRY.

*Dublin, Jan. 24, 1758.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—On Fryday last Ld Clonbrazils<sup>1</sup> Bill<sup>2</sup> was thrown out of the Privy Council by a majority of

<sup>1</sup> An Irish peerage of two creations: the senior pertaining to the Marquis of Dufferin; the junior to the Earl of Roden.

<sup>2</sup> 'The Popish Priest Bill in Council.'



two. I dind yesterday with Ld Shannon at the Bp of Cloyne, and there heard the names of such who voted on that Occasion :—

## AGAINST THE BILL.

The Primate.  
 The 3 other Arch Bps.  
 Earl of Drogheda.  
 Earl of Grandison.  
 Earl of Shannon.  
 Lord Loftus.  
 Ld Chancellor.  
 Ld Chief Justice of the  
   King's Bench.  
 Ld C. Baron.  
 Sr Arthur Gore.  
 Sr T. P[r]endergast.

## FOR THE BILL.

Duke of Bedford.  
 Earl of Kildare.  
 Earl of Inchiquen.  
 Earl of Clonbrasil.  
 Ld Tullamore.  
 Ld Athanree.  
 Ld Lanesborough.  
 Ld Belvedere.  
 Arth. Malone, Esq.  
 Mr. Fortescue.  
 Mr. Rigby.

The Debate lasted long, the D. of Bedford spoke for three Quarters of an Hour in favour of it, and yet all the Heads of the Church and Law declared against it. the Ld who Brought in the Bill must be much disappointed after the pains he had taken and the support he fixd on. Ld Drogheda had voted for the Bill in the House of Lords, but on hearing in the debate that popish Bishops were also to be established, he changed his mind, otherwise, the Numbers being equal, the Ld L<sup>t</sup>s Vote would have determined it. I have enclosed in different Pacquets a severe but true pamphlet against Sheridan. —I am, my dearest Lord, most sincerely yrs,

EDW. BARRY.

## DR. BARRY TO LORD CORKE.

*Dublin, Feby. 4th, 1758.*

I WAS Yesterday with two Bishops who surpris'd me with an Acc of a Book lately publish'd by the B<sup>p</sup> of Clogher to which he has putt his Name, in which he asserts that Our Saviour was the first created Being by the Divinity, and that the Messiah on Earth was certainly the Archangel Michael etc., etc., etc. As there is an Act in Force against Heresy and Blasphemy he says he is sensible of the dangerous Consequences of what he asserts; however he is glad that the Act de Heretico combndo is repealed, tho' he has reason to think there are some Bishops who would — by this line he means who would be glad to see it executed. These Bishops whom I have seen, think that some Public Notice must unavoidably be taken of it and he seems, they think, to wish it, and that he would lay down his Bishoprick to make his Fame more conspicuous and lasting. Some think that the Archbishop of Dublin in whose Diocese it is printed, must take the Prosecution on him, Others, that an Application will be made for a Legal Visitation, others, that as they neglected his Essay on Spirits (which however was anonymous) they will take no public notice of this. By the Act in being, we must be depriv'd of Employment, and the Book burnt by the common Hangman. At present all our political Affairs go on regularly and quiet. If Opposing Party continues quiet, it must be on some Concessions made to future Power. 'Tis said that the Primate and Ponsonby's party are now most numerous, provided that is no Govern<sup>t</sup> interfered, for in that case many would regard only their own safety. Ld K. I think must be named by the Ld Lt for one of the Ld Justices, but

may be connected with others that may make him a Cypher. Before this time the Lds Justices were generally known. Tis now uncertain ; if the D. of Bedford follows his inclination and spirit, he will probably reject Ponsonby and the Primate, and then chuse Ld Kildare, the Chancellor, and either Ld Shannon or Ld Clanbrazill, who is a Favourite with the Court, and wd joyn either if he chuses ease and a great majority.—I am, my dearest Lord, ev: most aff<sup>y</sup> y<sup>rs</sup>,

ED. BARRY.

Smith of Charleville dead—his son chosen Burgess in his stead—by the Charter this must be done in 3 days.

DR. BARRY TO LORD CORKE.

*Feby. 18, 1758.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—Our affairs here are likely to take a turn that will be surprizing and disagreeable to Some. I, for my part, have suspected some part of it for some time, and shall be pleas'd if the Whole proves true. I mentioned to y<sup>r</sup> Lp that the Primate and the Speaker's party seemed to gain Force in the House, and had it in their Pow'r to give at least a troublesome Opposition, and I believe the Ld Lt did not find his Situation as agreeable as he expected it would be from Ld Kildare's Interest. As the time of naming the Lds Justices seldom went beyond Jan<sup>y</sup>, most persons were surpriz'd, that they had not been fix'd, and the Candidates in common Discourse were many. The Ld Kildare, primate, Speaker, Ld Clonbrazill, Ld Grandison (Mr. Pit's Uncle), Ld Chancellor and Ld Shannon. Of late I have it from the best Authority that the Primate and Ponsonby were certainly fix'd,



not only here but on the other side, and a few days ago that the same was offered to Ld Kildare, w<sup>h</sup> he absolutely refus'd, and as he had often openly declared that he w<sup>d</sup> never associate with the Primate in Government, I believe it was expected, and no disappointment that he refused; after such frequent Declarations he c<sup>d</sup> not take it, and he would have been a cypher if he had, and entirely lost what Interest he had. Who then does y<sup>r</sup> Lp think will be the third? The primate is a wise man, and always lamented that he had lost Ld Shannon's friendship, and his friends who, tho' not very numerous, are of more weight from their character. He has of late given instances of being desirous of a Reconciliation, and a few Days agoe, when he was asked in a large Company for a Toast said he w<sup>d</sup> give one that was a Friend to the Country and to their Order, and he heartily wish'd he was as much his Friend, that was my Ld Shannon, whom I mentioned to y<sup>r</sup> Lp as having voted in the House of Lords, and again in Council on Ld Clonbrazill's Popery Act. These are only previous Appearances, but I think I can depend on my Authority, that Our Noble Friend will be appointed, and he certainly will give Safety and Dignity to the Triumvirate. I am told that Ld Kildare after he had refused the Nomination, went immediately to the Castle, to Ld Shannon, and told him what had passed. His Lp express'd his Concern at his Refusal, and endeavoured to moderate his Warmth, but to no Purpose. Is it not a stretch of Pow'r, not to be Satisfyd with being named by His Majesty, but to put a Negative on Another? Very few know yet Anything of this Affair; some suspect it, and add Others every Day, but in a short time it must be known, and I was desir'd not to give any Hints of it here. I own I am greatly pleas'd with the Prospect, as Ld Shannon was certainly turn'd out of the Government to make room

for Kildare, and as he lost his Interest in the Government by having before supported his Memorial, neither has his Return since been so gratefull to Ld Shannon as might have been expected. There are four Pacquets due Tomorrow which will I hope bring me some Accounts from Marston.—I am, my dearest Lord, most sincerely and affect<sup>ly</sup> y<sup>rs</sup>,

ED. BARRIE.

DR. BARRY TO THE EARL OF CORKE.

*Dublin, March 21, 1758.*

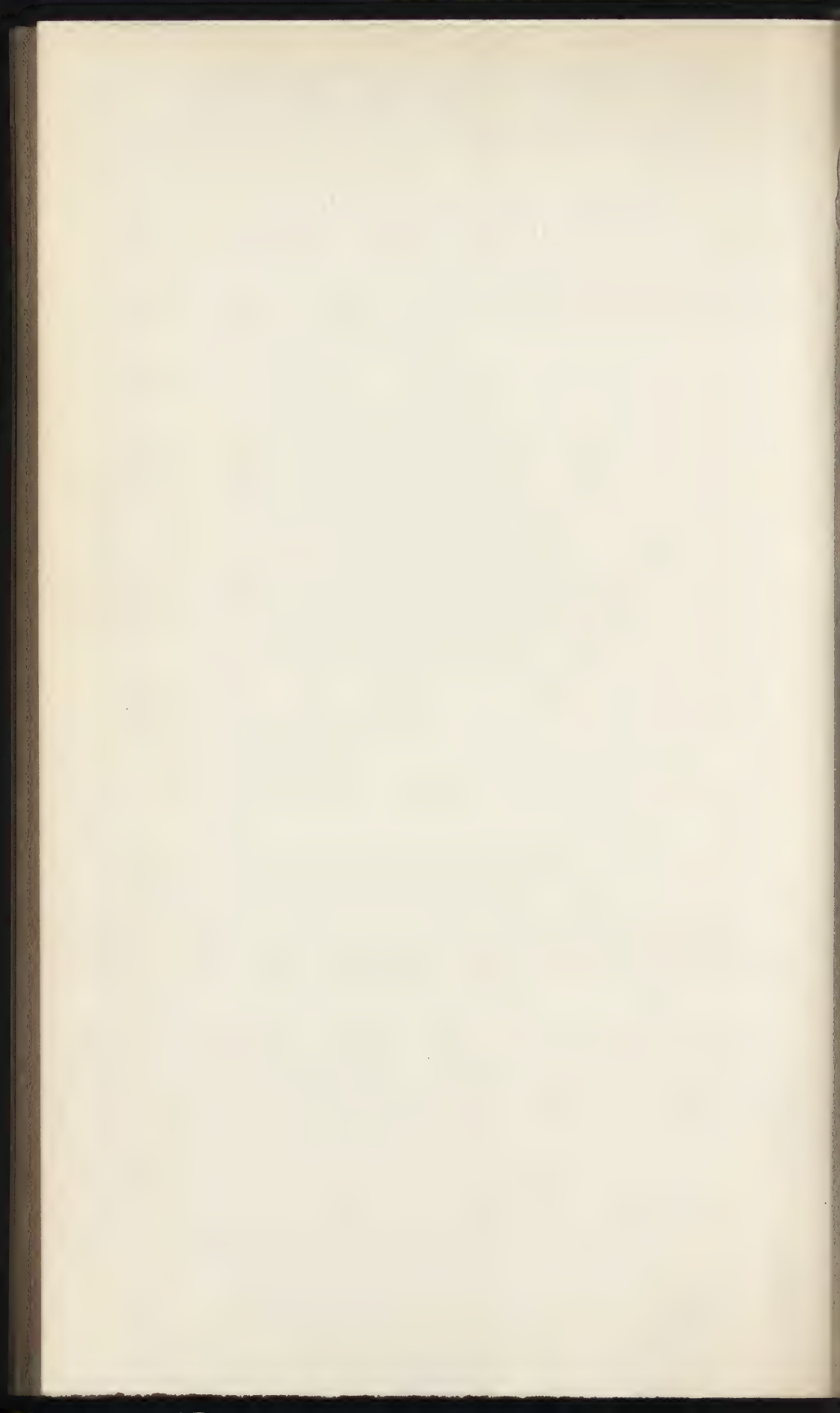
MY DEAREST LORD,—We are now greatly afflicted at the loss of my Sister Marg<sup>t</sup> Dopping. . . . I decline writing on the subject to Lady Corke who I know is greatly affected for her. But where there is no Relief we must Submit. The Bishop of Clogher sent a Message to my House to call on Him when I went abroad that Day. I happened to be out early, and received the message when I returned. After I had breakfasted and dress'd a second message came to desire me to go there immediately, as he had been taken with a fainting fit, attended with some convulsive spasms. I went immediately and mett Dr. Smith there, who had been likewise sent for on this second Alarm. He was then recovered and walking about the room. On enquiry I found he had been ill about 6 days, and had from that time a slow malignant Fever, and our Prognostic was very soon agreeable to the Event. In two Days afterwards he begun to rave, and continued in that state till He died, tho' he had such lucid Intervals that he made a Codicil to his Will, which gave St. Woolston's to Mrs. Clayton for

her life and some other Legacies, and was at another Time capable of signing a Lease of Ld Louth's for which 1500 were paid. The Day before he lost his Senses, his servant call'd me back, and said his Master desir'd to speak with me. His L<sup>p</sup> desir'd me to sitt down by him, and told me he thought it necessary to let me know that his mind had been lately very strongly affected, as it may make me more capable of knowing the nature of the Disorder. He said that he had a favorite Mare and Colt at the Curragh, and had rec<sup>d</sup> an Account of their being ill by the neglect of his Groom: that He was aghast and surpriz'd at having been affected so much by it, but that he found his Nerves and Spirits so much agitated, he was apprehensive it would have ended in a parlatic stroke. Was not this a prudent and artful way of conveying to his Physicians the state of his Mind? Perhaps the Curragh story is partly true, but when the cup is full, a small matter would make it run over. He knew that a Prosecution was determined against Him, the D. of Bedford had a conversation with him. He was a good natur'd and polite man and often agreeable but He mistook his Talents as well as his subject. Want of Sleep probably made him an Author. A bad Poet gives the same reason to Horace who dissuades him from Verses—*sed nequeo dormire*. I have great Reason to lament Lady Allen who was always a true friend to me; she had a Cancer in her Breast which she concealed. I saw the last message from the D. of Bedford to Ld Kildare, desiring him in this Crisis to accept a Share in the Government, and promising on his Word and Honour, that he would take care to keep the Ballance on his side. The Answer was highe and obstinate. I hear his L<sup>p</sup> proposes to goe to England; the Duke will certainly return again; this he mentioned to the Bishop of



Cloyne last Sunday, and said he would goe from Biddeford to Corke and visit the Lake of Killarney. Sir M. Croker and Mr. Annesley to be Lords. I am, my dear Lord, ever Yours,

ED. BARRY.



PROPOSAL TO MISS HAMILTON  
AND  
CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LORD  
AND LADY ORRERY





## PROPOSAL TO MISS HAMILTON

AND

## CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LORD AND LADY ORRERY

### LETTER FROM THE EARL OF KILDARE TO MISS HAMILTON.

MADAM,—I hope y<sup>u</sup> will not look on me as a bold undertaker to attempt an affaire of y<sup>s</sup> nature on so slender an acquaintance as I have y<sup>e</sup> honour to have w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>r</sup> Ladys<sup>p</sup>; but since it is for y<sup>r</sup> Service, and y<sup>t</sup> of Lord Orrery, hows intrest is dear to me as my own, I begehve leave to propose him to y<sup>u</sup> for a husband, being the man in the world I think will make y<sup>u</sup> happiest. I must lett you know My Lord arrived last night in y<sup>e</sup> impatience of a lover; and if y<sup>is</sup> is as agreable to you as I most sincearly desire, I begehve it may be effected as soon as possable, w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> least Noyse. I would not venture y<sup>s</sup> by Post but if by a servant of my Lord's or mine (as he would have it carry'd) it would make more of y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>u</sup> I am shure y<sup>u</sup> can approve off. As to my Lords affaires, he's very much confin'd by his first Settlements, but Madam y<sup>r</sup> fortunes so ample it will make y<sup>u</sup> and y<sup>r</sup> family quite easy; and any thing y<sup>ts</sup> in my L<sup>ds</sup> power y<sup>u</sup> can dessire, I'll be answerable he will doe it. I take y<sup>e</sup> liberty to send y<sup>e</sup> enclosed, and must begehve

youl doe me y<sup>e</sup> honour to let me hear y<sup>n</sup> receive it from  
Madam, Y<sup>r</sup> most obedient, most humble S<sup>t</sup>

KILDARE.

LORD ORRERY TO MISS HAMILTON.<sup>1</sup>

(*Enclosed in the Above.*)

*April 29, 1738.*

MADAM,—I am come over hither with the pleasing Hopes  
that you will be so generous to accept of a Proposal of  
Marriage from me, and therefore have desired my Lord Kildare  
to tender those particulars to you which you find in his Letter.  
As I have taken this Journey entirely to wait upon you, and  
to offer You a Heart which is, and ever will be your own, I  
flatter myself Madam, You will permitt me to tell You so in  
Person, and You cannot wonder at my Impatience, if I wish  
for the earliest opportunity of assuring You that I am Madam,  
Y<sup>r</sup> most devoted and most obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>,

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*May 6, 1738.*

MADAM,—I have receiv'd a Letter from Dean Dopping,<sup>2</sup>  
by which I am prevented from the Happiness of waiting upon

<sup>1</sup> Captain William Hamilton, grandfather of Margaret Hamilton, Countess of Cork and Orrery, is said to have been a Cadet of the Abercorn Hamiltons (connected maternally with James Hamilton, Duke of Châtelherault, and to have obtained after the Restoration satisfaction of his claim, as a Debenturer of 1649, out of the estate of Sir Phelim O'Neil), attainted for treason at Kenard—now Caledon—Co. Tyrone. Captain Hamilton married a Miss Galbraith, and his son John a Miss Dopping, daughter of the Bishop of Meath; the two marriages creating a double relationship with the first Earl of Belmore, and the latter resulting, after the early death of a son, in the sole issue of Miss Margaret Hamilton as heiress of large estates, with a good, though probably overrated, income, and one not wholly free (as the private papers evince) from embarrassment.

<sup>2</sup> Dean Dopping was uncle and guardian to Miss Hamilton.



you, till my Fortune and Settlements are made known to him. You may be sure I shall lose no Time in doing what I hope may be the Means of my having the Honour to attend you. But as the just Fears of Your Freinds and Relations may make them apprehensive of my Views being different to what they are, give me Leave to assure you in the strongest Manner, that it is your Character, your Merit, and your Person that I look after. These, and these only are the Motives I proceed upon. You will dispose of Your Fortune as you think proper. But Madam, pardon me if I ask with earnestness, and humility at the same time, for Your Heart. Such a Gift would be beyond all the Acquisitions of Honour, Preferment or Riches that could fall upon me. I daresay Madam that if You knew the real Sentiments of my Soul, I should deserve some Compassion from you. I am at present in a state betwixt Hope and Despair. My Hopes proceed from your known Character of Generosity, my Despair from my own Want of Merit. I am freindless and Scarce known to you, and at this Time it is necessary and just that all Objections should be made against me, that can arise, but Madam as you imitate Heaven in all other actions of Your Life, do not let me be the only exception to that Imitation. Let me find that Pity which I ask from You, and You only. As my Thoughts and Desires are fixt on You, in You is my only Hope. It is in Your Power to make me reparation for the greatest Misfortune of my Life, and may that God who knows the uprightness of my Intentions inspire You in my Favour, and make me in spite of all Obstacles for Ever Your Own

ORRERY.

## LORD ORRERY TO MISS HAMILTON.

*Dublin, May 23, 1738.*

MADAM,—As Dean Dopping has been so good as to give me Leave to wait upon Him, You may be sure I shall lose no Time in having the Pleasure to fling myself at Your Feet. But till I have discours'd very fully with the Dean, and receiv'd Your Commands from Him if You think fitt, I shall not attempt to speak my Thoughts to you, for fear of offending You, or giving You the least Uneasiness. But I hope then Madam, You will allow me an Opportunity of opening my Heart to you, and permitt me to assure you before I return, with how great Fervency and how unalterably I am Madam Your truly devoted Servant

ORRERY.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Dublin, May 23rd, 1738.*

SUCH was my Expedition Madam, to this Town, that Hector and I were flying thro' the streets of Dublin in a Hackney Coach before eight o'clock. My Horse canter'd with me as well as if he had been under the Tuition of Mr. Thomas, and I repeated, as I went along, to the Woods and Stones '*Parto Si da Tè mia Vita, Ma da Tè non parte il Cor.*' Those words will go sweetly to the Lute which has made such impression on me. We Lovers, Madam, must be eternally versifying in the Absence of our Mistress, it soothes our Melancholy. Yet all that I can say in Verse or Prose will only amount to this one great Truth, that I love and shall continue to love You, most ardently, most affectionately and most disinterestedly as long as I live. I remember Waller

tells us that 'Musick and Love are the employments of the Inhabitants of Heaven.' He addresses to a Young Lady, who I dare say was short of you in all your accomplishments, these Words if I remember aright—

‘Peace, Cloris, Peace  
Or singing die,  
That together you and I  
To Heaven may go ;  
For all we know  
Of what the Blessed do above  
Is that they sing, and that they love.’

Thus You see Madam Heaven formed You like one of its Favourites, and may it be long, and may Your Servant grow old with You, before you quitt your skill at Musick on Earth to exert it in Heaven!

Mr. Pope has sent me a new Poem, which I shall bring down with me on Friday. Dean Madding's Horse has plung'd in a broken Conservatory (he never stumbles but he comes upon his Nose) and in lifting up his head, hit the Dean a blow on the Mouth, endanger'd some Teeth which shook in their Socketts, and he is now laboring under the swellings of a sore Lip. But the Nag is an excellent one for all these Disasters. Lord and Lady Kildare desire to be remembered to You. I supp'd there last Night, and met with much Company. Amongst them a Miss Betty Southwell, who enquir'd much after You, notwithstanding a certain deafness and inattention that attended me whilst I staid there. The two Mrs. Hamiltons<sup>1</sup> with whom I have drank tea this afternoon are well. The Elder like me, lives upon the thoughts of You; the Younger intends to write to you soon.

Lord Barrymore is just landed from England, where you are much talked of, and I have the Honour to have my Name

<sup>1</sup> Miss Hamilton's Aunts.



join'd with Yours. When our Hands are join'd, no Man on Earth will be so happy as Your Own

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO MISS HAMILTON.

*Dublin, May 30, 1738.*

I AM, Madam, this moment parted from Dean Dopping, whom I left in perfect Health, driving towards Bride Street. I hope to find Him as well Tomorrow morning, and to sett these Snails of Lawyers into some kind of Motion, towards making me happy. I have had many Reasons to entertain a high Opinion of Hector's Judgement, but my Thoughts of him now are raised to a higher pitch than ever, since he has shew'd so good a Taste in quitting me for You. It is the first time he ever left his Master, but when he found I had left my Heart behind me, where could he place himself better than near my Heart! He knows that you do and will command every Thing that belongs to me, and he knows that he cannot pay his Court to me better than by his Duty and Fidelity to You, so that even Falkner himself may learn Politeness from Hector since the celebrated Ducknose cannot, or will not teach, it him.

Counsellor Salkeld and Mic both desire their lowest bows to you, they will be ready to attend you and the other Ladies, at the same time that I am able to return. And if Madam you will present my humble Service to Mrs. Dopping and Your Cousins You will do me at once a peice of Justice and an Honour.

Lawyers, Messages, Agents (I had almost added Knaves and Fools), are rushing in upon me, I must answer them All and yet I can think of Nothing but You. If it is possible I shall return on Saturday. I am impatient for Friday that I

may see some lines from Your fair Hand, and am to all  
eternity Your true and Faithful

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Dublin, June 3rd, 1738.*

MADAM,—Hector is Yours: I have no more Claim to him. He has quitted me so wisely, and so much to my Wishes that I beg of You to accept of him. Do I live to part with Pleasure with such a Favorite! Who knows but I may see Tendresse<sup>1</sup> forsaken! That little Darling may court my regards when he despairs of Yours. Strange things happen in this World for I am now the first, who lately thought myself the last, of Mortals in Felicity. Forgive me, I have shewn Your letter to the Dean,<sup>2</sup> and heard so many fine Things said upon it, that tho' I knew them just, I was glad to know You were thirty miles asunder. To make myself some amends for hearing my Thoughts so finely express'd I flew to Mrs. Magdalina Hamilton<sup>3</sup> who has charg'd me with a Commission, which I dare not deliver yet awhile in the warm manner in which I received It, but She shall find me a very dutiful Nephew, when You honour me with the Title. She ask'd me about Names, but as I am no Clergyman I don't pretend to Christen. The only Name I desire is in Your Pow'r to give me, and I promise You I'll make a Good one. The Dean asked me when he should write to You. I told him not till You were married, so now it is in your own Pow'r to hear from him as soon as you please. He will use me basely if he writes to you sooner—but what is not to be expected from a Rival! I fear it will be Wednesday before I can return to

<sup>1</sup> Miss Hamilton's Lapdog.

<sup>2</sup> Dean Swift.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Hamilton's Maiden Aunt.

you; Could I convey myself as fast as I can my Ideas Sir John St. Leger should not drag me from you but whilst I sign my Name. Dean Dopping is very well. I will here end as I shall my Life in Gratitude and Admiration of You

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO MISS HAMILTON.

*Dublin, June 6th, 1738.*

I AM just come Madam from the immortal Falkner, who is singing Your Praises to all Customers that come to his Shop. He ask'd my Leave to write to you, which I genteely gave him, and promis'd me to use the Liberty with Discretion. The Hero is in high Spirits upon hearing that Ducknose is safe in England, and that the Sea is now between them. Sir John St. Leger, whose piety permitts him not to travel on Sunday, arriv'd not in Dublin till yesterday, and so fatigued with his Journey that he will do no Business till Tomorrow, so that it will be Friday before I can have the unspeakable Pleasure of beholding you. Sure these Men of legal Business never knew what it was to love, or else they are the most ill-natured caitifs in the World, and chuse to torment as well as cheat all Mortals. I have terrible news for Your Dog Hector, they tell us from Marston his Wife Windsor is dead. Break the news gently to him, and have a bottle of salts in readiness, lest he faints or falls into Fitts. The young Prince, the Parmenides of the Age, is the finest Child that ever the Sun shone upon. He has Witt, Valour and Beauty in every Feature of his Face and every limb of his Body! It is averr'd also that if the word Spaniard is pronounc'd he roars most heroically, but at the Name of the Queen of Spain grows sick and refuses his Water-pap. This it was that alarmed his Parents, and made them Christen Him in such Haste, but



upon ceasing ever to mention the Spanish Majesty he thrives abundantly, and as we could wish. I am most impatient to be at London, in the meantime believe me Madam Yr own

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westminster, November 2d, 1738.*

You see my Dear Countess by my Seal that I have arrived safe and at Your Service. Hounslow Heath over, I mett Lord Henry taking in some of 'the malevolent Park Air' about one at Noon; and landed in my own Study soon after. I could only reach Staines last night; the Roads I came thro' yesterday were like Judge Pages *unpassable*, so that I must take three days at least for my return. But if I talk of returning it is because I wish it, for by what Joe says, I have Papers enough of poor dear Mr. Kempe's to keep me in Town a full week. Your Letter my more charming Wife than Mistress lay on my Table whence I snatch'd it up, and it now lies in my Bosom, which your dear Hand has so often fir'd. But why so formal my dear Life? You owe me no Duty, but if you owe me anything it must be Love, my Love being as far beyond expression as your merits are beyond description. Your Commands about your Musick shall be obey'd for St. James's Bell has made so inharmonious a sound for the last half hour, that I am too much out of Tune to converse with any Music Master that out-does a Bell Harp. I have receiv'd a letter from Uncle Dopping, he says Mrs. Dopping has been ill but is better; those I love so well as I love Her, and those in whom I discern so many excellent Qualities, are I think born to give me ten thousand fears for their safety. This Year has made Havock eno' in my poor Bosom, in the loss of Dr.

Helsham, now Mr. Kempe. I hope I shall not lose any more these seven—I could say seventy-times seven years. Charles has a cold and hoarseness, he looks thin but is hearty and gay. Take Duty and Compliments from All who see me. The Usquebaugh is come. I expect Ld. Cecil every moment, and when He is gone I'll slip out to the Play, and Gallery it as in Old Times. Wherever I am my Heart will be with You.

O.

## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westminster, Nov. 9, 1738.*

I WROTE to my dear Countess an intolerable long Letter by the Post. This comes by Jack. Would he could tell you when I shall follow. You cannot hear that till Monday and I shall be fortunate if enabled to tell you so soon. Send not the Chaise till I am positive as to the Time. The D<sup>ss</sup> of Buck<sup>m</sup>, from whom I am just come, is extremely ill and thinks herself in Danger. She says She has appointed me one of her Executors. I hope her fears are greater than her illness, tho' she has an inflammation on her lungs that threatens worse symptoms. What a comfort it would be to me to have You in this Day of Trial. O that I could fly to You on the Wings of Love. In the meantime I live on your delightful Letters. Ld. Boyle is better but not yet gone to School. On Monday you shall hear again from Yr Faithfull and affectionate Husband,

ORRERY.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Nov. 11, 1738.*

I NOW write to my dearest Angel with the utmost pleasure because I have some Prospect of returning to your charming

Bosom ; where I shall live in Happiness and bid Adieu to Care. . . . You say something that might please my Ill-Nature, but it is so dark that I can scarcely think it ; however it will be consistent with your kindness to explain it further the time that I meet the Chaise on Friday. All I beg is that if you have hurt your Foot you would keep above stairs. . . . Adieu my Dear, I am heartily tired of this dismal Town, and my nights of late have been restless—but while I live I am wholly Yours,

O.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Nov. 14, 1738.*

CEASE eating Cheese my delightful Angel, and prepare for bad weather—I am coming ! I am setting sail for the Harbour of all Delight and Happiness, and on Saturday Night prepare to receive me in Porte. Nothing can be a Pleasure to me at this Distance from You. I hate Every Body and Every Thing and am as peevish and tyrannical as old S——. I never drink any Health but Yours let who will be named, for to me you are all charms and all goodness. The King and I (if Gold and Dirt may be nam'd together) have great colds. All the Town have the same Honour. I had a suspicion from one word in your letter of Nov. 8, that you was lame, but as I do not find it confirm'd by that of the 11th, I'll feed up no more vain Fears till I see you and examine your pretty feet. Now for scandal—Lady Tyr—y<sup>1</sup> is with child : Some talk of Ld Peterboro', others of Ld J. Murray but my most spiteful Freinds of Ld Clancarthy. Ly Lucy W—n has passed some Nights with Jernegan the Banker at Chelsea, but she soon

<sup>1</sup> Lady Tyrawley, wife of Lord Kilmaine and Tyrawley (family name O'Hara); a distinguished General, and daughter of Viscount Mountjoy. There were no descendants and the Titles became extinct.



turned him off, and he return'd by Water to his House in Covent Garden, quite cool and composed. Now for News Ly Dorothy Boyle (Ld Burl's daughter) on the point of marriage with Ld Euston. Miss Spencer to Sir Dashwood, and poor Ld Shannon to his Grave. I will defer other particulars till I see my Love. Time won't move at all till then. Remember the Chaise at Amesbury on Friday Night—Adieu, Adieu my Life till I fling myself into the Paradise of your Arms.

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*D. St., Westr., Tuesday Morning, Feb. 27, 1739.*

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—Could I forget that I was a hundred Miles from you, I should rejoice exceedingly at having taken this journey to London. There is a greater Spirit in the Nation than has been known, since the Days of your Favourite, Queen Elizabeth; and what is better it is the true Spirit of Liberty and a righteous Thirst of Glory. Judge to what a height it is risen when the Minister's Majority in the House of Commons was Yesterday but twelve. The Populace on these Occasions are apt to be too fierce and ungovernable, and Sir R. was forc'd last Friday to call in all the Constables of Westminster to his Assistance, and to be guarded and environ'd by many Gentlemen, his Freinds, as He pass'd from the H. of C. thro' the Court of Requests. But his worst Days are not yet come, and I hope none of his Days will be so bad as to have him fall by any Hand but that of Justice. This Day our Scene of Action opens itself. It will last long. I therefore write to you Early in the Morning least I should not have time to

write so fully as my Heart could wish. Your Letter of Yesterday rejoiced and delighted me extremely. May God continue you in the State you are in, till I see some future sprawling young Prince or Princess of Caledon, not less an Heir to your Virtues than to your Estate. Yesterday we determined, that English Peers (including Peers of Scotland also) have Priviledge in Ireland. So that point is settled. I was most graciously receiv'd by the King, who did me the Honour to ask me many Questions, and gave me an Opportunity to tell Him, that my Arm occasion'd my being so late in paying my Duty to His Majesty. He seem'd not displeased to find I had paid no Visit to the Bath. Not so his Son: who took some pains to shew Every Body in the H. of Lds that I was no Favorite; which you may be sure lower'd my Spirits to a Degree of Despair; but I have at length overcome it, and feel no Mortification but what arises from the intolerable distance I am flung from you. Be assur'd my Thoughts are never from You; You live in my Bosom, would I were this moment in yours! Keep up your Spirits as much as possible, but wonder not in your condition to find them low. I am interrupted, and can write no more this morning: at Night I'll attack you again.

*Tuesday Night, 27.*

Just return'd from the House, where I have sat from One till past Eight. Heard Witnesses, and deferr'd the Debate till Thursday. The P. satt this day among the Patriot Lords for the first time. Excuse more particulars till I recover my Fatigue, and Good Night my ador'd Countess. Ld B. is ever your dutiful son,

O.

## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*The Last of February, 1739.*

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—I have an Opportunity of sending this by W. Smith so can write more freely than I do by Post. I was this morning surpris'd by a Visitt from Dean Madding, who is to send me To-morrow a Piece of Cloth for You. You may be sure I was inquisitive into the Cause assign'd for Sr D. M.'s unfortunate End, which has proceeded in all probability from a most melancholy Disposition, heighten'd by an Imagination that his Form was hideous. A Paper found on his Table confirms this last Conjecture; the words are in Latin, and it is hard to translate exactly, but the Sense is 'That the Strange Figure which Nature had made for a laughing Stock should be destroy'd.' Dn M<sup>s</sup> comes on an Appeal to Our House. A Sailor who was married the Other Day gave this motto to the Bride's maid's favours, 'No Search but in Port.' The P. is the Fly on the Wheel, B—ke the Snake in the Grass. The M—r<sup>1</sup> is now in real Danger. Happy we who are engaged to no Party, not even a quadrille one! —Strange Things were prov'd before us Yesterday. What To-morrow will produce I know not. We shall have warm Work, and I am not sorry to be present on an Occasion when the Interest of my Country is at Stake.—Hammy's Letter is some Comfort to me, but He mentions You only in a Post Script as well. One Line cannot hurt You, and I fear You abstain'd from writing because You was ill. Friday will comfort me I hope: tho' I bid You not write often, I find I must see some Words under your dear Hand or am all Despair. But don't run the slightest Risk even to comfort my dearest Angel yr own

O.

<sup>1</sup> Minister.



## THE SAME TO THE SAME

*Thursday Night, 10½ o'clock.**March 1st, 1739.*

MY DEAR LIFE,—I am this moment return'd from the House : tir'd as you may imagine, pretty heartily. I can tell you no Particulars, only that the P. Voted with us, but spoke not. Excuse me from adding more, since no words, had I time for 'em, can express how excessively I love you,

ORRERY.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Saturday Morning, 8 o'clock.**March 3d, 1739.*

JUST arrived from the most disagreeable Place in the World now—my Bed ! I hate it and yet . . . It is the same case I hope at Marston. . . . I observ'd You was always worse on the Days when you slept longest, and as you are now (excepting what's within) in the State you was ere I had the happiness to know you, Pray my Love rise as early as you tell me you did then, but don't take as much exercise. I am suspicious about your Health, in your Letter you mention it only in a Postscript, and putt that last which I look for first. Not even your Witt is relishable till I know how you do. Speak freely, do you go on as I wish ? . . . You may let me know all these Things in a bitt of Paper enclosed in your letter, and thus speak freely to the Flames—I mean the Flames in the Chimney. Our Negotiations in Parliament have ended shamefully. The H. of Lords have return'd the King Thanks in an Address for this matchless Convention. I suppose the Commons will do the same on Thursday. We satt later than we have satt these 40 last years, but to little purpose ; His H. was at our Head. The

D. of Arg. and Ld Chest<sup>d</sup> spoke as if inspir'd by Minerva and Apollo : but our Troops deserted us. Essex, Lymington and Lovel herded with the Majority. The Bishops four stood their Ground, nor fear'd the Frowns of their Metropolitan. In his Return from the House, the P. was overturn'd in his Chair and near being kill'd. Don't think I am that rough and slovenly Animal here, you have seen at Marston. I shave every other Day, I shine in Velvetts, and smile in Brocade, in short I am an errant Adonis, if any Lady but your dear Self could find it out—but should some female fair fling her alluring Eyes towards my blooming Cheek, there only must she feast, for my Heart is impregnable, and owns no Mistress but Yourself. I din'd this day at the D. of Dorsett's with several Irish and Oxford Acquaintances. The D. was, and is always good and gracious to me. Gemini<sup>1</sup> was here and I was abroad : I know not where He lives or I would send to Him. Musick at present seems quite out of the Fashion ; so sings the E. of Burl<sup>n</sup> and other Judges. If Eunuchs are laid aside, a Man may have some chance to please when he sings '*Sgombra del Anima tutto il Timor.*' I began this Letter early this morning, I end it late at Night, for the beginning of the Day, even till ye beginning of the next must be employ'd in Vows of eternal Love to You,

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

March 6th, 1739.

YOUR Letters my dear Countess, like yourself, are always agreeable, always acceptable to my Heart. Three times in the week I am sure to be happy, and my Spirits rise as the Hour of the Postman draws near. If a moment elapses

<sup>1</sup> The fashionable musician of the day.

beyond the usual time, I storm and fret like Lady Goose Taylor, and you will not wonder that I shall be more than commonly impatient, to see your dear Hand, when I am at Present pretty closely confin'd by Ld Boyle being ill of the measles. They appear'd last Night, and at present with all favourable symptoms, so that I am as easy as a Heart that loves ever to an Excess, will lett me. His Patience, which I am sure he inherits not from me, is prodigious. Dr. Mead, Chinnum Bale, and a good Nurse attend. Marston air will do him good after some thorough Purgations, which are the chief Regimen to be pursued as soon as is proper. Your Health is perpetually in my thoughts—tell me how you go on. Ah! my Dear my Love increases with Time. I hope to be as soon in your Arms as poor Charles' illness will allow of, but you must consider some time is necessary ere I can move him safely. Be particular in the Accounts of your Condition, because I love you, and You love, far beyond his merits, Your own

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*March 10th, 1739.*

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—Your Letters you know are ever Dear to me, but not when I think they give You pain to write. I am detain'd from seeing you by Ld Boyle whom I propose to bring with me when he is quite well. I am impatient for Monday's news. I'll forgive the Rats for once if they were the cause, but I hope you'll think of proper methods if you are again . . . This we'll talk of more leisurely when I have the happiness to hope for another Caledonian. When I can come to you is uncertain; 'tis only certain as soon as possible. Ld B. is recovering bravely. On Tuesday I shall be able to



say much more, the important Cause coming on on Monday. Folios would not contain what I have to tell you, and yet All, All, All is Love. Cruel separations have happened to us of late, would we were together at Caledon—Adieu,

O.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*March 13th, 1739.*

I AM happy my dear Life to find ye Strength of yr Hand is restor'd. Your Witt and your agreeable manner of writing never fails you. How often do I think of you! How impatient am I to be with you. But this Boy must not be mov'd till he is thoro'ly purged. The Cause went against me as we guess'd; the Particulars I have not now time to tell you. You are, and ever will be, my Sheet Anchor; the Comfort as well as Delight of my Soul. My Uncle Selkirk died this morning; I have been three hours looking over his Papers. No will can be found, and till there is, Lord Boyle stands as Heir at Law, but I fancy a Will will be produced in time, tho' perhaps now in Scotland. I am to attend a Private Bill in ye H. of Lords To-morrow at eleven o'clock, and am by the Postman forc'd to end this letter as fast as possible. This seal'd I'll to bed, and hope to dream of You, for on Earth there is I am sure nothing so dear to Your

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Duke St., March 15th, 1739.*

YOUR charming Letter came to me last Night. I am pleas'd with the Care you take of Yourself and the care that is taken of You, and am only sorry that You want it. Ld B. is full of thanks for yr Kindness: his eyes will not lett him

tell You so on Paper. It is impossible my dearest Life to express the Impatience I suffer in being absent from You, and now You say that You are perfectly well forgive me if I long to make You sick again. You are charming in my Eyes. . . . I kiss your Picture again and again, and yet I cannot fix the day when I shall sett out. Be assur'd It shall be ass soon as I can. The Royal Family encreases: The Princess brought forth a Son yesterday, would You had some of the German Strength, or at least were as strong as you look to be. Though I have much to say to You, I have little to commit to Paper, for Impertinences, Follies, Airs, Duns and merry Stories are fitter for your ears than the eyes of the Postmaster. Pray write always on as large Paper as this, for as You have nothing little in your soul, I would have Nothing little come from you except a little Child. I wish much to rackett with you a little about Marston, and if I was to have Things exactly as I wish I could desire You not to meet with your Deserts till we arriv'd at dear Caledon, and then you might in nine months bring forth two to make up for lost Time. I propose vast Pleasure in our retirement at Caledon, in making improvements, and in enjoyment of you without interruption. I am tir'd of this Town, nay I am tir'd of the Kingdom, except of that little Spot of it where you are, but our Fate must be submitted to. It is ever with Regrett I bid you, as I must now, for Company is come in, Farewell.

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*March 20th, 1739.*

I COME my Dearest Angel. I fly to your Arms; how impatient am I to repose myself in your Bosom, after this tedious Absence! What a H— I leave and to what a

Heaven I am going ! The Coach is ready, Charles is dress'd and my Heart in Transports at this moment. To-night we propose to rest at Eggum, To-morrow at Basingstoke, on Thursday at Salisbury, and on Friday in the belov'd Parish of Marston Bigod. This salutes you on Thursday, but on Friday the Writer flings Himself at your Feet. I bring down with me Mr. Ferribee, who is my Chaplain, and was my Schoolfellow at West<sup>r</sup> and Fellow Collegian at Oxford. He was Author of those Verses on our Marriage which met with your Approbation.<sup>1</sup> He buried his Wife about a Fortnight agoe, and therefore we must amuse his Melancholy as well as we can. Tell Hammy I bring Coffee-Pott, to be knocked down a second Time in the Hall. Your News of our little Heroe made me easy and happy, but he should take the Physick when I come down. I could write to you for Ever, but when I consider that I am now only losing time in getting to You, I break off with Pleasure, being my dearest Life Yours, only Yours,

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westr., March 7, 1740/1.*

HERE am I my dear Countess amidst Your Freinds and my own ; I dined with the Old Col: and am just returned from the D<sup>ss</sup> who looks well and has the liveliest truest Affection. I am to dine with her on Tuesday—but her distresses, her disappointments, her excellencies, her goodness, poor Lady! are Themes for our Conversation hereafter, write to her I entreat you. You will be glad to hear she is not much in Debt. The Col: as he was, no stomach, much

<sup>1</sup> The Verses in question would scarcely meet with the same good fortune from Readers of the present Day, being in the usual florid style of flattering banality which was considered suitable at that date to such an occasion.



wind, many handkerchiefs and good qualities. Lord Boyle has bought Kitty some presents this day in the City, he goes to school on Tuesday.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*March 12, 1740/1.*

IF you form your imagination of my love and tenderness, merely upon the basis of my expressions, indeed you wrong yourself and me. My expressions are ever deficient of my Thoughts. I say all I can, and when I have said all I think I have said Nothing. . . . Those dear, those pretious Tears shed on my cheek at parting have taken deep root in my Heart. I want you much, my Cold is not gone, the E. wind nourishes it. Bale swears I must keep at home and gives me Juleps; I curse him and take 'em. You know I am a complying animal to the whole Race of 'Pothecaries. Lady Dorothy Boyle is soon to be married; according to Ld Bruce's information in about three weeks. Ld Burlington was here but unfortunately I was abroad. Mr. Pope is at Twitnam, he has invited me thither but I cannot go till N.E. wind changes. I was very graciously received at Court, not one word of Ball . . . or of Betty Montgomery, but many questions asked about Caledon. I am glad Betty is better—may Kitty improve and grow more like you every Day is the wish of the most faithfull ardent Heart of your Own

ORRERY.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Duke St., Westmr., March 24, 1740/1.*

MY DEAR LOVE,—By this Post goes a large Packett to you from the D<sup>ss</sup><sup>1</sup> which will puzzle you as much as if it were

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Buckingham had many troubles connected with the details of her husband's will and her money difficulties. The payment also of a pension settled

Arabick : it is, I beleive, a Detail of her whole Affairs, an account of her base usage, and monstrous Affronts She has met with, and some kind civilities and tender expressions towards You, wishing much to see You here. You will answer it on these topicks accordingly. Cruel winds that detain from me what I now look upon with eagerness and desire, your dear letters ! Your Footman is come. I am training him to messages, and have sent him half round the Town already. When you come (for that notwithstanding my Passion for you, I leave to your own Will) pray bring Kitty weaned. You will find Dr. Barry is of opinion that she may well be weaned about May. May I hope for you then ? It will make the Time seem shorter if I can look at the Almanack and point out my Day, or at least Month of Happiness. Sad weather still. Ferribee arrived, fiery and red as Vulcan. Dr. King better ; I walked with him in the Fields on Sunday, the first day he put on his Cloaths. He has my Ode and so has Lord Chesterfield. Georgy shall have it next Post. Thus you will hear my Name hawking about with bloody Murder at Dublin, and I shall see it stuck up in every Pamphlet Shop in London. 'Twill cost me many Blushes, but the red will not last so long on my Face as Ferribee's, nor proceed from the same cause. The satyr on Curll is left out. My cold is better, but not quite gone off. Every Body has a cold. I hope your weather is less severe in Ireland. See how I am reduced for News, when I talk of weather ! but I shall observe it more when I

on her for life by James II. was disputed by later Governments, but she succeeded in obtaining its continuance. Although her friendship for the Orrerys and a few other connections remained uninterrupted to the end, she made numerous enemies by affecting the airs, and trying to assume the position and ceremonies, of semi-Royalty, which were naturally much resented in general Society. Among other personages of importance, she more than once fell violently foul of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in whose ample bosom enmity was not a dormant factor.

think you are on the Seas. Angels protect you on Sea and Land !

## ORRERY.

Lord Chesterfield has been here—a million of compliments ! eno' to make me vain indeed. But your choice of me, and your affection to me, make me vainer, and greater, and happier than the highest opinion of the whole world beside. Adieu my Love. I hope your letters will be long when I receive them. In the meantime I must live on those already received.

## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westr., March 30, 1740/1.*

I HAVE so many things to say to you, that I know not where to begin. First let me thank you for your two letters, which I have read over and over. I am glad you think my expressions kind, they are always short of the dictates and overflowings of my heart. You are the object of my wishes, the height of my Ambition, the darling of my Soul, and the unrivall'd Empress of my Desires. I cannot be happy, no, I cannot be easy without you, think of that my dearest Life, and hasten to me as fast as you can. To induce you to it, Dr. Mead will certainly meet you at Stowe, I passed one day with him, his Spirits, Witt, Vivacity, Understanding and Memory are all untouched. Arch Deacon Russell I flatter myself will come with you. How happy shall I be then ! especially if you bring Kitty weaned, which according to Dr. Barry's advice you ought to do. The footman I have taken seems to answer my expectations ; he shaves excellently, is nimble, active and diligent hitherto. I have gone so far as to hire a Cook and Housekeeper in one Person ; she is



excellently recommended, appears well, and is a young well looking Woman. I believe I shall proceed to a Housemaid, thus far till you come. You may then make what Alterations You think fitt. I think you may make a Landry above Stairs, if so, I own I love this house too well to leave it. Lord Boyle is gone to School. Fell is grown a Maypole. Lord Orkney is in a most melancholy way : cries at the sight of everybody ; looks ill, and is much to be pitied. Lord Scarborough is at Paris, drinking the Waters of Passy two miles from Paris ; rather better but extremely ill. The Town have a notion they were undone. Selwyn is at Gloucester making interest not for money but an Election. Old Southerne torments me much—he wants you, or your Beef and Pudding, judge you which ! He is just what you left him, only more inquisitive, more hungry and more forget-full. Here I broke off to go to the Dr. who has kept me till this moment, half an hour after ten, so I must bid you a good Rest.

O.

## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*April 14, 1741.*

I AM going out of Town this morning my Love, with Mr. Pope, and Ld Chesterfield, an honour I esteem higher than I should an Attendance on His Sacred Majesty King G. I am now perfectly well, determined for Marston Sunday, but cannot consent to your bringing Kitty unwean'd. Let me meet you as a Husband, tho' I stay a month longer for the happiness. Consider what it is to be banish'd for so many months. Consider I love only You. Consider—Oh ! consider nothing at all but obey me. You promised it at Marriage, I now put you to the execution of that Promise. Dr. Barry will tell you the Girl has been suckled long eno'. Believe him if you will not regard me, and wean her my Dear

wean her. Pond will be best for your Picture. Pray give me a List of whom you present my Poem to. I have sent F. the Poem to the D<sup>ss</sup> by this Post and a Letter which You will see and must return to me. Adieu my Love, my Soul, my Angel. I think of You incessantly, I defy Your Image to be absent from me, though your dear Person is separated by Seas and Mountains. Mr. Dopping has made me a present of a Nett for which I am extreamly obliged to him. The D. of Devon: shuns me as if I were a Dun. I fear the good Dean will lose the Mitre. Cox will catch It. When I have better News to send You I will. The D<sup>ss</sup> is recovered poor Lady! I shall amaze you with some of her Misfortunes. Much, much I have to say to you. Innumerable kisses to give you. In short my Heart and Soul are yours.

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Oxford, May 29th, 1741.*

I WRITE this from Dr. King's Study at St. Mary Hall. I am sure you envy my Situation, and it is to be envied from the Place in general, the Study in particular, but most of all from the Elegance, Politeness, Learning and Friendship of the Master. He is gaining ground very fast, not so fast as we wish, but as fast as the perverseness of his Distemper will admit of. He will meet you at Stowe unless I murder him by those cruel long walks which amidst the pleasure and improvement of his conversation I am too apt to indulge myself in. To prevent so monstrous an Action, I will tear myself from him this afternoon, and hope to reach our Yellow Room in Duke St. Tomorrow Night. But what is any Place of mine without You! Only the reverse of what it was, a Hell instead of a Heaven. Hasten to me therefore with all expedition;

that you know is the Burden of my Song. Ld Boyle is yours most dutifully; I will do no injustice to Dr. K.'s expressions by endeavouring to repeat them, the Honour he pays you still continues. He desires you would bring over to Him a Sett of Swift's Works. I desire nothing but Yourself, nor can I think of any thing else knowing neither happiness nor repose but within your dear Arms.

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*June 3, 1741.*

Yours my dearest Life from London made me happy yesterday more from the sight of the Hand than from the contents, since you seem'd to fear Kitty will be the worse for being wean'd. Seriously Dr. B. told me a child ought not to be suckled too long—but I recall all I've said if she runs the least hazard. I cannot bear to hurt our child. I assure you I am under the utmost uneasiness about it. Let your Answer ease me if possible. Must I not hope to see you soon? Sure if you lov'd me as I love. Yes you do! Well I'll be patient, but I am all Expectation, all Hope, all Desire. An Object to excite your Pity, if not your Love. The best and dearest Friend we have on this side of the Water, is hastening beyond Sea. Would you could see Her before She went. Oh! I have much to say to you, but for To-day Adieu.

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Duke St., Westr., June 6, 1741.*

It is impossible to tell you what Joy I receive at seeing a Day fix'd for your return. The 18th of June runs in my



Head perpetually. I shall count the hours and the moments and think them tedious till you arrive. I hope the Child will continue perfectly well. Pray bring with you the new Edition of my Verses to the D<sup>ss</sup> of B<sup>m</sup>, and two or three of Falkner's edition of Swift's Letters. I am hurried, blaz'd, invit'd and perplex'd all day long and everyday. Ld Boyle would rejoice infinitely to have the pleasure of meeting you, but the poor dear Boy is not well; I hope Dr. Mead will restore him. You know my Love of him, and may guess my Situation—a strong Motive for Your hastening over. Pray guess if you can, the day you may be at Stowe. The moment you come to Chester you must let me know and I beleive stay a Day there to rest poor Kitty, and give me time to sett outt, which I shall do with a Lover's Joy being very impatient to be in your Arms.

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*June 17th, 1741.*

I DIRECT this my dearest Life to Chester, in hopes it is too late to find you in Ireland. If you keep to your Intentions You sett sail To-morrow, I shall most diligently watch the winds, and propose to sett out on Monday or Tuesday to meet you. At Stowe there is no tolerable Inn; Buck<sup>m</sup> is the place you should go to, it is two miles from Stowe. However any Inn, any Hovel, any Cabbinn will seem an enchanted Palace to me if I meet you there. I heartily wish Mrs. Hamilton may come with you. I will bring Blossom that you may ride, for we must find a place for Mr. Pope and bring him to Town. I was to have gone Yesterday as far as Rochester with the good Duchess, in her way to Dover, but she has put off her

journey till Tomorrow. I am sorry you will be too late to see her. Ldy Berkshire is in Town, and so is Ldy Andover to lie in. My Ld Berksh: in the Country. Ldy Betty Spellman is ill. Lord Boyle is rather better, but immensely thinn, little Appetite. My heart aches most exceedingly about him ; he is not yt gone to school. I have much hope in your nursing, and I have much to say to you of him, myself and a thous<sup>d</sup> People or things. Mr. Pope is at Oxf<sup>d</sup> with Dr. King ; the Dr. will bring us home that Evening I beleive, and who can disobey his commands ? I need say no more till I clasp you in my loving Arms. Adieu, Adieu.

ORRERY.

#### LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*March 10th.*

I AM setting out for Windsor, yet will not miss an Opportunity of writing to you. I am sorry poor Edmund suffers so much from this windy weather, of all weathers it is the least agreeable, and least agrees with me ; but I was well eno' to slip out to the Oratorio into Ld Burlington's box last night. He is always kind, polite and obliging. Edmund's horse I hope is arriv'd safe : the main and tail will be demolished long before I come, but I hope he will not ride so hard as to wear out his saddle ; if it pleases him I shall be very glad. His cold perhaps proceeds from the Teeth : they appear in all sorts of shapes. Mrs. Mead is much better at Kensington Gravel Pits. Mrs. Horner mends slowly. Lady Betty continues as she was. Lady Arran, with whom I have laughed exceedingly, is much your Servant. Poor Mr. Pope is very ill at Twitnam, I am under great anxiety about him. Byres and I have parted in the civilest manner in the World. Our

Stars were Castor and Pollux, so we must be asunder, tho' twins in the Gout. I have taken another Cook and will never travel without him. Invasions and all dangers in the State I hope are over. Storms in the Gardens too I hope will cease. Plant away as fast as you may, I shall like all Places you chuse, and take great care of a certain Young Plant that will not be full blown till towards June. I am about a Work that I am sure will please you, and you'll be surpriz'd at the Progress I have made. Idle as I am at Marston, I am the reverse at London; but not at Windsor, where I must now hasten, and bid you with ten thousand kisses Adieu.

ORRERY.

#### THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Saturday Morning, March 12, 1742-3.*

IF any Man can be said to be quietly settled at Bath I am. The Parade was all full. I am in the House of Mr. Cleland's Mother-in-law (your Countrywoman), my Rooms old but comfortable, warm and convenient. I have not yet seen my Physician, and till he sets me in order I shall not reckon myself an Inhabitant. The D. of Hamilton's Body is still here: the Family are so much at Enmity with each other, that they even cannot agree about burying him, so He lies where he died, and there is an important dispute whether He is to have a red or a black velvet Coffin. The D<sup>ss</sup><sup>1</sup> has been used very ill by the Relations except Ld Clysdale, but I dare say he will return no more to Oxford. He is beseiged and has lost his

<sup>1</sup> Anne, daughter and co-heir of Edward Spencer, Esqr., and 3rd wife of James, 5th D. of Hamilton.

James, eldest son and successor as 6th D. of H.

Lord Archibald, eldest son by the 3rd wife, and eventually 9th D. of H.

Lady Anne, married 1st Marquis of Donegal.



Solicitor, so He must yield. The D<sup>ss</sup> jointure is £4000 per ann: and all her own returns to her, with an Addition of twenty thousand Pounds for her Children; three in number, two Sons and one Daughter, all sickly; Ld Archibald, the youngest, thought to be dying, if not dead. Ld Cly: very ill. Does not Lady Anne stand in the way of Fortune? The Furniture of Hamilton is all left by a Will made here to Ld Clysdale, otherwise it had been sold: not a farthing of Selkirk's money touched, but a vast debt at this Place: innumerable Servants, Hawks, Hounds, Table, etc. etc. Fifteen Trustees to the Will, ten of them in Scotland, so that probably the Body will remain here fifteen months. The D<sup>ss</sup> did not see the Duke in 10 days before his death. The Relations came down, and not being admitted were highly incensed. The Flame encreased, and now the Blaze is at its hight, which makes Fortune for the Lawyers. I am not very well To-day, but far from ill. However, I hope to be quite well soon. E<sup>l</sup> Wilmington<sup>1</sup> is here, D. of Dorset, and many others; but the season is not begun. Adieu. All Happiness attend you; mine cannot be compleat without you. Again Adieu.

#### LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westr., Jan. 12, 1743-4.*

I WAS in Hopes to have had the pleasure of hearing from you yesterday, but Bowen's arrival satisfied me as to the health of you and Sir Edmund. Here we are all well, and busy and dirty as possible, nor can I appear in Publick till this Week (I beleive) is past. But Bowen's Presence helps us all forward. Yesterday the H. of Lds went thro' the

<sup>1</sup> Earl of Wilmington, 3rd son of James, 3rd Earl of Northampton, advanced to the dignities of Baron, Viscount, Earl, and K.G., for his distinguished services; he left no issue and his titles died with him.

Witnesses of the D<sup>ss</sup> of Beaufort's<sup>1</sup> Misconduct, as decently as such Misconduct can be prov'd, but Ld Ilchester proposed a Clause which might have demolished the Bill: he would have had a Prohibition added that the Dutchess might be incapable of marrying again; You'll easily guess why, when his brother Digby is next in remainder. The Chancellor, Ld Gower and some other Lords answer'd this strongly, and Ld Il<sup>r</sup> dropt his Proposal. But it is thought Ld Orf<sup>d</sup> would have interpos'd all his pow'r to have carri'd this Clause, had not he received a Message from Ld Talbot, that 'as Ld 'Orf<sup>d</sup> was too old to give him Satisfaction in the Manner 'he could wish, he would transmit him upon Journals in 'infamous Character to Posterity, for the Day after the Bill 'of Divorce passed the H. of Lds, he would come down 'thither, and move that an humble address be presented to 'His Majesty to remove the E. of Orf<sup>d</sup> from his Councils, 'he having abused the Fountain of Honour, by making His 'Majesty give a Patent of Honour and Precedence to a Bastard 'born in . . .' You are to observe that any Motion made by a Peer, is ent'red on our Journals whether it be carried or rejected, and this Threat has kept Ld Orf<sup>d</sup> quiet, altho' some think it will still be made, because Ld Il: is thought to have acted by his Instigation, and all this is to gain Mr. Digby's Vote for the Court. Ld Talbot's friends are endeavouring to make up the Affair by Assurances to the Duke that she acted the part of a *Virgo intacta*, but as yet the D. threatens a farther Prosecution, and intends to sue for

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess in question was Miss Scudamore, heiress of Holme Lacy in Herefordshire, and the Co-respondent Lord Talbot, described by the witnesses as a 'swarthy man.' Lord Orrery preserved all the Evidence produced at the Trial, some of the details of which are curious, but impossible to relate. The Duke of Beaufort, who was much out of health at the time, only lived two years or so after the Divorce; the locality on which occurred most of the scenes detailed was on the property of the present Lord North.

Damages. Alass! what money will make any Amends for such Injuries! However of course his Expenses ought to be defray'd on this unhappy Occasion. Nobody knows where the D<sup>ss</sup> is. Nor is it known what is become of Ld Anglesey. His Tryal will scarce come before us this Session, the Attorney General to whom the K. has referred the Petition, declaring he cannot give his Opinion in so nice a Case for some Months—more months probably than our Senate will continue sitting. I have ordered Bowen to send you No. 1 of that Tryal. It is not a false one, but it is not so genuine as one that will be published about three Weeks hence. I am sorry to tell you that Mrs. Mead is mad. I know no particulars, not having seen Mr. Apothecary Ball. Miss Levison, next Sister to the D<sup>ss</sup> of Bedf<sup>d</sup>, was brought to Bed on Sunday after a private Marriage with Ld J. Sackville. The Families are as yet all in Anger, but I cannot tell you any circumstances. I expect the D<sup>ss</sup> To-night. I dine at the Marquis's To-night, and must bid you with Kisses, Love and Affection an unwilling Adieu.

O.

## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westr., Jan'y. 16, 1743-4.*

WE arrived in Town (Ld Ailesbury and I in a Chariot and Charles on Rosy, Ches<sup>t</sup> being lame) in high Spirits and in great Safety: passing thro' Hyde Park just at the Hour when the old Women and the Children are rowling forth in Coaches to take in purer Smoke than can be caught in London. On the Road we overtook divers Friends of the H. of Commons, and eat and lay at the same Inns, so that we traveled as it were in Triumph, but I beleive all symptoms of the Triumph ceas'd at the Stones End. However here I am, prepared to fight under proper Captains, and resolv'd to fight the Enemy, in



spite of Poverty, Laziness, and a much greater Inducement, the Charmes of your dear Company and Person. No Business is done To-day in our House, except a second reading of the Bill which I enclose, and to which they say She<sup>1</sup> gives no Opposition ; if so it will pass without the indecent Scenes that have generally discovered on such Occasions. Ld Burlington ask'd very kindly after you : he is a most amiable Man, the more you see Him, the more he must be esteemed and trusted. The Boys and I, and Russell are preparing for the Play, Garrick, Macbeth and a Farce ; Excuse me therefore if with my Compliments to Sir Edmund I thus hastily sign myself eternally yr own

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Duke St., Fany. 17, 1743.*

YOUR Letter and your Postscript have come both to Hand yesterday. They found Mr. Pope here, who rejoices to hear you are well. The D. of Beaufort's Bill is pass'd thro' the H. of Lds. It is strange the Legislature should give so noble an allowance to such a Venus de Drury Lane ; but the D. is satisfied at any rate to have such a rotten rib taken from his side. Dr. King is not yet arriv'd. I expect him every Day, and to live with me. Mrs. Mead is perfectly recovered. Of Ld J. Sackville I have yet heard no more. I go this morning with the D. of Dorset to Court. I dine at Ld Burlington's on Thursday, at Mr. Lawe's on Friday with the Marquis. Yesterday the Buck<sup>m</sup> Trustees or Executors met here, and I must devote every Saturday to them ; by these means I hope to return to you at, or before the beginning of March. But whatever you do in the House or Gardens let it

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Beaufort.

be a secret to me. All you have ever done, all you will ever do must please me, let the whole therefore be a surprise upon me, and let me come into a new Paradise form'd by your fair Hands. Methinks you say much too little of Edmund: whose *prochain ami* I am going to declare myself in Chancery. Be more than ordinary carefull of taking him up in your Lap now, because tho' no King, I imagine him very prone to kicking. I rec<sup>d</sup> Betty's Letter and will answer it as soon as I can, it is better writ than ordinary. Not knowing whether I shall be at Home To-night I must seal my Letter now—if any Thing extraordinary happens you shall have a Second; but a Letter each moment could not express how entirely, how ardently and how truly my Heart and Soul is yours.

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westr., Jany. 21, 1743-4.*

It is impossible to receive greater pleasure at this distance from you than flows to me from your charming Letters. There is a mixture in them of Sense, Witt and Affection which makes me truly happy, and I wish I could send you more entertaining Letters from hence. Lord Cornbury<sup>1</sup> has flung off the Mask, and has spoken and voted for the Hanov. Troops. This Speech is beleived to summon him by Writ to the H. of Lds, if so there is a Vacancy for the University of Oxford. . . . There was not an opprobrious word in the English Language, that was not made use of and applied to Ha——r—and almost as much dirt flung at Ld Carteret, wh. only Sir Ch. Wyndham endeavour'd to wipe off, but stuck himself

<sup>1</sup> Henry, Viscount Cornbury, eldest son of Henry Hyde, second Earl of Rochester and fourth Earl of Clarendon. Lord Cornbury predeceased his father in 1752, and on the death of the latter in 1753 the Barony of Hyde, Viscounty of Cornbury, and Earldoms of Rochester and Clarendon all expired.

in the mire, and plung'd as deep in mud as any Hero in the *Dunciad*: be cautious of repeating what I tell you. I have forwarded your Letter to Mrs. C. and will write the others as fast as my hand will permitt, but upon my Word, my right wrist and both my feet are a good deal out of humour. Garrick shines in all parts, but particularly in Macbeth. I am sorry my Library is so much out of order. Mr. Boyle's Works I will send down as soon as possible for I am certain his Life will entertain you. I was most graciously received by His M<sup>y</sup>, and as much so at Burlington House. Ly Ch<sup>te</sup> is finely improved, she will be a very handsome Woman. Ld and Ly B. both extreamly kind in their enquiries about you. The Duchess' Jewels are to be sold, and those beautifull Ivory Boys. They are by Flamingo. As to B<sup>m</sup> H. I reserve all for your ear. There is a fine Poem come out, *The Pleasures of Imagination*. I hear it is by West. I am interrupted and must bid you Adieu; kiss Edmund from his Papa and your

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Jany. 26, 1743-4.*

YOUR Letter, ever charming, ever tender, found me at Dinner here with the incomparable Dr. and the gentle Mr. Laws.—I have been interrupted by a most melancholy Visit from Dr. Mead, tears flowing from him! His Lady is relapsed into her Fever, and is in a most desperate Condition. There never was the least glimpse of Madness in her Case, yet Ld Grantham in the stupidity of his Nature, shock'd Dr. Mead with the Question. I fear she is gone. She was excellent in every step of Life, and a particular good Mother-in-Law. Thank God, I know another Step Dame, to whom I



hope Heaven will grant as long Life as ever was allotted to Mortal, both for my children and her children's sakes. I was yesterday at Leicester House. I was very civilly received, but have not waited on the Princess. Let me be silent as to Miss Boyle, for I can tell you Nothing with certainty. The Town Tatlers are full of her marriage to an Officer without her Mother's consent. I hope and beleive it is not true. I shall know more, in the meantime I wish all right. Ld Scarbrough is very ill, too ill to be seen, a Cold I suppose. I was there To-day but no Soul is admitted. Ld Orkney extremely ill; not worse I beleive than usual. Ld Inchiquin very much yours, the best natur'd Man alive. Ly Arran and I have laughed so much to-day (don't be jealous) in ye Closet within her Bedchamber that my Sides are actually sore. My old Enemy is tolerably quiet, but appears now and then in the shape of the cramp. I do not doubt of Edmund's daily acquisition in knowledge. His gentleness is all your own, but for Heaven's sake send me some news of Yourself. Are you much bigger, are you free from sickness? I hope so. I wish you every thing that esteem, affection, tenderness and love can inspire, and am your

ORRERY.

#### LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Jan'y. 28th, 1743-4.*

YOUR charming Letter came to my Hand as I return'd from the H. of Lds. We were up much sooner than was expected, and all the Town are disappointed till Tuesday, by a Point of Form which the Chan<sup>lor</sup> laid hold of and put off the Debate. However many warm and bold Things were said, even as the Matter was turn'd. Ld Bath spoke three

times, ever in a Passion. Ld Sandwich opened and mov'd the Address against the Hanoverian Troops, and was seconded by Ld Harvey in one of the most elegant, I may add delicate Speeches I ever heard. It was his first Essay and He was under the utmost Agonies, but as his whole dependence even for a Shilling is from Ld Bristol, I hope this Speech will procure him a Fortune. He is a Disciple of Ld Chesterf<sup>d</sup>, and has turned off all his Father's Friends. If he maintains his Character, and proves a steady Man, the Infamy of his Sire will add Lustre to his Glory. Poor Bat:<sup>1</sup> fights like a Swiss, and is much fallen in all eyes. Carteret was very bold, full of Latin, of Threats and of Boastings. Ld Ilchester made a set speech of little consequence. Ld Raym<sup>d</sup> talked nonsense without shame or awe. Ld Talbot spoke well. The Duke was in the House but not the P. of W. We had no Division, the subject was adjourned till Tuesday next, and we were dismiss'd about 8 o'C. I was forc'd to walk Home, and sneezed the whole way, tho' I ate some Gingerbread. However I am well this morning. Pray did you not send some cambrick handkercheifs for me? I thought you had. If so they are lost. I sup with Mrs. Horner to-night, dine at Laws's this afternoon, and To-morrow at the D. of Beaufort's. I am impatient to hear some News of your dear self. Ld Scarbro' still continues ill. Mr. Pope is in the Country and I fear is ill. The Dr. is truly yours. He dines at Mr. Laws's, as does Ld Orford, General Dalziel, Ben Bathurst and your

ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Bathurst.

## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westr., Feb. 2, 1743-4.*

BEFORE I answer your kind and cogent Arguments as to my speaking, I will send you an Account of the Speeches on Friday last. It was one of the finest Debates I have ever heard. It was begun by Ld Sandwich with great Spirit, great Order and true Eloquence. The D. of Marlborough spoke next. Great were the Expectations when He arose. As I was near Him, I heard (altho' he spoke low) every word he said, and the Substance I beleive I can recollect pretty exactly: it was this—'My Lds, I shall trouble your Ldps with few words on this occasion, the Lord who spoke before me having given you the reasons for this Motion in so full and so convincing a manner, but I must declare to your Ldps with the utmost sincerity that it is my Opinion both from what I heard the Noble Lord say and from what I myself observed when I had the Honour to serve His Majesty abroad, that it is incompatible with the British Forces to serve any Longer with the Hanoverian, and therefore I Vote for this Motion.' His Grace was answer'd by Ld Tweedale with more Passion (unaffected Passion) than the Arguments, nor can I call his Speech an answer, but rather an Harangue formed in the British Language, and dictated by a Scotch Hanover Heart. Next arose Ld Carteret with all the mildness of Ulysses: no boastings, no threats, no upbraidings; in short, no Minister appear'd either by his Gesture or his Words. He endeavoured to palliate and reconcile the House (rather by his manner than his eloquence) to the measures he defended, and concluded by saying he beleived the Lords who proposed the Motion did not in their Hearts wish it might succeed. Some Words he



dropp'd in his Speech called up Lord Westmorland, who held our attention above an hour in as fine an oration as could be pronounc'd by an Englishman. He spoke with great coolness but warmed all his hearers, and he continued perfectly cool and composed, when he exploded as imprudent, base and false, the Facts advanced, and the Promises made in the H. of Commons by General Wade. Facts advanced against the late D. of Marlborough notoriously false; Promises made of keeping the two Bodies in Peace and Amity with each other, only to pay his Court, and to flatter in order to Preferment. These and much stronger Assertions against Mr. Wade, Ld Westm<sup>d</sup> pronounc'd with firmness and contempt. What may be the consequences Time only can shew. Ld Cholmondeley spoke next against the Motion; his Arguments were as good as the Cause would admit. He spoke with eloquence, sense and dignity; to him succeeded on the other side Ld Lonsdale in his usual manner, with the force of Reason, the weight of Truth, and the elocution of good Sense. He was again answer'd by Lord Cholmondeley, to whom He again gave an answer: then the other replied, and Ld Lonsdale again answer'd him. Each spoke extremely well; the one had a Foundation that could support any superstructure, the Other was obliged to build Castles in the Air, but they both kept up the Dignity of their Characters. Ld Morton a Scotch Lord, one of the Sixteen, kept the House in a continued Laugh for an Hour together. At Marston I will repeat to you his Speech, and altho' my Copy will be far short of the Original, yet I hope it will entertain you; the thoughts of it make my Shoulders shake at this moment. To him succeeded the D. of Newcastle: what His Grace said I cannot tell, some say He cannot tell himself. He was followed by the E. of Chesterfield in all the weight of Eloquence, the superiority of

Argument, the dignity of Genius, and the sweetness of Persuasion. No Syren had ever half his Powers, but the Bishops (all except Glo'ster) had wisely wax'd up their Ears, and so likewise had the majority of the House. Few alas! listen'd to the Voice of this excellent Charmer. As my Ears were opened to every Word he said, I particularly recollect his answer to the D. of Newcastle. 'His Grace' (said Ld C.) 'has spoken against the Motion with more Generosity than 'Argument. His Generosity proceeded from his own Nature, 'his want of Argument from the Cause itself.' I will not endeavour to repeat any other part of his Speech: his own powers and his own words alone can do himself justice; yet must I add with sorrow He is in an ill state of health. God preserve him, and whenever he dies, may He die in the glory of his Integrity. Last, and least belov'd, arose the E. of Bath: no Draw-Can-Sir ever half so fierce, no Drayman ever less eloquent. A Chaos of a Speech, pronounced in a Rage that seem'd to proceed from his very Vitals. All was fire and fury within, the flames burst forth rapidly and irregularly, but vanish'd into immediate smoke, and became imperceptible. France, the Devil, the Emperor, the Dutch, the Prussians were alternately issuing from him like Fire from the mouth of a Mountebank, and at last his Ldp ended with a brace of English Bull-Dogs and a noble, majestick French Bull! I could not but smile to see a triumphant Sneer on the Earl of Orford's Countenance, during the E. of Bath's Irruption. Thus ended our Debate at 8 o'Clock. You have reason to wish it had ended sooner, for then I should have written less tediously and less politically: my Letter should have been as full of Love as Ld Bath's Speech was of Rage. I dined, or rather supped, at Ld Ailesbury's; I toasted a dozen fine Ladies but I meant only you. My thoughts wander not from

you even amidst the Eloquence of Ld Ches:, the madness of Ld B. or the drunkenness of Ld Raymond whom I forgot to mention before, and who always takes a dram before he speaks.

Adieu we are all well—nor indeed can any Man be in better Health than Your

ORRERY.

[*N.B.*—The Motion before the House, which was carried by the Govt., was for the retention of 16,000 Hanoverian Troops in the English Army. Smollett, whose opinion on the Subject was diametrically opposed to Ld O.'s, gives substantially the same account of the Debate, tho' far less strikingly and dramatically rendered.]

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*D. St., Westr., Feby. 4, 1743-4.*

I WRITE to you amidst the terrors of the Devil, the Pope and the Pretender; the French Fleet is said to be near our Shores, the Young Pretender is said to be on board, and Arms and Ammunition for several thousands (who encrease so fast they will To-morrow become millions) of men. This has alarm'd our Ministry, our Admiralty, and our Citizens; yet I write without a trembling hand, as being neither Minister, Admiral, nor Stock-jobber. But pray observe the Wisdom of our Governors, who have given so close attention to the great and important Territory of Hanover, that they have totally neglected the Defence of this insignificant Island. You cannot imagine greater Confusion than appeared on all Faces Yesterday, and as To-day has been dedicated wholly to the Buck<sup>m</sup> Trustees, I cannot tell you whether the Fears subside or encrease. For my own part I beleive this is a Feint in the French to frighten us, nor can I conceive that the Young



Pretender could stir from Rome without Publick Notice of it, or that the French will ever take up his deserted Cause. It will be of use to the Ministry to have these apprehensions continued. It will hurry all anti-Courtiers (you may guess the Title we bear) into more immediate and more certain Slavery, Votes of Credit, Plots, Suspensions of the Habeas Corpus, and all sorts of Ministerial Devices will be plaid against us, and our Integrity will never be Shield sufficient to defend us against such powerful Machines. Councils are summoned upon Councils, Messengers are flying to all Parts of the Kingdom, and yet in the midst of all this storm I am sitting by the Fire thinking of and writing to you. Were, however, these Reports true, wh. I cannot in the least beleive, I should not wonder if I were forc'd to write to you from amidst the Lyons and Monsters of the Tower. I say this, that if such a strange and wild Accident were to happen you may not be surpriz'd. The unaccountable imprudence of the M. as I have heard of late, has made my Name be call'd in question, whereas he might as justly have named (were my real Sentiments and Conduct known) the Cham of Tartary, or the Emperor of Japan, and tho' this Peice of Imprudence happened some time agoe, yet I am probably mark'd in the Book of Treasons and Disloyalty. A Day or two will I beleive blow the Frenchmen and the Report towards the West Indies. But it will leave a noble Harvest for our mighty Men of Policy and Stratagem who wish for no better Incidents than such as secure their Pow'r and take away our Liberties. I leave all business to Bowen, and desire you will tell Edmund I would sooner buy a halter (Oh Lud how came I to think of Halters!) to hang my self than a Rod to whip him. Has he more teeth? Does he talk any words? Tell me a thousand things of him and of yourself. Adieu.

ORRERY.

## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*D. St., Westr., Feby. 9th, 1743-44.*

I SHALL begin by entreating you not to be jealous, since I am to be honour'd next Saturday morning with the company of one of the finest young Ladies in England. Ly Charlotte Boyle is to breakfast with me on that Day. I am borrowing chocolate cups and all utensils for such an entertainment. I dined yesterday at Burlington House, was receiv'd as usual with all the politeness, easiness and affability, both from my Lord and my Lady that can be imagined. I hope they know my heart, which honours and admires them both with a most true devotion; but Ly Charlotte is beyond description. She asked most genteely after you and Betty. She is improved even in her Person I think since the time I saw her before, and that is scarce more than a fortnight. Dr. King and Mr. Pope went with me, the latter you know is an old Friend; the former was entertained with all the elegance, civility, openness and noble qualities that Ld Burl<sup>n</sup> can shew. And Who goes beyond Him in all that is adorable and praiseworthy? No Man I have ever seen. We have never pass'd a more agreeable Day, but I now suffer for it, my cold is so encreas'd that I am prudently confined, and so is Mr. Pope, with a pious resolution of taking care of ourselves, and doing Penance by imprisonment, and a most regular adherence to all Bale's prescriptions. Indeed all the World have colds, but to the universal Joy the Easterly Wind is gone, and with it are flown those noxious particles, that knock down every mortal who dares to peep out into the open air.

I am of your opinion as to that Circumstance in the Life of Philareth: there are things too monstrous to be nam'd; they

raise a fatal Curiosity sometimes in Youth, and are the occasion of Errors, which would never have been committed, had they never been mentioned. I have heard no more of the Devil, the Pope and the Pretender, but I fear my last letter never reached you, as the Western Mail has been robbed. I now send two more parts of the Trial which are all that are yet come out. I hope next week may finish my Buck<sup>m</sup> Trustship at this time, for I am quite weary of such a Distance from you, and find no Entertainments relish, nor any Diversions amuse without you. This is a very muzzy Letter, a true representation of my present condition. I want you at all Seasons, all Hours, and in all Places, for my Eyes cannot behold an Object they love so well, nor do my Ears hear a Voice so charming as is yours to

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Feb. 18, 1743-4.*

I HAVE receiv'd both your Letters: as to the first it is impossible for me to give an immediate Answer. . . . Our present Situation is still the most amazing that this Nation perhaps has ever been in, for as on one side the Court seems in the highest Alarms, as you must observe by the King's Messages, so on the Other the City seems quiet, and most People laugh at Plots, Pretenders, Fleets, and the numerous mushroom Reports that rise and dye in a day. The Council is sitting many hours in the day, and many in the night, but the Secrets of Councils are not revealable. It is imagined a Plot is necessary for the Ministers, and therefore our Dangers (if any) are treated as proceeding from the Ministerial quarter rather than France. The account of the Young Pretender as publish'd in the Gazette is very romantick and I daresay false.



Yet what is most absurd it seems to represent him a kind of Heroe, and this is publish'd by Authority. All these Chimæras only frighten People in regard to Money. There is none to be had. Not that the Stocks are much affected, but Every Body desires to keep as much Money by them as they can. . . . Ly Betty Spellman is better, but still in danger: Mrs. Horner out of danger: Ld Scarborough recovered. The D. of Marl<sup>b</sup> has again reconcil'd himself to the Court, but is supposed to be farther off by that from a more important reconciliation. My Health is still indifferent, yet I dined out yesterday with Ld Litchf<sup>d</sup>. Pray send up some game (woodcock if possible) for Mr. Pope. I ate a Pea-chick yesterday. Have you a Peacock to console our Pea Ladies for their loss? Adieu. I send you No. 4 of ye Anglesey Trial. My Heart is with you as usual.

O.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Feb. 19th, 1743-4.*

I WAS in hopes to have sent my dearest Polyhymnia a good account of myself, but whether I caught Cold, or from what cause I know not, it is certain I am again relapsed: again I take Boluses, and again I am confined to my Chamber. I was carried to my outer Room on Sunday, they say it was the severest Day that ever was felt. I possibly owe my present Complaints to the Weather. They are many, and altho' I keep a fire Day and Night, I with difficulty keep myself if at any distance from it. The Gout is flying about me, particularly in my knees which are almost disabled, and my right foot is in great pain. I mention all these particulars not to alarm you, but to let you see that it will be impossible for me to throw off my fetters so soon as I intended. The Gout must take its

Course, and in my Situation it is not likely that I can hope for any remarkable relief till the weather changes, of which there are no symptoms. Do not think my dearest Life of hazarding yourself in this dreadful season, or quitting the children. They require your attendance, I want no care, and freely give you up to them in hopes that Heaven hereafter will not among other severe punishments decree fresh Separation from you. Ld and Lady Berkshire went out of Town yesterday morning, they return To-morrow ; She is very kind in letting me see her sometimes, but when Ld Berk: comes in, which he does as soon as he knows she is here, she goes away, thinking His Lp company sufficient for me. I wish she would come often and stay longer. She is very agreeable, very friendly, and very natural. May your next give me a better account of both the Children, and may my next send you a better account of myself. Dr. King is still at Oxf<sup>d</sup>. I writ to him that you were coming. I shall contradict it To-day. The Boys amuse me very much, and now to Breakfast with what Appetite I may. Eternally Yours,

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Feb. 28th, '43/4.*

I CAN send you very good news of myself. I am recovered even to an amazing degree of Health. I write this from my blue Dressing-room. The Gout uses me so gently, I am apt to think he is my friend rather than my enemy. I have not had one bad night and but three bad days, God send I may never have worse. I shall then refrain from dancing, and in every respect beside lead as pleasurable a Life as I desire. Not so our Friends : poor Col: Cecil is sent to the Tower ; many

more are suspected : (would to God my real Sentiments were known as fully to the Privy Council as they are to you !) and from Suspicions all dangers are to be apprehended. I will say as some poor prisoner said in K. Wm.'s Days, I wish there may be a Plot, for if there is I am not in it, if there is none it may be necessary to make me in a feigned Plot. Ld Barri-more is apprehended, and old Dr Beaufort, the Physician who attends Col: Cecil ; Tom Carte, and some others as little worth naming. In short, these are gloomy Times. Write to me accordingly ; pray name no names but such as are in the Marston Bill of Mortality, for Innocence airy and unguarded, is never so properly adorned and defended as when shielded by Caution and Prudence. Now for worse news. Poor dear Ld Kildare is dead. I am truly affected. Pray you be calm, and consider your Condition. God protect you, let what will happen. I know you a Woman of Spirit, Sense and Resolution, and I beg you will keep your Sentiments entirely to yourself. As to my own Part, I am so entirely innocent that I have no Fears (as you and you only can tell), yet Appearances may perhaps be against me. Old Habits, Old Friends, and my own invincible Shyness, may raise engines against me. Old Habits I cannot break, Old Friends I will not desert, and Shyness and I must go together to the Grave. Be Chearfull as usual, be more Serious than usual, and be assured I will hasten to you as soon as possible. I would at this moment give my little finger to be chopt off to be two hours with you alone, because you are my Friend, my Companion, the woman I love, esteem and admire, so that I must be for ever unhappy when absent from you. I shall crawl forth To-morrow, and I this night will send you all the News and Papers I can possibly select.—Adieu, your own

ORRERY.



## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westmr., March 14, 1743/4.*

You will receive by this Post two packetts of Letters, which, when you have read over, I beg you will put by in one of my Table Drawers, so that they may be come at on my Arrival. I received all your charming Letters; to business I dare not answer by the Post, because of Inquisitors. . . . I am growing mysterious, and therefore will quit business for Love, be assured my thoughts are full of it for you and our dear little Boy. I am happy he was delighted with his horse, and rejoiced that you continue well. My little excursion to Windsor proved of benefit to me notwithstanding bad weather. In my return yesterday I called on Mr. Pope, who is extremely ill. I fear you will never see him more, but this is to yourself, and He may recover. I hope he will, and then I beleive we shall see the incomparable little man at Marston. The Exec<sup>rs</sup> promise to release me by To-morrow sevensnight, if so I shall be with you on Easter Monday. It will be a Holiday for me whenever it happens, for my Soul desires you, and is impatient of this intolerable Absence and tedious distance. Ld Boyle and I are going to the Play To-night, the Grecian Captain has lost his place, which vexes the poor dear Boy very much; he will soon regain it by his amazing diligence and assiduity. I have writ to Ld Kildare and My lady his Mother. You will write to Her now. I have receiv'd Edmund's pretty Letter; he must excuse me by this post, I have so many Letters to write that I can only add myself Eternally yrs.,

ORRERY.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Bath, April 23rd, 1743.*

MARK how oddly Fate disposes of us. After I return'd I went to the Play—there was no Play; I peep'd into the Rooms, Lady Bab Montague seiz'd me, and would oblige me to play Whisk. I obey'd unwillingly but came off with two guineas in my Pockett, and a Crown. What a Fortune do I lose by hating to play! I beg of you to come over<sup>1</sup> on Monday, if the weather will be tolerable. My six weeks are now out and I want to settle my Return with you. You must insist on the Dr.'s coming over to us which can easily be done in the Chair. I have heard from Dr. Barry. The Bishop of Derry still holds out, but cannot long. You send me no particulars of Sr Edmund. If the weather hinders you from coming send me a messenger and Lion.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gordon is coming to Marston, did you send for him? I fancy not, because Ld Boyle writes me word he is making a kind of Tour. However I shall be glad to see the Knight. Yesterday was one of the most terrible Storms I have ever known at this time of year, but To-day we have a fine Rain, which I hope reaches Marston; if so I flatter myself most of my Trees will be safe, and the expence will be answered. The Fantams did me the honour of a visit yesterday. I hope you will receive them safe To-day. Pray lock them up wherever you put 'em till you place 'em in the Garden. I am well acquainted with Admiral Vernon. Mr. Glory leaves us To-day. I am sorry you could not see him. The Duke and D<sup>ss</sup> of Bedford are here. Her Behaviour is very agreeable, polite, decent, and amiable. They appear very happy together. I imagine her

<sup>1</sup> Marston is only 15 miles from Bath.

<sup>2</sup> A favourite Dog.

immense Fortune raises envy and makes inventive Malice rear its Head, which the poor Lady perhaps knows nothing of and so continues in innocence to give room for Malice: tho' of late I think we have heard nothing of these Stories. It is raining sweetly—an unusual Sound but a very pleasant one. Somerset is growing itself again. I'll now break off that the Messenger may set out on his Return. Adieu. Kiss Sir Edmund and remember me to Betty, Yr

ORRERY.

The two she Fantum seem not to be well—however they always recover by the Fire—but they do not eat. I have paid the Messenger who brings the dear Fantums.

#### LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*May 11, /43.*

I WRITE to you whilst I have time, if I writ whilst I had inclination, I should be writing for ever. There is such a Scene of Business before me that Sr Edm<sup>d</sup> will owe many thanks for the Pains I am taking merely because he happens to be nominated in our Friend's Will. I am pretty sure I cannot stir out of London this month. If I can I shall; for my Heart is with you, and I shall visit my Treasure without Delay. To enter into particulars will be to little purpose in my Letters. Our Conversations at Marston will amply supply such Reserve, and as I am fully assured our Letters are open, I shall say as little of Persons and Things as possible. I have seen Lady Betty whose Compliments attend you; I have had a glimpse of Miss Boyle, but propose to wait upon Her Tonight. I was last night at Vauxhall, all charming, all Heavenly there! Lord Harvey is out of Town, but I beleive will be soon here. I have seen G. He assures me all shall



be done about ye 24th of next Month, and that I need not stay in Town for it. He is to be with me on Friday to consider what is to be done in Cap<sup>n</sup> Ma: Mor: Affair. Money from thence slides faster than Sand thro' an Hourglass. The Town is empty yet never disagreeable except in your Absence. Hammy looks thin but is otherwise well; Charles much grown; I fear you cannot see them this Season, they shall stay the longer with us at Bartholomew Tide. To-day is too cold for Chiswick, and To-morrow is sacred to my Trust; but on Friday I'll take C. with me to those delightful Groves.

*May 12, Evening.*

I HAD finish'd thus far yesterday morning: in the Afternoon I received Sir Ed<sup>ds</sup>, which I cannot now answer, having been buried in Papers and Writing from eleven till four at Buckingham House where I dined, and from whence I am only this moment return'd. I am now going with C. and H. to Lady Shannon's by invitation, probably for musick. I am charmed with Sir Ed<sup>ds</sup> account of himself: He is very gracious to find time amidst so many Pleasures to write to me. Ye Bishops of Worcester and Durham are dead, and ye Duchess of Kendal. The Marquis lives, and is as usual; not altered in a Tittle. The Dr. I have not seen since my Arrival. Both too busy for visits. We are to dine together Tomorrow I beleive at the Marquis'. Adieu my Heart and Soul are with you.

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*May 21, 1743.*

I RECEIVED your charming Letter—have convey'd it a thous<sup>d</sup> times to my Lips, where I wish to convey the dear

Hand that wrote it. I rejoice at Sir Ed's Welfare. We returned late last Night from Chiswick in Ld Burl<sup>ns</sup> Chariot and with Ly Burl<sup>ns</sup> Horses. I have a Million of happy things to tell you, but when Ld H.<sup>1</sup> only can tell: He is not yet come to Town, and when He is I may be releas'd. I hope that Delivery may be announced the week after next. Mr. Pope leaves me To-day. I hope only for a few Days. His thanks attend you for your Nosegay. Our esteem and affection for him go hand-in-hand as our Love of Edmund—but we must be content to love him at a Distance for I fear He will not come to Marston. He is in perfect health, and our Myrmidons of both Sexes I hope are as carefull of Him as they ought to be. I write in much Haste—scarce awake—but sleeping or waking ever, ever Your

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*May 28th, 1743.*

LYON is arrived safe and sound. Your Collar of Shells is charming like all your other works. We dine at Chiswick Tomorrow. Ld Wallingford was not at Home when I called. I am to drink tea with the two Miss Cæsars this afternoon and am just now going to Sir Hans Sloane's at Chelsea. Ham is brave and well—so is Ld B. and Your

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*May 1743.*

It is impossible to tell you how much your Collar<sup>2</sup> was admir'd at Chiswick or how kindly we were receiv'd. Ld

<sup>1</sup> Lord Hervey was a Co-Executor of the Duchess of Buckingham.

<sup>2</sup> The Collar was of small shells, and probably a kind of necklace.

Burl<sup>n</sup> has given Charles a most beautifull little horse : he rid it home on Sunday evening. Lady Charlotte looks charmingly : She wears your Collar in her hair. We will talk of our Winter quarters hereafter, and proceed in our resolutions with thought and forecast ; in the meantime I am glad you can be tolerably easy at Marston, altho' after so long a Sojournment, I fear your moments may begin to grow tedious ; I am resolved to be with you as soon as possible. I am sorry Edm<sup>d</sup> has had any complaints, and cannot be easy about him till your next Letter ; we must expect his teeth to be troublesome, I pray they may be so as little as possible. No Man Cook yet ; we heard of one or two, but they will not do ; however I do not despair ; it is an article of great moment to me. Ld Harvey is come to Town. I have not yet seen him, but intend to go thither (to Buck<sup>m</sup> House) by and by. I dine To-day with the Marquis who is removing ; you are his Mistress, and he let me know he had made his Will. I hope you are residuary Legatee ; the Marquis is rich. I am just now returned from Ld Harvey, he looks ill, but speaks in Spirits : Civilities only passed between us, hereafter I shall Consult him on Dress and Figure : he was much be-diamonded. I beleive his stay in Town will not be long. I am in great hopes I may depart on Monday, as I am greatly desirous to be with You and am Eternally Your

ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, Augt. 24, 1743.*

ALTHO' I have some Hopes that I may hear from You To-day, yet I must snatch the first Moment that occurs to



write to you, not being willing to stay for the Post, least some Amusement hinders me from this sincere Token of my Love. Ld B. is rather better, but still has a hoarse constant Cough; he is so thin we did not bleed him, nor use any other method but Sack-whey at night and a carefull Diet. Indeed it grieves me to find him so very susceptible of Cold; and his Cloathing is thinner than paper. For the Future he shall wear nothing but Cloth. We were yesterday at the Races and I went at Night to the Ball. Here is much Company: D. of Hamilton, Ld Sidney Beauclerk, Sir J. Hinde Cotton, Ld Paget, Ld Barrington, Ld Litchfield who with Sir James Dashwood and me, is to be made a Doctor. Our immortal Doctor presents Ld L. and myself, and Sir James is presented by somebody else. Ld Wilmington has died worth only threescore thousand Pounds, which is to be equally divided among eight. The D. of Dorset comes in only as a Sharer with the other Nephews and Neices: of this be assur'd because the late acts of Parliament have constituted it so, as I am informed by Mr. Forrester, one of the best Lawyers and most agreeable men in the Kingdom, who lodges here being an Intimate of the Doctor's. To-night is a Concert and Assembly to ye first of which only I shall go. On Friday I will set out from hence, and be with You Sunday or Monday, but from whence as yet I know not. I hope to find You and Sir Edmund very well, and shall now add no more unless I receive a Letter from You To-day. Adieu Your

O.

## LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Bath, Augt. 29th, 1743.*

I PROPOSED to have lain To-night in your dear Arms, had not I found Ld Boyle's Cold so much worse, and himself so much fatigued, that I thought it more prudent to delay our journey until To-morrow morning. We left Oxford on Friday morning (his Cold rather better, nay a good deal so) and went no further than Burford that Night, calling at Cornbury, and at Sr Clement Dormers. On Saturday we dined at Bibury, and reach'd Ld Bathurst's at Ciciter at 5 in the afternoon. Ly Bt., Ld Bt., Ld B. and I walk'd out till between 7 and 8 o'Clock, and he coughed prodigiously. All took great Notice of it, thought it a very bad Cough, and proceeding from his paper clothing, which indeed (after damp Sheets) I believe his whole Cold is owing to. Yesterday in the afternoon, we left Ld Bt.'s and came only 8 miles to Tedbury: his cough very bad, his pulse quick, his hands hot. To-day we came hither, when he own'd he found himself ill, and he shews so many symptoms of great fatigue, that altho' I cd easily be with you, yet I will stay here To-night to give him rest. I am impatient to have him at home, under your Care and Protection. He coughs deep, often hoarse, and hectically, his hands, especially the Palms, very hot: in short, I am frightened out of my Senses, and if you think proper would be glad to have Mr. Tatum at our Arrival at Marston. Something must be done and that immediately. It would be kind in you to meet us part of the way, we shall sett out from hence, I believe, about 9, or sooner or later according as he wakes; he is now lain down to rest, and the Servant says he is asleep. My heart achs beyond Measure, I am full of fears, vapours, visions,

apprehensions of the month (always fatal to my Family), so that you only can make me happy. The sight of you always drives away Sorrow. I had almost forgot to say I am a Dr. of Civil Law, but my whole thoughts are of Charles. Here is a strong easterly Wind, which must increase his Disorder. I send W. H. with two horses half spoiled by saddles, my own very bad by one, but horses are nothing if we can make this poor dear Boy well. All Blessings attend You. You deserve 'em whatever be the Fate of Your

ORRERY.

#### LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Duke St., Westminster, Jan'y. 15, 1744/5.*

I ARRIVED here my dearest Wife and Lady in perfect Health on Sunday, at 2 o'Clock, and found Hammy ill of the Chicken-pox, which he has very full, and is sore all over that he cannot rise To-day; on Thursday he is to take Physick. I suppose our little Boy and Girl will have them, since Ham: certainly caught the distemper at Marston; as it is not dangerous it may do them good. I was To-day at Court, graciously received. To-morrow I go to Leicester House. I have seen all my most important Friends. I think the part we intend to act will be right, in case we keep to our present Resolutions. The Good of the Country is our first view, the next may be, if proper, Promotions. The whole Town talks of nothing but the Marriage of the Duke of Chandos, which he has lately declared, to his Concubine. The Story of it is this: His Grace fell in Love with her at the Castle Inn, near Slough, as she was warming his Bed, for alas, she was no more than the Ostler's wife, by whom she had two Children, and testified his Love by giving her a guinea. . . . The ostler grew



jealous, kick'd, beat and abus'd his Wife, upon which the Duke (then Ld Carnarvon) took her away altogether. The Ostler died, the Lady grew scrupulous, her Conscience insisted on marriage, and her Lord made her an honest woman about four or five years agoe, but the nuptials were kept private till the late D. of Chandos died ; they are now declar'd in form, and 'tis said she will be presented at Court. Of her Person and Character People speak variously, but all agree that both are very bad, altho' they differ in Circumstances now. Some say she is old : all say she is ugly : some say she erred not except with the Duke, others affirm that she was kind to all Comers, and Goers. In short, I think this Match has destroy'd Politicks. I was in hopes to have heard from you Yesterday, I will look for better Fortune To-morrow. Assure Edmund, Lucy and the whole groupe of Margery Dawe's that I also think of them often and wish to be with them. Scarce a moment indeed passes, as you know, without my wishing for you. Ld Boyle and I are going to the Play.—Adieu. I am ever yours,

O.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I HAVE News for you, my charming Polyhymnia ; Mr. and Mrs. Phipps are going over to Ireland to lay claim to the Anglesey Estate. Mr. P. either is, or is well advis'd he is, Heir at Law to that immense Fortune. Nine of our most Eminent Lawyers give their Opinion in his favour. His Lady is learning to ride, to gallop over the Welch Mountains, and embark at Holyh<sup>d</sup>. Ld A. and the Pretender have been fighting about the Oyster shell if Phipps is to swallow the Fish ; but Oysters are mostly taken with Vinegar for digestion, and I'm afraid he'll find an immense quantity of Vinegar and

Pepper necessary here. Our Town is at once alarm'd and pleas'd by the Emperor's death. The news of it was brought to H.M. last night. Our Politicians surmise 2 Candidates : the D. of Lorain and the K. of Poland : if it ends in Peace, no matter in my mind on whom the Election falls. You may have heard an idle Report of Another Invasion. The true fact is, the Toulon Squadron are coming to Brest to join that Squadron, and their Intentions are Ostend or Nieuport, which those Ships will encompass by sea, while the French troops attack by Land. We are all brave and sprack. Hammy is going to school on Monday, and I begin my Visits, but am much more desirous of clasping in my arms the dearest object of the Heart of

ORRERY.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Jany. 17th, '44/5.*

YOUR Letter from Marston, my dearest Life, and your Letter from Bath arrived at the same time Yesterday. Those Letters which ought to have arrived on Monday from M<sup>n</sup>, did not reach us till Wednesday : Be the Cause what it will, I hope it will happen no more : my tenderness for you and my Children will not bear the loss of a Post, especially at this sickly Season. You are impatient to know how Hammy does. Pretty well, but not absolutely recovered. He is still sore, but is to ride To-day. I have a violent Cold, which confines me to my Chamber : this hindered me from writing to Ld O., but I sent him your Letter, and I enclose his answer. The D. of Chandos is still the Theme of the Town, and as if a Fatality in Marriage attended his Family, his Brother's Daughter run away about 6 months agoe with her Footman.

I have bespoke my Birthday Cloaths, but unless I am well shall not venture into so hot a Crowd. I have not yet been at Leicester House. I have the honour to be known to Ld Marchmont, but To-day can see Nobody, and unfortunately he has been here. Make me acceptable to Edmund, remember me to honest Nurse. I cannot, nay I will not, send you News, since Occurrences, Speculations, Schemes, Projects, Views, Ambitions all rise and disappear again like Bubbles. This will be an important Day in the H. of Commons. Ld Gower's Son was to be married on Tuesday, but the Lady, Miss Fazakerly, was taken ill in the morning, and yesterday it was feared it would prove the small Pox. They tell me Ld Litchf<sup>d</sup> was married yesterday at Bath. I am impatient to know your Adventures there. I hope Betty behaved herself well, and I trust Lucy's eyes will again shine upon me as usual.—Adieu. O.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Bath, April 6, 1745.*

I ARRIVED here my dearest Life, as the Chimes rung five in yesterday afternoon. My hoarseness still continues, but I think is a good deal diminished. I shall not begin the Waters till my Cold is gone. Ld B. has a Cold and is somewhat tired, but what help'd his Fatigue more than our journey was a long dull Visit from C. who sat here about an hour, three parts of which pass'd without a word being exchanged between us. Ld B. is to breakfast there To-morrow. I promis'd, but shall not leave the House all Day. His Wife is come, and if she and I never meet, we must submit to our hard Fate. The Aunt remains above stairs but keeps up her matchless Spirit by daily Squabbles with the Chairmen. Miss her Companion



(a young Lady of about forty but known only by the name of Miss) walks into all publick Diversions, and to reduce fulness and excrescence waddles much by way of exercise. The D. of B. has had an answer from the Chan<sup>r</sup>, just what might have been expected. Adieu Coalition. Next Session may produce some new Farce. The Reports of this Place are innumerable, and scarce any foundation for any one. I wish my quarantine here were finish'd. I wish you would come over, if it were only to see my friend Phil: S. whom I love and esteem, and who has all good and amiable qualities without any alloy. You may safely ride the black Mare. As it would please me extremely to see you, I only ask for the happiness in case the Children are well and the weather better. Take care of yourself I entreat you ; do not be too free with mercurial Physick, it may be very fatal in one case which may possibly be yours. I cannot but be very anxious in every Circumstance that regards your Health, as you are the dearest Object upon Earth to

ORRERY.

#### LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*Marston House, March 26, 1753.*

I AM very sorry my dearest Life that you have so cruel a headach as I find by the Scrap I receiv'd from you this morning. I call it a Scrap because it has added to the great disappointment which I express'd to you on Saturday. As a further addition I see by the Newspapers of To-day that there was a Motion in the H. of Lds on Thursday, and that a Memorial of a very extraordinary Nature was deliver'd in that morning by Sir J. Phil to the K. Of all these transactions not one Syllable sent to me, who (except a Coffin) am truly

buried at Marston ; not being able yet to stir out of my Bed-chamber, nor have I had scarce one good night's rest, since I came here. The reason has been ye continual and violent storms that have attacked us. I kept Edmund To-day as it is his Nephew's Birthday, but shall send him this afternoon. Mr. Mason tells me he is in a very hopefull way and 'tis pity he should lose even half a day. The Wife of Pontius Pilate Jesser, and mother of Dick Jesser, died To-day suddenly, but Pontius Pilate will hold out till the Day of Judgement. Not a Syllable of Mr. Justice Maddox ; he keeps closer than the Tortoise who appear'd in high Tortoise spirits as Ed: told me Yesterday. You will excuse the Boy writing to you To-day. I told him I would convey his Duty. 'Tis now raining, but I fear the Wind will come on again at night, if so farewell to rest. You see my Love I do all I can to fill a Letter. Pray pity a poor Hermit and send me some news, but not if your Head achs. Adieu Love. Eternally yrs,

ORR.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Wednesday Afternoon, July 15, 1756.*

MY DEAR LOVE,—I here continue my Diary, like Pamela, Clarissa, and those other Journal-writing Ladies who are perpetually at their pen. I am just returned from Ble. H. The important points of the discourse, all very friendly, must be reserved to our Meeting. I shall only stay till Sunday, because I hope on Saturday to see the great Man at Whitehall. You will therefore, after to-morrow, receive no more Letters from me at London. I am to breakfast To-morrow with the O. M. Priam struck me as it did you. I send you a miserable mauled 'Connoisseur' of mine of this Day. 'Tis to no purpose to send them anything, but the writing drives dis-

agreeable thoughts away. Mr. Forrester is in Town but has changed his Chambers. Mrs. Irwin is in one of the Chatham Camps with her husband. Scarce an hour without a ballad on Admiral B[yng]. Were he in London he would be an immediate Sacrifice to the Rabble. As I very unwillingly write letters after dinner I will now seal up this, and should something extraordinary happen I will in that case begin another. Otherwise this is the last from, my dearest love, your most affectionate Husband,

CORKE.

LORD ORRERY TO LADY ORRERY.

*D. St., Westr., Oct. 30th, 1756.*

I ARRIV'D here, my dearest love, at noon, after the finest journey, thro' the finest roads, and in the finest weather that could possibly be. I lay at Redding last night; at the Devizes I passed all the time I had to spare with Ld C. Hamilton, whose compliments attend you. He is really fond of Edmund, as usual very polite and a true Soldier, but grown, as no doubt he thought of me, very old. At the Devizes, I met with the Death of the D. of B., the particulars of which you must have heard. Most People impute it to the Powders; better, my Dear, to grow fat on milk than to dye with Powders. Further reflections on this catastrophe will occur to us when we meet. Miss Riot is gone off with Col: Orme. They are in Holland. She transmitted all her Fortune—upwards of ten thous.—before her. She is with child, so is Mrs. Orme; but the case of the latter is much the most deplorable, left without a groat. The Opera will be very bad: however it will be supported by Ly Rockingham, Ly Coventry, and some other brilliant Stars that guide the London







*Painted by J. G. Smith*

*Maria Gunning  
Countess of Coventry.*

30 x 25 in.

Est. of Coll. sold, 25 Nov. 1904 (by) a. Pond. 180 for Agnew.

World. The D. and D<sup>s</sup> of Hamilton are come to Town. Their Character is greatly exalted. She is not only the younger Sister<sup>1</sup> but the younger Inhabitant of Grosvenor Sq<sup>re</sup> and its hundreds. I dined yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Br. She looks pale but is very chearfull. He has giv'n me the worst wine I ever tasted. Ld Dungarvan<sup>2</sup> and Ham were walking together yesterday in the Park: both very melancholy. I shall see the latter probably To-morrow. Of the former I am uncertain. The Hoare family say he is very well, others say much the contrary. Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Br.'s Sister, is in a dangerous bilious cholic. This affects our little friend, who has not his Marston spirits: he is sincere and loves us all entirely. Farther I cannot sing of myself; only that I propose visiting Peterborough Court To-night in a Hack, and on Tuesday you shall hear more from me. Remember me to Lucy and Edmund, and believe me whilst I have a heart ever your own

CORKE.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Westmr., Nov. 27, 1756.*

MY DEAREST LOVE,—Enclosed you'll find a paper which you must immediately burn after reading twice. Thank God the cypher is not Treason. I came to town yesterday afternoon. The frost lasted to Hounslow Heath, and then turned

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess was the younger sister of Lady Coventry. They were the beautiful and celebrated Miss Gunnings. The second is said in some accounts to have married the Duke at night with only a curtain ring to be put by him on her finger.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Boyle on his father's succession to the Earldom of Corke became Viscount Dungarvan. His marriage to Miss Hoare of Stourhead, 7 miles from Marston, was a very unhappy one. His health became deplorable, and his wife as well as her whole family are painted by Lord Corke in very black colours, which must of course be taken *cum grano*, and most of the documents relating to them are of no public interest. His widow soon remarried advantageously, and his only daughter became Lady O'Neill.





*Maria Fanning  
Countess of Coventry.*

Painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bart. 1692.

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to very heavy rain. To-day it is returned, but neither have had any bad effect on me. Mr. Boyle is in Town, so is Sir Tho: Wors<sup>y</sup>. I have not yet seen them. Ld Dungarvan and his wife are at Clapham. My little Grand-daughter is in town, very ill, but that is a secret ; in fits (Mrs. Long says) all Sunday ; but I'm sworn not to trumpet this, so I only whisper it. I have been at Lord and Lady Middlesex's—both gone out. He better, she perfectly well. The streets very slippery for Chairmen ; Hackney Coaches immensely dear. Sir Tho: W<sup>y</sup> and Mr. Boyle both out, so return'd from them. Evans has been here. I was not at Home, he saw Jo: and tells him that he had seen Lord D. some days agoe, and thinks he looks very ill. Ld D. comes to Town three Times a week to take the Cold Baths. His Father-in-law has a mighty opinion of it. All I know is it killed Marcellus. I have little more to write To-night, so remember me to my Guinea-Pigs, Edmund and Lucy. While I live my Heart and Soul is yours. Good night.

[This Letter is unsigned, probably by reason of the enclosed paper.]

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO THE COUNTESS  
OF ORRERY.

*Duke Street, Westmr. Tuesday, Jan. 22nd.*

NOTHING could give me greater joy than the Letter I received this afternoon from my dear Polyhymnia. It was the more acceptable as I heard not one word from Marston or Bath yesterday. I shall write to Edmund concerning Bob Rogers.

Your Party at Whisk was a very proper one, but your reflexions on it were so just and so much to my honour that



I communicated your Letter to Dr. K. who admires, esteems and praises you in all the warmth of freindship and the zeal of truth. I am sorry the D. of B.<sup>1</sup> is in so ill a state of health. his Brother is now laid up by the Gout in his hands and feet.

I was not at the Birthday. not perhaps so much for want of health as for other reasons. how very simple a Sheep looks as he strays from his Flock and mixes with a herd of Goats? my new velvet Cloathes will be always handsome, yet had I known when I bespoke them as much as I have learnt since, that expence had undoubtedly been saved.

You Country Ladies expect, I know, volumes of News from Us Inhabitants of Westminster. if Wit will supply the want of political entertainment, I can tell you some sayings of Lord Chesterfield that would establish his character as a wit, if he had not attained it. His Lordship was congratulated by his Friends on his embassy to Holland, and it was asserted he would certainly be entertained at this time with the utmost magnificence, as being the representative of our K. of G. Britain. His answer to his friends upon this occasion was to this purpose. 'I doubt not of a splendid reception at the Hague. the news of my Master is sufficient to secure it, but upon this occasion I cannot help calling to mind the expensive shew made for the Persian Ambassador at Versailles at the latter end of Lewis the 14th's reign, yet after the audience was over and the ceremony finished, it was found on enquiry that the Ambassador was not sent to France by the Sophi of Persia, but was only deputed by a few Persian Merchants.'

His Lordship has expressed his sentiments of the Legacy left him by the D. of Marl. in a very peculiar manner. 'Her

<sup>1</sup> Probably Beaufort.

‘ Grace intended me a kindness,’ said he, ‘ by a bequest of  
‘ twenty thousand Pounds. I am obliged to her for the  
‘ intention, but in effect it has done me much prejudice.  
‘ before her death my doors were quiet : my creditors looked  
‘ on the debts I owed as desperate : they gave over enquiries  
‘ after me : they acquiesced in their Fate, and I went in and  
‘ out unmolested : but now they are roused again, they  
‘ assemble in my hall, they stop me as I pass, and they  
‘ require not only twenty, but forty thousand Pounds.’

It is affirmed that at the time the D. of M.<sup>1</sup> died, Ld Chs had not left to himself eight hundred Pounds a year out of his Estate. in that, as in wit, like Julius Caesar, who when he went to Gaul, declared that if he could pay three hundred thousand Pounds he should then be worth nothing. Is it possible that Wit and Economy can dwell under the same roof? I believe not.

Lord Marchmont tells me our friend Pope was become as great an Idiot as the Dean before his Death. the violence of Tomson’s Medicines hurried him to the other world and made him slide swiftly down the hill of life, when perhaps he had otherwise walked gently to the bottom. Mr. Walpole was here to-day, and says Lord Orford still continues extremely ill, his compliments attend you. I have had a numerous Levée this morning. Ld Marchmont, Mr. Hume, Sr John Cotton, Mr. Ben Bathurst, Sr Edward Seymour, and Ld Westmoreland, but in all companies and in all places, and at all times, I am devoted ever wholly to my dear Polyhymnia.

OR.

<sup>1</sup> Marlborough.

## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dublin, April 26th, 1746.*

LAST Thursday the news of the defeat of the Hiland Army arrived here, which filled this Town so full of Joy that it was impossible for me to write to my Dear Lord; this day I have had Company with me from the moment I got out of Bed, till I returned home from the Play, which is past eleven o'clock. It was Garrick's benefit and last time of Acting. He gratefully acknowledges your recommendation to be the first motive of his success in this Kingdom, as you will see by the enclosed. He never knew you had been in London or he had attended you. Dr. Barry is doatingly fond of him, and I really think for his modest and proper behaviour, he deserves favour. So much for Publick Concerns, now for private matters. . . . You may be assured that I wish myself earnestly with you a thousand times a day, but it is too near twelve o'clock to dwell on the fullness and tenderness of my heart. I must conclude with my Account of Edmund, he has had a purging ever since landed but is now better. Dr. Barry sais it will do him good, he is rather thinner; Lucy runs all alone and is very well. I direct this to Oxford where you, Ld Boyle, and Dr. King have the best Wishes of my dearest Lord's truly affec<sup>te</sup> and obed<sup>t</sup> Wife,

M. ORRERY.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Dublin, April 30, 1746.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I take the opportunity of Mr. Garrick's going over to write to you, tho' I will not breath the fullness of my Heart for my distance from you, nor for any



other sad circumstance which has since happened. Our Separation and all other our Misfortunes are the imediat Will of an All Wise God. His Will be done. He is graciously pleased to bless us in each other and in our Children. Let this content us, and let us wait the Chains prepared for Englishmen with pateince and resignation. . . .

*Night, May 1st.*

I THIS moment received your Letter of the 25th and am surprised you had at that time no Account of our Safe Landing. Perhaps the Postmaster had not perused it sufficiently, for that of the 25th, as well as all your others, have been opened. The Seal which came with yours of that date I enclose, because I never saw the impression in your hands, and I fancy belongs to the People of the Post-Office. I have written so much this day that my hand is only able to add this night that Will Taylor is so extremely ill, that if a myracle does not preserve him, he must soon go off: he is grown childish, cries when his Wife contradicts him, his senses and memory quite impaired, his face Yellow, his eyes sharp, and his knees knock together with a kind of paraletick motion: Yet I doubt whether he may not recover to hold out for some time: Summer is coming on, and he has an annuity from you! I cannot write another line, therefore my dearest Lord, Adieu, and think of coming to Yr ever aff<sup>te</sup>, faithfull and obed<sup>t</sup> Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dublin, May 3rd, 1746.*

I DID not write to my dear Lord by Thursday's Post, having been that whole day employed in talking to Mr.

Purcell, and in writing as full an account as I was capable of the State of our Affairs.—I wrote till I thought it would have been too late for my Mesunger, and have almost tired both my Hand and Head: but weary as they are, my heart is never tired of enspiring both my hand and head to write to my Lælius, and I shall go on either till my Paper is full, or till the Postman rings at our door. This is the first day I have been at home since my Arrival at Mr. Marlowe's. My Aunt Hamilton and Mr. P. were our company. She is as well as ever, and really loves you, and joins with your other Friends here in earnestly wishing to see you. I dined Yesterday with Mrs. Phipps; they were extremely obliging, and I am deceived, or they are convinced you act with true regard to their interests; they both said many obliging things, and I believe they look upon you as a Man of Honour and Honesty, and tho' no doubt they wish that there had been no Executors, yet they were glad there was not another A. C. or K. Mrs. Phipps dropt one thing, that she thought you had a better opinion of one of the Executors than he deserved. I said that you knew all the Exec<sup>rs</sup> perfectly well, but that you found sivilty was the best and only Method to bring them to act for the benefit of the Trust, and in the manner that would be most agreeable to Mr. Phipps whose interest alone you consulted. They acknowledged that, and we parted the best Friends in the World. This day she was to see me, and when Edmund gets his new Coat, I will carry him and Lucy to see Master and Miss Phipps, for she expressed a great inclination to see the children. She most sadly regrets the loss of Buckingham House. Let me now give you an Account of what is dearer to you than even a fine Lady, the state of your Old Woman and Children's Healths. I will begin with my own: Dr. Barry has given me some Directions

which he assures me will render my Inside as strong as ever it was, since first I breathed Vital air, and that I shall eat and drink like Will Taylor formerly did, without being hurt or having recourse to Warm Water: I am certainly vastly better already. Lady Betty is taking his medicines, which he promises shall give her Roses in her Cheeks. Lucy requires nothing and is as vain of new Cloaths, and as fond of Beaux, as if she was fiveteen. Edmund has still a purging, but takes medicine, and will I hope soon be better, for his disorder is not violent. He is lively, but my being so little with him, has made him out of all rule; I talk of the Birch Trees of Caledon and fear I shall be forced to use them. Let me know if I may talk to Dr. Barry of what you are doing to Pliny. I could add a thousand things but am at end of my Paper. Adieu my d<sup>t</sup> Lord, and conclude me ever Your aff<sup>te</sup> and obed<sup>t</sup> Wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dublin, May 6, 1746.*

THIS Day, my dear Lord, I dined at Will Taylor's. He sat at the Table, but did not swallow a single bit of any Solid. Two glasses of Gelly in some very strong White Wine he drank, besides a large glass of White Wine. I belive he is dropsical by his Thirst and certainly it would be miraculous should he recover; yet they talk of going out of Town next week, and of going to bath from Egmont the latter end of this summer. I fancy he takes Drams, or at least strong drops in strong Wines, for his Bill for the latter Comodity amounted to twenty pounds for two months. Surprising it is to me, that you did not receive the account of our landing till the 29th of April: there was a delay of one Pacquet going



from hence by the Pacquet Boats being driven back, but that could not have retarded our Letters so long. There is in the Post Office either great Carelessness or great Vilany: or perhaps both. My Aunt Hamilton is vastly fond of the Children, and delighted with all their Words and Actions. She finds all the Beauties of Grandmothers, and Great Grandmothers for a thousand generations back in Lucy; and in Edmund all the spirit and courage of the Stuarts, Hamiltons, Seatons, Gordons, Murrys, Douglasses, etc. etc. whether Lowyal or Rebel, that have inhabited Hiland or Lowland, and could possibly give a drop of Blood to her Ancestors for these five thousand Years past. I found from Mr. Mincham that you had given the same Orders . . . as I had done. How glad I am when my sentiments agree with yours, but how far more glad should I be would your sentiments agree with mine in your coming over to Ireland, which I am convinced is the only method ever to bring this Lawsuit to any determination either by the course of Law or by Composition. Think not I speak by Prejudice, for I am convinced by Reason, and talking both to Purcell, and to Mr. M., that no other expedient will ever bring this matter to a desition. Were I your Friend alone this is the only Advice I could offer for your benefit, but as I am both your Wife and your Friend I must try to inforce it. I know your own aversion to this Kingdom, and you indeed know not the many bad Consequences, your Heast to quit Ireland has run you into: it was that which drove you into the many bad compositions with Badham. I know your Desire to finish Pliny is such that you will look on this proposal with dislike, but I am not for your imediate hastning away. Purcell told me that your Attendance here for about 6 or 8 Months, would give you the whole Term of the Year, and I firmly belive that time of close Attendance would give

the Suit almost a conclusion, and whichever way it went would make your Affairs vastly more easy than they are at present. I really believe that time spent over here would be of advantage at least 8 or 10 thousand pounds to you. . . . The Clock is on the Stroak of twelve, Adieu my dearest Lord, and believe tho' my Judgement may be mistaken my Heart is truly Yours.

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Thursday, May 9th, 1746.*

THIS morning I had company with me from before Breakfast till I went to dine at Mrs. Fitz-morice's (where we had a most splendid entertainment), to avoid a violent Rout I went to the Play, and to see Sheridan Act. Our Play was the Merchant of Venice. He played the Jew realy incomperably just and well. I left Lady Betty with Miss Doppings to see the Farce performed, and am quietly stolen home to write to my Lælius, to me a more agreable employment than any other diversion, for all, all are flat, and still I have an uneasiness and a dissatisfaction in every thing when you are not of the Party. come therefore to me: or at least deceive me and say you will come. No, do not deceive me, but come and help me to recover your dues from the Badhamites, help me to encrease your Estate, since you have a Son worthy to possess it when you are in a good old Age gathered to your People.

Now I speak of Mortality, perhaps next Pacquets may carry you an account of Will Taylor's death (I say only perhaps), for Mrs. Taylor was to have gone this day with me to the Play, but was so ill that she could not leave him. He must therefore be very ill, for she leaves him in such a state that it would be schocking in a friend to go abroad, and more in a Wife.

Edmund is quite recovered, Lucy very well. Jemmy Jackson is in Town. Mr. Purcell is busy soarting the old Papers which are in this House. Watt Goolde no less so in soarting those in his custody. I spoak to Mrs. Taylor to deliver to Mr. Purcell all the Papers in her husband's possession, but on her asking him whether he had any, his senses were so impaired as not to be able to inform her. She therefore sais, on her going down to Egmont, she will take care to deliver them as you shall order.

I fear I shall not get out of Town till the latter end of next weeke, this would give me vast uneasiness were it not my hopes of serving you and Lord Boyle that occaisons that detainence. those two motives will ever be the principal pleasure and the principal study of the life of, my dear Lord, Your truly affectionat and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Dublin, May 10, 1746.*

THE last Letter to my dear Lord said 'perhaps Will Taylor may be dead,' but you know Anenuitants never dye, he is therefore better, yet I think he cannot live long; Dr. Barry sais perhaps he may reach August. I belive his Wife and all the Family wish him dead, and were he a Hottingtot, without doubt they would convey his miserable Body to an old Hutt, and leave him to the mercy of the Wild Beasts. I fear I shall not get out of Town till Whit Monday. I this Night saw poor Mrs. Daley who is still miserable; indeed, sick, and ill-used by the Daughter she loves as usual. Would to God it was in your power to give her any Assistance. I likewise visited Mrs. Swift, the poor woman is extremely ill. I there



saw the venerable picture of the poor Dean of St. Patrick's: a fine Painter would have had a fine subject, but Bindon has made it very hard. I imagine the Dr. is again in possession of you at Oxford, and that this Epistle will attend you in that Sweet Retreat. You never tell me how far you have proceeded in Pliny, and when the first Volum will go to the Press. Pray let Dr. King know that I thank him for his Letter and Ld Boyle for his, but really I cannot answer either till I am settled at Caledon. Desire the Dr. if he has any business to be done at Law, that he will employ no other Soliciter than myself, for I am grown almost as furious a Lawyer as Mr. Phipps. Edmund etc. are in perfect Health, which as it is the principal happiness of my Life (on this side the water) shall be the conclusion of my Letter, for how can I make a better conclusion than by saying that I am my dearest Lord's truly affect<sup>te</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, May 22nd, 1746.*

MY DEAR LORD,—Yesterday Evening we arrived safe and well at this Place, accompanied by Miss Peggy Dopping. Amidst many agreeable circumstances, no doubt there were some melancholy: the loss of poor Mr. Pringle, etc., that were all never to return to us again. But above all, the want of my Lælius' being with us at our survey of the prodigious beauty and growth of the Trees planted by his own hands: it is scarce to be conceived the progress they have made both in hight and thickness of their Body. Like Lord Boyle they grow tall and fat at the same time, like him too their heads are richly adorned, only his is at the inside, and theirs

like most modern young Lords only ornamented of the outside of their Sculls. Another melancholy reflection was, the joy my Lælius first appeared to have on his coming to Caledon, nay even a superior joy that he express'd on his return hither the second year of our Marriage, when we met our Friend Taylor; and now to find how much he is resolved to see that once loved Place no more. These are unpleasing Reflections, but my natural gaiety of temperament will get the better of everything except my being absent from my dearest Lord, wh. till we meet must be to me a constant subject of discontent, and damp the joy of seeing this charming place made so charming by your hand. For without partiality to this Place, I never yet saw anything either so sweetly laid out, or any Place where the Trees flourished so finely. But as it is now near 12 o'Clock, and the Coachman is to carry away this letter early To-morrow morning, I must take my leave of my dearest Lord, assuring him that without his Company I can only be his half-blessed, tho' truly affect<sup>e</sup> and dutyfull Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, Satarday, May 24, 1746.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I this morning received yours of the 15 and 16 from Oxford, that of the latter date let me first answer. Alas I am not conscious of any single instance since our marriage wherein I have deserved the accusation of acting in any particular without consulting my judgement, my reason and my deliberation. if I had too good an opinion of my judgement, it has been caused by your asking my advice, and often acting by that advice. but from this moment till

the day of my death, I shall no more depend upon my own opinion, I shall no more presume to offer my advice, but make up what I am deficient, by an implicit obedience. command me when I am to return to you, I shall return.

Would to God you had never permitted me to leave you. I should have remained contented by my dear Lord's side. the state of health (I find by Dr. Barry I have been in for these many years past) would have carried me gently to my Grave, and I should have died in happiness in your Arms, in perfect peace to know I had left my Children with such a Father, and in the same manner I shall live, whatever sad calamities may and are likely to attend us, in perfect happiness in your Arms, nor is it in the power of any other being except God Almighty (who is too good to make his creatures miserable in this manner) to create the least coolness in our Affections, nor would any person in Ireland conduce the least particular towards so Devilish a worke. they most truly esteem you, nor, when you consider your own merit is it to be wondered at they should wish you here, is it not the same reasons which make your friends in England wish you stay where you are.

I now beg for God's sake that you will truly tell me wherein I have acted wrong, you ought out of tenderness to me to correct my erring judgement; you will never meet with a creature more willing to refform or more desirous to be set right.

While I write my Paper is all covered with my tears, forgive me, my Dear Lord, any actions during these eight years of our marriage which may have been either displeasing to you, or contrary to my Duty or your interest. Direct me for the future what I am to do: I shall accept these directions with thankfulness and obey all your commands with the



utmost pleasure. pittty my infermities and belive my Soul doats on you, and that all other pleasures of life I can eisily yeild to the superior satisfaction of pleasing my Dearest Lord.

As all who know this bad World must be, I am almost sick of the ingratitude and Vilainey of mankind, for I fear I have discovered that Pringle, our much lamented Pringle, thought only of making a fortune for his Family, out of our indulgence, kindness and estate. God Almighty forgive me if I judge wrongfully, but when I can clear up things better, I will inform you of many particulars which have surprized me.

The Children are all in health, next post I shall answer more fully your Letters, but at present I am too much discomposed to say any thing except that in what ever country we are, or what ever misfortunes may (and in all probability will attend us) I shall act only by your judgement and live and die, my Dear, most Dear, Lord's truly Affectionat faithfull and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, May 25th, 1746. Monday.*

MY DEAR LORD, . . . The event of the other Lawsuit we must leave to time, I hope it will not prove of any long continuance: and I am convinced when ever it is finished it will prove much to your benefit.

All things I entirely submit to your determination, both the time of my return and how I am to be disposed of at my return. everything appears in both these Kingdoms to have a most melancholy aspect. certainly it is so in Ireland, poverty and destress is seen in both the dress and looks of all the People, and it is incredible the dreadful alteration I find (for the worse) both at Dublin and in the

Country; a few years, if Affairs do not mend, must end in the utter ruing of Ireland, and probably a few years after England will fall. Greater people and greater states have felt these changes, and why should not the English.

My Spirits now begin to sink, which never failed before: I have now neither publick nor private hope: absence from my dearest Lord, and the thought of the uneasiness he suffers, with that absence are constant torments to me. But let me not talk to you at this rate, we shall meet, and that will restore a great degree of happiness to, my Dear Lord, your truly Affectionat and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

The Children are well, Edmund was this day wet to the skin as he was riding. my most true Affections attends Ld Boyle, Mr. Boyle and Dr. King. when I am more chearful I will write to them.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, May 31st, 1746. Saturday.*

THIS morning I received the most excesive joyfull news of my dearest Lælius's intention to visit Ireland. According to the best judgement God has given me, I realy think it is absolutely necessary at this time: but imagine not, my dearest Lord, that I will ever form a single wish that you should reside at Caledon a moment longer than either business or your inclinations ingage you. think not, that I would not much rather preffer struggling in a slow manner to retrieve our affairs: than endanger the least failure in the education of Lord Boyle or Mr. Boyle, and I can say with the utmost truth, that should in your absence any miscarriage happen

in their conduct, as the motion came from me, it would go near to break my heart. as they are so hopefull, and as I know the time of Life so dangerous, belive me I regard them as the persons who are to continue the virtues of my Lælius to posterity. I could not bear the reproaches of my own heart should they miscarry, but much more a single reproach from my Lælius.

When you are present you will perfectly judge what is advisable to be done. Colonel Jephson's arrival (as you will see by the Enclosed) and his declaring himself willing to be examined seem happy presages of as speedy a conclusion of the Lawsuit as it is possible at least of bringing the affair to publication.

My economy shall, please God, for the future be such as shall merit your approbation: to this end I think we had better order Bowen to discharge the Cook; who, tho' she be a good Servant, yet as she has been used to too wastefull a manner of Living, a new person in that station may be better.

Imagine not that I have ever in thought preffered either Friend, Relation, or, even what is far dearer, our Children to my Laelius in my Affections. for you I left them all without reluctance, for you I am ready to leave them again, nay, could you command me, for ever, yet this I hope and belive you never will do without it is my own fault, in this sad point of economy, for I belive (when you see the ill use Agents have made of trust and power) you will judge it proper to look personaly over their actions, as well as to continue your great indulgence to me of visiting my Relations, Friends and Country for five or six months in three or four years.

I am most throughly sensible and most highly indebted to my dearest Lord for that kind indulgence; witness heaven how thouroughly tender my sentiments are towards him,



witness heaven, I aime at no earthly consideration but preserving his Interests and meriting his Affection: these are my first, my chief consideration, next the love of my Children and of those of my Laelius, and after that I permit the regard to my Friends and your Caledon to take place. I likewise love Marston, as it is your favouret Mistress, and trust in God (if we live) we shall pass many happy days in that place. I dearly love my many valuable Friends which my Laelius has made me acquainted with in England, and nothing would be more disagreeable than to think of our having a long separation from them.

Thus have I given you the state of my heart, and I think I can safely say with St. Paul, before God I lie not.

I must now confess one folly and peice of extravagance I am guilty of, which I hope you will pardon, as I promiss I will transgress no more in this manner, I am reparing the damages committed by the waters in your charming workes by the Ford. It is raining very hard all this day, and almost frightnes me least a Flood should return and lay all even again, but the Farmers promiss that this Rain will make your rents better paid.

Agnew's Arears are very great, and I fear he is utterly unable to pay them. I belive you must take Norris's farm as part of them, at a most exceeding high price, but it is better to get that than nothing: which I doubt will be the case if he dies, and he is above eighty years of Age. besides it will prevent sad damages from a pack of begars who are his tenants, and who daily break in upon our Land, and also be of singular Service to Edmund, if it ever please God he resides at Caledon.

As soon as you let me know whether you will part with Mary the Cook, or have her come over, I will order my

Affairs in settling my Family, and have all things in the best order in my power for the reception of my Dearest Lord, and the thoughts of seeing you here renders my heart almost too joyfull—if it can be too joyfull to see its Love.

To God Almighty's good providence and the care of Dr. Mead I commit your health. I will do all in my power to get from this place a little money to forward your journey.

Will Taylor's death gives me some hopes of the infection going off in the fall of the Leaf.

Edmund is singing aloud. he oftens talks of Papa and quareled with Mrs. Lowry because she said he did not love you. Lucy talkes like a Parot, and is much improved in her feet.

I think the method Purcell takes will prevent any evil consequence from your permitting him to accept of Ld Kingston's Agency. Dr. Barry has given him some prescriptions, but I very much fear he will not be a long-lived man.

My head is tired with writing, but my heart will never be weary of admiring and loving my Laelius, of axcknoleding its gratatude for all his tenderness, all his indulgence, his pardoning my many slips so often repeated: and this most Affectionat proof of his Love in undertaking so long a Journey to come to the Arms of, my Dear Lord, Your most truly Affectionat and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

Goolde has given you an account of Crothy's death, he is gon to visit his friend Badham. whether he has done you justice in his examination we cannot divine, but if he has not, I make no doubt but by this time he sincerely wishes he had been both more upright and made better atonment for the frauds he has been concerned with Badham.

## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Monday, June 2nd, 1746.*

MY DEAR LORD,—This Epistle must not carry much of the overflowings of my heart either in Love or gratitude to you, for we are just going along with Mrs. Lowry and Miss Dopping to pay a visit to the Bishop of Clogher, Mrs. Lowry's Horses draw my Coach, it is now almost nine o'Clock and we are yet to breakfast. You will wonder who this Bishop of Clogher is, who we give ourselves the trouble to go so far to see, for, till I was at Dublin I was ignorant of his being our Neighbour. it is Dr. Clayton, your former Bp of Corke.

Edmund desires his d<sup>r</sup> Papa would bring him a little Gun from London. Luli is one of the happy few who have no desires, all mine are to see my d<sup>r</sup> Lord, and to be ever esteemed by him his most truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, June 4, 1746.*

WE went my dear Lord to the Bishop of Clogher,<sup>1</sup> where we found a very kind and obliging reception, and were most violently pressed to stay all night, but you know I love my own home, even when my Laelius is absent; how dear then must it be when he is present! Mrs. Clayton is I believe in a very bad state of health, yet nothing mortal only a high degree of Vapers and low spirits; happy are those who have not this most dreadful malady, on their own account, and

<sup>1</sup> Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, was a near relation of Lady Sundon.



happy on their husband's, for a man is to be pittied most thoroughly whose lot is fallen in hystillical ground. The Bishop really appeared to watch her Eyes, and rejoice at every bit she eat : he is exceeding tender of her, and I doubt their great discontent is the want of children : no doubt these little creatures vastly entwin life ; they afford in their Youth constant food for chearfulness, in their stage of life constant employment, and in their manhood they are the best Freinds and most agreeable Companions their Parents can have. We enjoy at the same time this treble benefit, and while the Elder are Companions the Younger are Delights. God Almighty grant we may during our lives keep both the companions and the playfellows he has been mercifully pleased to bestow on us. I have been led into this long degression by the great and only want there seemed to be of a young family at Clogher. For they have riches, honour, and prosperity, and is it not just that Providence should withhold some Blessings when He has in many other respects so largely bestowed. On us Heaven has poured the Contrary Happiness, and Time and industry may give affluence, at least while we are together it may give us Content. All the Works of the late Bishop are utterly condemned, and really it is hard to have two thousand pounds to pay while there is not one convenience near the House, and it is tumbling. The weather is so cold that we all sit by Fires, and surely our clymate is much changed, for I remember Summers which had more than one fortnight of hot weather and that has been exactly the portion we have enjoyed for some years past. Thank God Mr. Strong is dead, old Capt. Manson not able to go out, Gill Lowry from home, and the rest of our neighbours too far off to make visits, so I live quiet and unmolested ; my walks, my Children, and my domestick business take up all my time ; my dearest Lord all

my thoughts. We are soon to have Archdeacon Congrave down at Mellery. he is a very good man and grown more chearfull and more healthfull than usual. I do not know whether you would have any Port laid in, or think Claret is equally for the benefit of your Health, pray inform me in this particular, for it is much the dearest Article to me, and what I preffer far above the life of my dearest Lord's truly affe<sup>te</sup> and obedient wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Saturday, June the 7th, 1746.*

My dearest Lord's Letter wrote on his Lucy's birthday, is just arrived ; be assured I will do all in my power to regulate my Family as it ought to be and as shall be both pleasing to you and to the great point of overcoming our debts : and I hope you will find it on your arrival better regulated than (to my shame be it spoken) it has ever yet been.

Mary is a Servant entirely to my mind. when I mentioned discharging her, it was only from the thought of the expence of bringing her over and my consciousness that she knew too well my too easy temper. I will let her know that I am resolved to look narrowly into all things. I therefore beg she may be sent over as soon as possible.

I have by chance got a Maid who is as good a baker as ever I met with at no higher wages than four pounds a year and usefull in other particulars. I have got a laundress, and am in hopes washing at home will be far less expencive than abroad. our Family is and must be large, yet I hope we shall bring it within a narrow compass of expence.

Your Advice, your instructions and your directions have (to the best of knowledge) been the guide and the pleasure

of my Life: if ever there droped any reproaches from my tongue, again I earnestly beg your pardon for them, I am sure they never came from my heart, and I am certain I never did mean them as such, tho' the delicacy of your sentiments may have rendered them so to you. for the future I beg you will talk freely, and if my tounge should utter any thing that is displeasing, let me know what it is, and I will take care to avoid it as I should a viper, for we may very inoscently walk near a viper which might sting those we love best, without knowing we were so near so offensive a creature.

By Monday's Post I hope to send you an account whether I shall have a proper horse for you. I expect one to-morrow of the size of Rose, if she is strong enough for you, but till I have seen her I shall deffer giving my opinion.

I have been all this day endeavouring to compremize defferances between brother and Brother, and am as much tired with siting as Judge as Sr John Falsestaff would have been had Prince Hall bestowed on him that Post.

Next Monday I intend to assure Lord Boyle how much it will add to my great happiness of seeing my Laelius, to have his company at Caledon, where he will find his old admirer Balandine full of his praizes.

A Visit from Lord Boyle and you to Marston will give that part of the world universal satisfaction, and I hope be beneficial and agreable both to your health and interests in that Part of the World, and perhaps sooner than you expected finish the Lawsuit.

I think Herbert had better come with you, as we want a person under Evens, even for the little way we shall live in. I will write to Bowen next post, to send some Knives, forkes,



spoons and a few other necessary things which it is impossible to do without.

Edmund is at my knee desiring to write to his Papa, but my long administration of justice to the Tenants this morning must prevent him from dictating his Letter this Day, but he bids me say he is a good Boy, and Lali a good girl, Lady Betty very diligent and very obliging.—I am, my dearest Lord, your most truly Affectionat and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, June the 9th, 1746.*

I WAS in hopes this morning to have had a Letter from my dear Lord. cruel winds, who have not permitted me to hear from my Laelius either by Saturdays or Mondays Post. I must therefore live on the hopes of seeing his beloved hand on Thursday, telling his truly Affectionat Wife and his most faithfull Freind that her offences are forgiven, and her heedlessnesses and mismanagements forgotten. for till those glad tidings arrive, a heart which lives but on your smiles can never know peace. still, every Letter I write is dewed with my tears, but your coming to me will dry them up, and banish every sorrow, every discontent from your Laelia.

This morning I informed Mrs. Pringle that we really had not room for her in this House on your Arrival, for instid of finding her here alone with her Children sent to School, there was two for a constancy and sometimes four or five with her Servants: she might in her former manner have been of great use to me, but with this overgrown Family will only eat us up. I therefore hope by the beginning of July, they and Mr. Ellis (who is another incumbrance) will be removed.

I really think that Pringle took as much pains to remove us from this Place as he ought to have done to have made it acceptable to us, and that they began to think Caledon their own. We have suffered most severely by Agents already, both in Munster and the North ; let us therefore, whether your residence at Caledon be long or short, put it out of any Person's power to hurt us again ; but this will be most difficult to be done, and demands our most serious consideration.

I have got a Mare which I hope will fit you, she is rather taller and a little stronger than Rose, gentle as a Lamb, and trots full as easy as Rose, with a great deal of Spirit and very pretty. I think She will please you, but I am sure she will be very proper for Lord Boyle. tho' I would rather wish she might be acceptable to my Laelius, because I have a very pretty young creature for him of my own breed, but she is only three years old, yet I think when she gets more Age she will be a compleat Beauty. Charlotte (as I call your Mare) was given me by Mr. Gordon, he bought her in Northumberland. She is of the highest blood in England, he came from Scotland to visit his old Father, and in the way to Dublin called here ; he said, on my saying I wanted one for you, he has left a mare who would fit me at Downpatrick, and desired me to send for her, and when I saw her he would fix the Price : but on his going away he most genteely told Thomas Moor that he dare not offer her to me as a present in person, but that he begged I would accept her as such, and that he never would fix any rate on her. I must next look out for a pair of horses for your Post Chaise, which I hope to have ready for you at Dublin.

Let me know whether you will let me fly to Dublin to meet you, or remain here and wait with as much patience as Love is capable of, your most wished arrival. I shall in this

motion, as in all other of my Life, be entirely guided by your commands which to obey have ever been (to the best of my knowledge) both the delight and study of the Life of, my Dearest Lord, your truly Affectionat and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

I have road Charlotte, and she is for sure a Charmer. Alas, poor old Sothern gon at length. I write to his daughter by this Post.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Wednesday, June 11th, 1746.*

WERE I not sure that my Dearest Lord will not arrive here till the latter end of this month at soonest I should greive at our Longest days being past, for surely daylight is the greatest joy of the Country, and when once they are turned they very soon sensibly decrease.

Yesterday we were starving, this day we are broiling, surely if variety be agreeable, these Kingdoms afford us this pleasure in perfection. I hope at least the weather which attends my Laelius' steps is fine, tho' I know not in what part of England to fix your present Residence, sometimes I fancy you are at London, sometimes I imagine you at Oxford, nay, my Love sometimes makes me hope you are on your journey towards your Lelia, yet that I cannot expect, as this is the begining of June, not July.

An old House requires continual Repairs. I am forced to do something to this, but it shall only be just what is necessary to keep it up and make it habitable, not fit for you who have one so much better : when I look at its figure within and without I am conscious it is unworthy of you, and shall be almost ashamed to ask my Laelius to enter so poor a habitation.



Yet you have taken it like your Lelia for better for worse, and like her, tho' there are no outward beauties, yet you are pleased to love her, and I hope you will do the same by her House ; but alas, in one thing we differ very much, for, give you but money, and you may make this dwelling as fine as Chiswick, but all the money in the world will not make me either hansom or young: one thing I will promiss you, that I will never ask or hint at your staying here a single hour more than you shall be pleased to appoint, and that I shall follow you hence with the same good humour that I shall shew while I remain at this Place, and I have often heard you say that I was very good humoured.

Of all days in the Weeke I hate Wednesday. we are obliged to write and have received no Letters. We are impatient for the Post of to-morrow, and in constant expectation of answering some weighty command, or hearing some strange peice of News, yet perhaps when Thursday comes there are no Letters, but as I have had none since that day sevenight, surely I shall be blessed with a Letter from you, for your Letters are blessings and cordials to me. yet how impatiently I long to change the charming correspondant for the dear companion.

You love to hear something of your Children. Lady Betty, I sopose, speaks for herself. She is much with Miss Peggy Dopping, while I am at my Beareau, and the rest of the day either walking or working with us. Edmund is rambling, riding, fishing, laying in a vast stock of health but not one word of Learning. he is as hopefull a Country Squire as the Squire of Nunny, only, thank heaven, he has not got a single dog since our arrival, and is exceeding sober, never tastes a single drop of October, and realy drinks too little, for I can scarce get him to drink with his meat: but in the love of Liquor, Lucy makes amends for her Brother, she is as wild as Edmund, and

rides and walks as much as he does. Thus you see Health prevails at Caledon. I follow Dr. Barry's prescription exactly, and hope to overcome the long established disorder in my Stomach, whilst my Laelius pursues Dr. Mead's regimine, by which methods, I hope, like old Captain Hewart, we shall dance together at ninety-five, so that till that time you will continue to love and I to be my Dr Lord's truly Affect. and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Monday, June 16th, 1746.*

THIS morning I received my Dearest Lord's most kind letter of the 7th of June : belive me, every instance of tenderness towards your Lelia affects me more sensibly when I think I have in the most trivial point deserved your displeasure, it almost breaks my heart : but when I find you so easily and so generously pardon my offences, it fills that hart with so great an overflowing of thankfulness and gratitude that I can by no means express with either my tongue or pen : but be assured I will express it in the most noble, the best and the truest manner, which is, by amending what you are so good as to call my only fault (tho' I know I have many more) the want of through care for your Family. Yet my Dearest Love, think not that restraining to let me know my faults will be a thing desirable to your Lelia. Heaven has set you over me as my guide and instructor, freely tell me when and where I am wrong, and if I continue in eror, then the fault is mine : be assured I shall always receive your instructions with pleasure.

Tho' I wish for nothing so much as your presence, yet I would be sorry you were to leave Pliney. He is to transmit your name to posterity, and therefore in my opinion you

cannot give him too much attention. He is the Minerva of my Jupiter, the Son of your Head ; and it has ever been the opinion of the wise that we cannot be too carefull in our children's education ; stay with him until he is compleat, and let us comfort ourselves with these hopes that we shall never have another tedious separation.

I am not postively certain that I wrote to you the Post you had a Letter from Baker, but I am sure that I did not omit writing any other Day, nor will I fail to write every post till we again forget this long sepration in each others Arms. I will write to Baker, I belive he is a great Rogue, but a cuning Fellow.

The Affairs of P. I cannot yet make out : I had a Paper put into my hands with most horrid accusations against him which I know to be false, but some are certainly true. Besides, the great pains which I know he took to remove you from residing at Caledon, which gave him House, Gardens and Lands to dispose of at his Pleasure. when I see you here we shall have time enough to look into these Affairs, and I make no doubt (be our residence long or short) We shall leave things in a better and less expensive manner than we found them. Thomas Moor shall be my chief Manager, I can confide in him, and know he regards alone our interest. Mary the Cook's arrival will rid me of the present set of Idlers and dirty beasts. I am impatient till she comes.

I have written so much that I have not room to inform you how much I am charmed with the wild beauty of Benhur, and can only say all are well, my breast calm, full of love to my Dearest Lord, to whom I will ever remain a truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.



## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, June 23rd, 1746.*

I AM extremely glad my dear Lord diverts himself at Vauxhall ; tho' I receive a short Epistle from that Evening's Amusement, I cannot be so selfish as to wish you should deprive your Friends of your Company, even for a short time, when you are going to dedicate at least some months to me, when they must be totally deprived of your presence : but I trust in God Almighty that this journey will for ever prove to your benefit, tho' it takes you from the place and persons you love, first by putting our œconomy in a proper chanel, and next by finishing your Lawsuit. I will not speak anything of the beauty of your Garden till you see it. I had a Letter To-day from Mrs. French, in which she informs me the poor Dutchess of Devonshire<sup>1</sup> is gone mad, and sent up to London for Dr. Monroe's advice. I hope, if you can spare an hour, you will dedicate it to Lady Betty Spelman, who loves you. We have had great rains which have benefited the corn and grass, but done me great damage : the flood came on me on Saturday night, took away my Sods in a moment, threw down my Works, and put me in the same distress as the people in the days of Noah. Now I trust Neptune will extend his care over my Laelius, smooth every wave before and waft him to me oer gentle billows, for he knows I regard his safety more than my own, and that he is dearer than Life to his truly Aff<sup>te</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

<sup>1</sup> Catherine Hoskins, daughter and co-heir of J. Hoskins, and wife of William, 3rd Duke of Devonshire.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, June 25, 1746.*

I ALMOST doubt whether this Letter will reach my dear Lord's hand before he leaves London, but to whatever place it follows him, belive me it will bear the testimonys of a heart all of tenderness and gratitude, whose Prayers will attend you till you have passed this odious distance of sea and land that lies between us. Our rains have brought a sea into the field before the House ; but you must land at Dublin, and one of us must travel many a dusty mile before we meet. Well we *shall* meet and all will be Happiness. To-morrow we go to Pewella ; Mrs. Moore made me a Visit which I must return : her Lord is so much afflicted with gravel that he goes little abroad ; therefore I pay that visit before your arrival. You know how I hate going abroad ; I moan, and pity myself at least two days before I undertake any long expedition ; surely never were two people better mached in most things than we are, but particularly in the love of staying at Home. In this Article a King, who is in most respects a very reached Being is extremely happy, for He need pay no Visits. Mrs. French writes me word that Ld Kildare<sup>1</sup> is to remain with his mother till he goes over to be made happy, or perhaps miserable. I find that My Lady has consented to the match, but what else could she do ? He would have been happier married to Miss O'bryan, both for My Lady's and his own sake, but I am almost one of those silly women who belive Fate brings about marriage ; yet why should not Heaven interpose in the most material circumstance of our Lives ; at least I shall always

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Kildare married in February 1747, Emilia, daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and became successively Marquis of Kildare and Duke of Leinster.

think that Heaven took peculiar care in bringing my Laelius to me. May the same auspicious planet preside over Ld Boyle's Nuptials, and send him a Wife who will as thoroughly esteem his merit. You will find on your Arrival at Dublin fine Mrs. Phipps, and no doubt receive from Her and her Husband some tribute of civility, for the many kindnesses you have showed to her and her family. Edmund is come to tell me that the Post call for this; his message to you is as follows :—My dear Papa I beg that you will come some day or another and see me.—I am my dearest Lord, Yr truly Aff<sup>te</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Monday, June 30th, 1746.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I must not let the day pass by which gave me to my Laelius without praying to Heaven and testifying to him how earnestly I wish that this happy Union may never be broaken but with our mutual Lives, and that when we have seen our Children happily settled and past the snares of Youth, we may at the same moment resign our breath, and together take our flight to the joys of immortality.

I addressed my last Letter to Northampton, this to Sr W. Bagot's and my next to Sir Watking Williams; this must be short, for I expect Captain Maxwell's Family this moment, therefore adieu. Mrs. Lowry came into Breakfast, other people to do business after, and have left me only a moment to say all are well, and that I am eternally my Dr Lord's truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.



## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, July 7th, 1746.*

MANY are the fears least my dear Lord should be detained by these Trials and not have left London the third. I hope Thursday's Letters may clear up my doubts and bring me an assurance under your hand that Lord Chesterfield has obtained leave for your absence; however, I conclude that your three visits will detain you from your Lelia till near the twentieth; could I but know the day you will arrive at Newry I would fly towards that Place on the wings both of Love and impatience to meet you at Market Hill. You may if you bring your Post Chaise easily reach Dunlear the first night and on the second your own Mantion. Poor Thomas Moor cannot meet you at Dublin, but Evens shall.

Our Weather still continues wet and cold, which makes me imagine you will think your Post-Chaise most necessary in your Munster progress.

I imagine you will see our worthy Friend Sir Watkin Williams' three fine Seats, and also many an Honest uncorrupted Welsh heart, the honest blood which streams thro' both our veins, I imagine, derived from our Welsh Ancestors, and still imagine that I trace the noble spirit of these Antient Britons, mixed with the liberty-loving Romans, in my Laelius. they contemned wealth on dishonourable terms, servitude to the Saxons, and retired with their Liberty and their Poverty to the less rich tho' not less beautiful wilds of Wales; my Laelius rejects Court bribes and Court offers, and retires to poor tho' peacefull Shades. his Latin Friends will follow him hither, Virgil, Horace, Ovid and his own Pliny will attend his Steps, thro' shades, meads and groves whose sweetness may

even tempt Apolo to lave Parnassus : the nine fair Virgins are ready at his call. Homer and Sheakspere lay every scean of Nature open to his view, quiet will surround his head, whilst the rest of the world are filled with the spectacles of War, Blood, Cruelty, Malice and Revenge.

Thus you may sleep like don Quixot's enchanted Knights in ease and security, till the care of what so justly merits your chief regard, Lord Boyle's Education or Marriage, awakes you from this slumber ; we will then forsake the lives of Philosophers and take upon us the former state of the old Lord and Lady.

Edmund dines this day by himself at Mr. Lowry's, he goes with the utmost order to Dr. Balendine to say his Book, and has just got through the foundation that all other learning is built upon, the 24 Letters. Lucy gains strength, health and words every day, we are all well, and I remain my Dear Lord's Truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, July 12, 1746.*

THIS happy Letter will be perhaps one of the first objects which salutes my Dear Lord's Eyes on his arrival at Mr. Marlow's. o could your Laelia convey herself along with her paper it would give her three days more in her whole of life of through satisfaction, for when absent from her much Loved, much honoured Lord, she lives like a person who has—who has,—in short, who has their beloved Husband absent, for she can compare her uneasiness to nothing so unhappy. Since you do not bring your Post Chaise we will not be at the expense of buying Horses, if the news of this day be true our Rents will be again ill-paid, for it is said that the Rebellion is again

rising in Scotland, and that the Duke has been betten by the Hyland Army, who are not so sunk as all loyal Subjects wish these wicked Rebels were, the News report your Charles killed there and his troops routed, but others say he has beaten our troops. would to God Almighty this Affair may soon be over, and that this young Pretender and his adherents may meet with the fate they so justly merit.

I belive you will meet Mr. Dopping here, for a letter came directed for him this day, he said as soon as you came over he would pay his respects to you. his behaviour during my residence at Dublin was exceeding sivil and polite, and realy just as it should be. I am glad he chuses this time to come, as Miss Peggy is here, and as our family will be pretty full with Ld Boyle, when you will have less restraint on you than if you were alone.

Farewell, belive me almost the happiest creature in the world on the expectation of your coming, but not quite so till the arrival of my Dear Laelius, to whom I am a truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife.

M. ORRERY.

Lady Betty desires her Duty, &c., could Edmund and Lucy know their excelant Papa as well, they would do as much. but tho' below stairs they are very well and making a great noise.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, July 16, 1746.*

THE imagination that this Epistle will not find my Dr Lord at Dublin, but follow him to Caledon, makes me only write a few Lines, if he be in Town, that he may receive some small acknowledgement from his Laelia, smaller than a grain of



sand in comparison of the affection and gratitude of my heart, and that he may not be surprized if he sees his little Lucy's Arm in a sling, she got a fall, her Arm was so swelled that I fancied it had been out of joint, and sent for Dr. King, who assures me that it is neither so nor broaken, and that a few days will set it to rights, she is very well and the swelling much fallen, but I mention this least some other person should represent it to you in a frightfull manner.

Adieu, my Dearest Lord ; that all the blessings of heaven may attend you and Ld Boyle is the daily prayer of your truly Afft. and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, July 19th, 1746.*

THURSDAY'S Post brought me three Letters from my Dear Lord, one from Wynstay which informed me of your motions. I do not wonder that you should be detained longer than you at first proposed under so hospitable a Roof as that of Sr Watkins. I always have found great happiness in following your footsteps, but I shall attend them to no place with greater pleasure than to the House of these very worthy friends.

I wrote you word in my last that Lucy was fallen and was hurt, but thank God Almighty I can now tell you that she feels no other Malady from that hurt but black and blue, and a little weakness. Edmund grows tall and much more attentive to his Book, and in better order than he was. I told you in my last that I fancied that Epistle would follow you hither, but my hopes to see you make me sure you will have left Dublin before this will arrive thither ; and as Letters will be useless when we are together, I will not interrupt our conversation to express my joy on your arrival, and will with what

truth and sincerity remain my Dear Lord's most Affectionat and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, July 26th, 1746.*

WHILE my Dearest Lord is happy I can find no uneasiness but the want of his all chearing company, and can as willing as it is possible for a lover, resign him for a few days longer to so good a friend as Sr Watkin Williams: yet hope that this Epistle will be the last I shall have occasion to write till I am assured you are upon Irish Ground.

The violent disorder I found this Place in must occasion a good deal of expence to make it habitable, and to build a place for washing and baking in, having both these articles performed at home will save us 50*l* a year. If you on your coming here find us going on right and resolve to spend the winter here, a small alteration in the Stairs will give this house quite another appearance, and unworthy as it is of being blessed with my Laelius' presence, yet render it more tolerable.

I received a most axceptable Letter from poor Mr. Boyle. I cannot help wishing you had left orders for the Dear Boy to follow you during the Baltholmy holidays, he might have come in the stage and Bowen have brought him over, and returned with Ld Boyle, I confess I wish to see him and to indulge him in all things, because I know his desirs moderate and that he is a youth of as much virtue as any in England, and gives us the fairest prospect of being a great and good man.

I am a truly Affectionat and Obedient Wife.

M. ORRERY.

Lucy's Arm still gathers strength, both the Children enjoy perfect health.

## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Aug. 20th, 1746.*

ONCE more let me congratulate my Dear Lord on his safe arrival at Broghil, if your health be as good as my wishes for it, you neither at present, nor till above fourscore will have a moment's complaint, a moment's uneasiness, but will live like Nestor ; feasting with your sons after the destined fall of Troy, and rejoicing in your growing Grandsons and great grandsons youthful meriment.

I imagine you sit by good fires in Munster as we do in our Northern Region, no doubt you eat and drink, or see an abundance of meat and drink. Company you have in abundance, Sq's with blue Coats, red Weastcoats and Cocades in their Hats : no money in their Purses. . . .

Edmund reads as hard as might make a great Scholler, if continued for twenty years together. Lucy has since morning been very feverish, and has all the simptoms of teeth, by puting her hands in her Mouth, which makes me hope it is not the Fever among most of the poor People. do not be uneasy, for I trust in God she will soon be well, and since I have so severely suffered by teeth, I can never see the Children feverish without having fears for them. She will not leave me, and is now siting in my lap, and asked me whether I was writing to Papa, and desired her service to him and to ask him how he do? She will not let me write to Lord Boyle or add a word more but that I am my Dear Lord's truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.



## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, August 25, 1746.*

MY DEAR LORD,—There are many things in this World of which I am heartily tired, but of nothing so much as of writing Letters : to my Laelius they are only agreeable, but to all the rest of the world a Labour, yet I am obliged to Labour at so many every post that I must make those to my Laelius less long than they would be otherwise.

On Saturday morning as we sat quietly at breakfast, a Coach stoped at the Door, and up came Dr. Premium Madden, a tall, thin, wide mouthed Wife and two daughters, each of them fat and brown as Ma King ; I was forced to receive a multitude of Kisses and embraces with seeming joy, but ready to cry that I was obliged to desist from writing to you, and overseeing my Rustick Cascade. well, I walked and I talked them all round the Gardens, but judge of the intolerable length of a day from ten to five, seven long hours. however, as all evil and good will have an end, at last the horses were put too and they trooped away. o the blessing of a little House, o the comfort of not having a spare Bed. for they declare they generally stay a week or a fortnight at every visit.

Yesterday was St. Bartholomew's day, which gives poor Hammy liberty, how happy it would have made us had you brought him over to pass his Holidays in Caledon, but that is passed.

Lucy is again well, but till she has all her teeth I shall have constant cares on her account, tho' cares are what mankind are born to, and we must expect they will pursue us from the credle to the grave, all we can do is to make them sit as light upon us as it is possible.

Thomas Moor summonses my Letter. I can only add Edmund is well, and diligence itself, the Ladys (not I) say the Doctor makes him apply too close, but I really think it will render all future learning easy. Adieu, believe me most truly And Affectionatly my Dear Lord's most Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, August 30th, 1746.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I have got a Cold in my head and the toothach, for which I have clapt a blister behind my Ear, yet I fear nothing will remove this malady but drawing it, which I will certainly do if it rages till Monday, all the rest of this household are in perfect health.

You appear in high spirits at Limerick, and I hope will continue so during your residence at Broghill, which I also hope will prove agreeable to Lord Boyle. Your Post I find does not go to Charleville more than twice a weeke, which will only allow us to write two Letters instead of three, I long to have all writing over, and my wandering Ulises settled with his old Penelope.

When you have been some time at Caledon you will better judge how long you need confine yourself in the retirement of this place, be assured I shall not even form a wish that you should reside here a moment longer than your own inclination prompt you to stay. What is past cannot be recalled, we must do the best we can for the future.

So great a stupidity attends my disorder that I really am as long writing a line as at another time I could despatch a page, therefore excuse sending you an account of your Garden, your Cascade, or anything else. conclude me well where you

receive this Letter, which I will certainly be, either by warmth or drawing. you will, I am certain, conclude my heart is with you, and that I am my Dear Lord's most truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, Sept. 3<sup>ra</sup>, 1746*

THO' I direct this Letter to Broghill Castle, it is probable you will be flown to Corke before its arrival, and that it must again be claped into a dirty leather Bag and ride after you : to be with you I would be contented to be put into a dirty leather Bag and carried behind the post Boy after my dear Laelius : for we have been so long absent that we have lost the pleasure of the summer walkes, and now must pass the disagreeable time of the Year only amidst our Groves and Rivers. for realy winter is aproaching very fast. we sit three hours with Candles before supper, the laves lie in heaps under our feet. Yet, when by my Laeliuses side, even these naked prospects, the unleaved trees, and the snowy ground will afford more pleasure than walking amidst verdure and flowers without you. Yet, much as I wish your return, I do not expect to see you till the latter end of this month, and I hope you will bring Lord Boyle also to Caledon. You have an occasion to fear the danger of the Sea in so short a passage as lies between Dublin and Holly Head, and as I am confident your company will be more agreable to him than he can find anywhere else, so I am sure, during the vacation, being near you will prove more to his advantage than any other company he can possibly be in.

Lord and Lady Suffolk have carried poor Hammy into the Country to Charleton with them. this was extremely



kind, and I have written to return our thanks. Lady Andover is breeding, and Lady Suffolk has promised to attend her in London after X-mass : which will give her a fine opportunity of being relased from a Place she so sincerely hates : and really, to love Charleton must shew either a vile taste or the uncommon Virtue of patience.

The Duke of Beaufort desired Lady Suffolk to acquaint us that the Dutchess was safely delivered of a Child not likely to live, which I imagine signifies a dying Daughter. I wrote to congratulate him upon the Dutchesses safety.

Lucy is perfectly well, my toothach better, Edmund in health, our workes going on in a manner that will please you, but I will not pretend to describe them.

I am making the House tight and warm, ready for your residence of a long continuance. but as to that, I would not have you take any resolution : I shall chearfully stay or goe where my leading Star directs at a months warning : your own excelant judgement will best determine ; tho' I think you may, from partiality to so sweet a Place as Marston and so many excelant Friends as you have in England, be excused if you transgress the strictest rules of prudence to gratify yourself in visiting them ; one year will shew our loss or gain in remaining here. be assured I will do all in my power to retrieve me from former Erors, and to restore your Family to the only wanted blessing, an easy Fortune.

Adieu. I will be contented with one Line every post, just to say Lord Boyle and my Dearest Lord are in good health, which is the hegth of happyness to your truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Sept. 17th, 1746.*

THIS Letter will probably arrive in Dublin exactly one day before my Dear Lord, and on Monday I hope you will begin your journey towards your Northern Teretorys; where you will find rest from your fatigues, and a heart throughly happy in your company and conversation, of which it has been so long miserably deprived: but for the future I hope our seperations will be short, and a short seperation reasonable persons must often expect. may we never meet with that long and dreadfull one of death, but lie down at the same moment in the same grave to that quiet sleep and wake in the same uninterrupted Love to uninterrupted Life Everlasting.

The tooth Ach is a pain that alone conquers both my Spirits and Patience, but by taking Physick and wraping myself warm I soon got rid of that malady, and if my Laelius be well, have no complaint of either body or mind.

The Storm over, I trust blew away your pains; as to your fears of the Gout at this time of the year, I trust in one of my great Oracles Dr. Mead, they are not to be apprehended till Spring, and then perhaps they may be necessary to purge of worse humours and leave the blood refined like Wine after it has undergon formentation.

I have written to Doctor Barry and entreated him to hasten you hither, but in a Coach, as our weather is really cold, and may be wet. his Letter to You gives me sincere joy, as I look upon her with the same eyes as if she was my Sister; and to have a Sister disposed of to such a man, so wise, so learned and so good, I can be a judge how happy it must make her, because I know my own happiness in a Husband equal to

him in these particulars. I leave the matter of his writing to me wholly to your deliberation, but think that a Letter to me will be the best ground for my paving an easy way for his as well as my Dr Cousins mutual great fality.

To promote these Ladys welfare is what I look upon myself as bound too by the Laws of Gratitude, Friendship and Relation. their Parents took me, an almost Infant, guarded me from the many snares laid for me on all sides, brought both myself and fortune to what it is, and, to crown all, bestowed me on you. the only manner in which I can repay these debts, is by using my utmost means to place these Ladys in the only state wherin women can be safe from numberless inconveniences: and certainly thus disposed of she must possess every happiness her friends can wish.

I have yet got no answer whether my Aunt will come down with you, but I belive she will take it kindly to be Asked.

Edmund is an excelant Boy, as well as a good spellar, and to reward him he begs you will bring him a gun, or if Dublin does not afford such a plaything, some other toy, and to reward Luli for talking so often of Papa and bloting so much paper to him, pray bring her a boy and girl Baby. I am glad my paper is so near a period, or I should send for Ginger Bread with my name on it and a thousand motherlike triffls.

The Bishop of Clogher and Mrs. C[l]ayton are at Mr. Lowry's and I must make them a visit, and if they stay to-morer invite them to Dinner, but I belive they goe away for Dublin, where you may just see them if you are in Town on Sunday.

Adieu, I am my D<sup>r</sup> Lord's truly Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.



## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, July 13, 1748.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I live in the utmost impatience for To-morrow's Post in hopes of receiving the joyfull news of Mr. Boyle's safe arrival, for till I hear he is safe in your Arms, I shall enjoy no perfect peace of mind. God Almighty protect him, and grant that he may pass both thro' the dangers of the Seas, and all other the Storms, Rocks and Quicksands of this life with ease and safety. I wrote to you in much dust and dirt last post, but now I write in greater dust than ever; the Wall is falling down into Your Closet, and as the Wind is pretty high the lime blows about and fills our eyes, mouths and noses; every thing we eat is lime, all our drink is lime water, the vertue of the latter Mr. Stow intends to celebrate in as large a Volum as the Bishop does Tar-Water. I entreat you to ask—whether he perceived our scandal-loving Neighbour's disorder arises not from Water of any kind: O I do her wrong, for her comforters are in general called by the name of Waters. Our Weather still continues bad, cold, wet and windy; but we have hopes of better from the change of Moon, and Edmund is very busy preparing glasses for the Eclipse, but I am much afraid we shall not see the Sun's blessed face. Yesterday being the day after the Fair, there was little worke done; red nose Stow absent, John not busy, Joans inactive, scarce a man at the Hermitage, of which Place I can give no account, for I have not been there since my Laelius left his Paradize; but if the Weather is better this afternoon I will make it a Visit, and you shall know on Saturday whether the Fair has destroyed all the industry of the Weeke. When you are with Dr. Barry I wish you would

ask his Oppinion whether that pain you have complained of so much in your back be anything of the gravil or only wind. I confess I fear the former from your lying so much on Your sides, a posture which must heat your Kidneys extremely, and as you seldom lie less than twelve hours abed, and the Gout you formerly had, I realy apprehend some fixed Gravil occasions those pains. I wish if you mention this complaint to the Dr., you would ask him whether You might drink Spa Water regularly, which tho' it would perhaps give you a slight fit of the gout, would relive you from a worse evil. Consider my dearest Love, your health above all things, and as you have a Physicean who regards your wellfair entirely, think whether taking some slight Remedies from him, may not prevent that terrible attendant of Gouty Constitutions the Stone; and as I trust in God Almighty's mercy that you will live to Old Age, so I wish that this period of Life may be free from pain, and that with Ease, Happiness, Honour and Chearfulness, my Laelius may like Miss Lowry dance to his Grave, hand-in-hand with his sincerely Affect<sup>d</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

I beg you will make a visit to poor Aunt Osborn.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, July 16, 1748.*

My dearest Lord's Letter eased my Heart of a vast load of care, as I concealed from him the terour every blast of wind gave me on dear Mr. Boyle's account: and now it is over, to confess the truth I never suffered more uneasiness in my life, except when we were at Sea in the packet-boat, when my anxiety arose from the same motive, my being the first cause

of bringing my dear Lord and his family across that dangerous Element. But, as we evidently have found, the Providence of Almighty God has blessed us in our children, therefore in that mercy let us confide, which will be their best Guide and safest Conduct in the perils that attend Land and Water, and tho' Storms blow, and tempests threaten, yet His All-saving Hand will pluck them from all Danger. Lady Betty went on Thursday with Mrs. Maxwell to attend the Wedding which was to have been on Friday, when low! the Bridegroom was taken violently ill, and I doubt the marriage is to be for some time deffered. I have sent to enquire after his health. I enclose a Letter of consequence of some Law Affair; there are no others, but one from Milar's Servant in relation to your draught in favour of his master, which is laid up in Pliny as it relates to that Worke. My eyes are so much out of order by stayring at the Eclipse, which we saw in great perfection, that I shall not fill my paper as usual, but only say that I have hired an exceeding (as Joans sais) kitching Gardener at 8 pence per day, which is 4/ per week, or if he workes the year round £10 a year; not to lie, or diat, or come into the house, and if you approve of this bargain it shall continue, for realy the other Garden men did nothing, and it was impossible for Joans to attend this place and the Hill. Farewell my dearest Lord. All are well, and with impatience you are expected by your sincerely affect<sup>e</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

Mr. Close better, but Lady Betty writes me word she does not know on what day they will be married.



## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, July 17, 1748.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I received your two Letters: Your Study and Closet will be finished, the latter hung with paper and shelves in it before you return. The Eclipse we saw at Caledon in great perfection: there was seven eights of the Sun's body covered but still it remained very light. This brings to my mind a story of the Dean of St. Patrick, who was mounted on his Steeple to observe that Eclipse in the year /15. All the Town were assembled likewise into the Streets, and many hundreds near him. Swift got a speaking trumpet, and making three formal O Yes's proclaimed that the Dean of St. Patrick's had adjourned the Eclipse till that sennight, on which all the people returned home quietly and lost the Sight. Mrs. St. George is the most impertinent of the Molyneux family, wants to have her husband without parts or learning a Bishop, and because that this scheme has not succeeded, declares that She will not breed one of her Six Sons to the Church, since men of merit are so little regarded. I protest I am jealous of her claims on Your Heart, but hope the lovely variety of sundry others may divert your fixing entirely on Mrs. St. George's charms, and of consequence restore you faithfull to your old Penelope, who is as much beset with the noise of Hamers and various Workmen as the Spartan Queen was with the noise of her Lovers. I am much obliged to Ld Boyle for siting for his picture for me—pray order it to be handsome and picturesque. I shall be much disapointed if my Aunt Hamilton does not come, yet almost despare of her undertaking so long a journey. I am in high distress on poor Mary Cook's account, she was taken ill of a pluretick fever on

Saturday night. Mr. Boyd and Dr. King attend her. She has been twice blooded, and is to be blooded again this afternoon, tho' Dr. King has but slight hopes of her; as I value her much I am in great concern. The rest of the Family are well. The Weather is cold as it is so in Dublin; I fancy that the Judges will either dine or lie here on Tuesday, as Justice French goes our Circit. I must therefore goe and put my house in some Order; one Parlour is finished except the Grate. I am my dear<sup>t</sup> L<sup>d</sup> Y<sup>r</sup> sincerely Aff<sup>ct</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, July 20th, 1748.*

I WILL write my dearest Lord as long a Letter as my Time will permit, and give Him the History of Yesterday, and this Day's Transactions, nay, I will begin with Monday Evening at Six O'Clock, at which Houre Dr. Clarke and the Archdeacon sent me word they would drink tea with me. I was busy with several people and a thousand things: Oh, said I, what shall I do; tell Him for Heaven sake I am gone to the Lodge, get tea, get tea, and I will goe to the Archdeacon's and lament my missing him. After my tea, away I went with Pilkington to look out Ash for chairs; on my return I went to the Hill which was making Pepermint Water for my Laelius, saw it all going on very well, and went from thence to the Archdeacon's where I was told Dr. Clarke had first waited for tea, and after that was over, intended to go to the Lodge, but on debating the matter judged it to cold and therefore sat down before the fire. Well, said he, have you seen the Verses written by Mr. I forget his Name—O it is Rab—on Castle Dillon? No, said I, on which he read them, and has promised

me a copy. It seems he has got two kisses from Miss Mina and represents the Lady and the Sceane in a merry light. Tuesday morning the Archdeacon and Doctor came to Breakfast ; He drank Coffee and eat hot Rowls immoderately ; I then got him out to the Haymakers and Cascade, but after declaring it was too cold and damp, and that upon his troath I should kill both myself and those who walked with me, he bid me Good-morrow. After his Departure I began to put my House in order for the Judges, Mr. Justice French and Mr. Justice Ward, whom I had sent Evans to envite with a Letter desiring them to come to this House rather than to the Inn ; and at four o'Clock Evans returned puffing and important, with the News that My Lords the Judges would be here at seven o'Clock at farthest. Well before seven beds were sheeted, supper ordered and all in order and the Judges arrived. We drank tea, Dr. Clark and the Archdeacon were envited to Supper, which came on the Table at nine. At the Upper End was boiled Chickings, which as soon as Dr. Clark had tasted, he declared upon his conscience that the sauce was admirable, how was it made ? Quoth I, you shall have the receipt ; he thanked me with a fine bow and as fine a smile. Well after Supper the Doctor talked so long that the Judges imagined themselves either on the Bench, or at Sermon, and began to nod. Quoth I, Dr. Clarke, I fancy your Post-Chaise is come, and if it be you shall goe away, for you forget that the Judges must goe a journey To-morrow. O Heavens that is true, so up he got after being envited to breakfast at the Lodge To-morrow morning. Wednesday, tho' the Day was bad, resolved I was that they should see my Laeliuses charming Works, and into Coaches and Post-Chaises we got before nine o'Clock. Dr. Clarke regaled with Chocolate, tea, and coffee, and stuffed with hot rols and butter. Mr.



Warde who is a great improver, and an agreeable well-bred man, as well as Mr. French were charmed with the Lodge ; commended the proportions of the Room ; but they declared they would not have lost the sight of the Hermitage and Island on any Consideration. They were in rapturs, and Mr. Warde offered to get for you several rock-work and curious Stones from the Sea-coast on which he lives, and that you may command all his Garden contains. He has promised to visit us in his next Circute, and I belive you will be pleased with his Acquaintance. They left me at eleven o'Clock, since which time I have had people of business who have only left me time to write as fast as I can to my dear Lord, to whom I am a sincerely Aff<sup>te</sup> and obidient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

All are well. I hope Mr. Boyle is with you : Lady Betty is still at Mrs. Maxwell's. No Wedding yet.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, Janry. 8th, 1751.*

WEDNESDAY at least, of our three Weekly Post Days, for writing to my Dearest Lord, allows us the greatest leisure to chuse our Subjects, and if my neighbour Maxwell be so kind as to keep at home, I may in quiet reasume my Pen, and run thro' the rest of your most agreeable Observations on Dr. Swift's writings.

There is one thing which I wonder it did not strike me before, and I much more wonder it escaped your juditious eye. It is in your Second Letter wherein you have the following words, '*his Uncle Godwin Swift had fallen into a kind of lethargy or dotage which deprived him by degrees of his*

*‘ Speech and memory ; and rendered him totally incapable of being  
‘ of the least service to his family and friends :’* : a case so similar to that of poor Dr. Swift that we might almost imagine there was something hereditary in that dreadful disorder which first attacked the Uncle then the Nephew, and reduced them both to the melancholy state you so well describe in the same Letter, that of one of Swift’s own Struldbruggs.

I think (for I am really not quite certain) I carried my pen thro’ your Letters to the end of *Guliver’s Travels*, and I esteem myself to be now running thro’ the 16th Letter. Swift’s bitterness against the Presbyterians I am confident did a great deal of harm in keeping up that Spirit of division amongst us, so unworthy in X-tians, and sowing dislike in the breast of one honest man to another honest man. This I know by myself, till your superior reasoning made me look upon all prejudice as unjust, a great folly, and indeed a great wickedness. I held both Presbyterian and Roman Chatholick in the utmost abhorance. I never considered that not having been educated in the same Church made difference only in point of faith, but I esteemed Presbyterians not what I know many of them are, men of sense, learning, and honesty, but as cunning, designing, canting, ignorant hypocrits, and for Roman Catholicks, I thought every one of them held a knife at my throat, and tho’ amongst others of their Principals I must ever condemn the persecuting Spirit of the latter, yet I have so far got the better of these wrong prejudices as to see the merit of persons in both these sects, and to pray to God Almighty that he will be pleased mercifully to break down the middle wall of partition between us.

The compliment you make to Ireland is extremely Elegant and Polite, and you do it great justice in saying it is much improved, and as there is room for very great improvement, I

hope in eighteen more years, you will see it yet vastly higher improved than it has hitherto been.

Your copy of verses which concludes this Letter, I have (even before I knew and loved you) esteemed as one of the most compleat commendatory Poems that I have ever read.

The 17th Letter has in it two of the most glorious Paragraphs I have ever read, the first by Swift, the second by yourself, both of which I shall insert. That by Swift is as follows: 'A Spirit of Liberty is suffused thro all these writings, and that the Author is an enemy to tyranny and oppression in any shape whatever.'

Your words are these: 'Throughout the course of these Letters I have freely pointed out to you all his Faults, but I beg you to remember that with all those faults he was above corruption, a virtue in itself sufficient to cover a multitude of human failings, since from that virtue alone can flow prosperity to the commonwealth.'

The next observation you make is a fine but melancholy reflexion that ever since Ambition and the desire of more than we possess was introduced into the world, which no doubt was very early, it has and ever will be the case in all states. but on party matter I had certainly better stop the career of my pen. I am apt to speak truth, and I will therefore end this Letter with the old Proverb that truth is not to be spoken at all times. Yet I cannot help wishing that truth might be as openly declared even into the laws of Princes, and that they would be as well pleased to hear it as you will be to hear me; say that I am, with great truth, my Dear Lord, your Affe<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.



## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Augt. 3rd, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—An Affair has given me some uneasiness, the Bishop of Bristol has sent for the elder Mrs. Gannycliff, and the good old people cannot be deprived of both their children together, therefore our Mrs. Gannycliff cannot goe with Lucy. She is so well principaled a woman that it greives me extremely. Lucy's education I can undertake myself in all particulars but in French and writing. There is a neice of Lantals who is perfect mistress of French by every rule of gramer, and I have ever held it of opinion that to learn in any other manner is only time thrown away. this girl I belive we might have, but then she is very aquard and ignorant of all but the French Language, but perfectly good and very ugly. The french women such as Mrs. Dance do not speak french correctly, and know nothing of gramar. this Girl is humble, and perhaps in a year or two might perfect the two Children in french, and if we are to be mostly (as I suppose and hope we shall) at Marston, with my care of the girl and yours of the boy, I realy think she would do better than a finer Madamisell. but before I mention anything in this particular to any body else I wait your commands.

The weather is horrid bad, my head Achs, and these winds rumble all over the little body of, my Dearest Lord, your ever faithfull, Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Augt. 7, 1751.*

MY DEAR LORD,—The bad weather still continues, and realy I do not know what will become of this country if it

continues, we have got home all the hay near the river, but it wants Sun and fair weather to make it a good dish for the King,<sup>1</sup> who is so good to his Lady that he licks her hand and eats her bread every night.

I wish I could write something to entertain you, but alas, I am quite without entertaining Subjects, and my poor head is so heavy and Achs so much that I am realy quite stupid, not that I am sick, but I eate too much Rasberrys last night, and you know I always pay for transgretions of that soart. besides, so many of the Tenants come in and interupt me that I almost lose my patience, and after I try to compose their quarels for an hour, I am forced to declare if they do not abide by my commands, their Cows shall be sent to the Pound.

Adieu, my Dearest Lord, I must realy lay down my Pen, my heart sends to you its most tender Love, and I am ever your Affe<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, August 12th, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I have been all this morning soart-ing out of above a hundred old Shillings and Sixpences which were lately found in a Bog: Enclosed the List, and the Person to whom they belong will let me have them at a little above Value; if therefore there are any or all of them that you would have, they shall be got for you, and sent by the first safe hand. They are pretty well preserved, tho' some are bad enough, but the Elisabeth Sixpences are realy (I think) curious, because I never saw so manny of different dates together. Dr. Barry has consented that Lucy shall come to

<sup>1</sup> King Nobby, a favourite horse of Lord Orrery.

Caledon, therefore on Friday I trust in God to embrace my Children, and could I share their embraces with yours how happy should I be: but that we must leave to Heaven's All-wise disposition when we shall meet; and should you ever goe abroad as you seem to hint, to that great benefit for so very worthy a Son, I resign my principal Happiness, and I should pay a bad compliment to him or to you, to preffer my own Falicity to his Intrest. And I confess I think a journey across the Alps, or at least through France would make him compleate. So long I have been soarting Coyns that Dinner is on the Table and I must conclude. Ever Your aff<sup>e</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

Pray make Hughs return me an answer as to Burke's enquiry if you have votes in the County of Wexford. And what Progress the Gunings have made with Lord Coventry.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Sept. 18, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—As it is impossible for me to proceed in any Business till I receive an answer from you I will dedicate this Epistle to idle Tattle, and in the first place say we have at last got good weather. The Sun shines, the Day is warm, and the Flood gone. It gives me very singular Pleasure to learn that Lord Bolingbroke is in a recovering way: I beg to hear further particulars of his Wellfair, for surely of all Men he is the most thoroly an Honour to England; at least a thousand years hence, the then impartial World will allow his merit to its full extent. I belive I repeat in this letter what I said before of the Gunings that I realy



fancy Lord Coventry will marry Molly. Why not as well as a certain Earl<sup>1</sup> of this Kingdom, intending to have married that pretty unhappy girl, whose charms when I saw her lying on her deathbed, I thought would have rendered so foolish an action excusable, and had she behaved herself with even Guning prudence poor Clemency had certainly if not lived, at least dyed a Countess. The Bishop of Derry is gone to Dublin but not our Road. The Bishop of Clogher is to be here next week, to return to Drums and City gaieties. The Archdeacon is going to Town in a few Days, and all the Clergy of Ireland hastning to pay their Court to His Grace of Dorset: how little such Attendance is regarded we may guess, but the Consequence we are to ourselves is one of the many Nothings which constitutes the Happiness of Life. The Poysoning Lady is one of the most melancholy Affairs I ever heard of; what can her unhappy Father do (for the News papers said he was not dead). Can he prosecute his own Child? Justice demands it at his hands, but parental affection would almost wish her medicine had taken effect and that he had been past hearing her shame or feeling her unkindness. My pen is very bad, my paper almost at an end, and I shall only further say, Lucy and Edmund are well, just gone to ride, and I shall follow them as soon as I have convayed my best affections to Mr. Boyle and subscribed myself my dearest Lord's ever affect<sup>e</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Sept. 21st, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I received three Letters from Hughs last Thursday with the account of your being in good

<sup>1</sup> Presumably the Earl of Anglesey.

health, which ever makes me happy, for, distant as we are, and perhaps may be for some time, my whole felicity depends upon the wellfair of my Dr Lord, and it makes me happy to find you diverted with the Tibbalds, Cowbridges, and Robinghood disputations, but I shall long to know how Cowbridge maintained the dignity of an Orator, and what soart of Place and persons the Club consists of, for here we are quite ignorant of this matter.

I have no affairs of moment to treat of, and may proceed to say his Grace of Dorset is landed at Dublin from Hollyhead, he has outstriped his Dutchess by coming thro' Wales. I am amaized her Grace did not chuse a longer land journey and a shorter sea voyage, considering the eminent danger she was in formerly in the Irish Seas.

The Bishops and all the Clergy are going to Dublin to offer up adoration to his Grace, in my walkes I see Coaches, Chaises, and horsemen crossing the bridge of Caledon, who goes there? say I. the constant reply is, the Bishop or Dean or Archdeacon, or Doctor going to Dublin, and on Tuesday for this purpose Clogher etc., are to be here, that day I am to bid adieu to Edmund and my poor Gannycliff. she is a worthy girl, and it gives me real concern that she cannot continue about Lucy, but Mrs. Fox, Mr. Latuals neice, has an excelant Character from Miss Copes where she lived some time, and appears a modest good girl and understands French extremely well by rules of gramer, which few women do that are about young Ladys.

I suppose Dick Boyle is before this time returned from Lord Burlingtons, and that you have seen him, pray let me know whether you have yet seen Harry Boyle, who I suppose is reserved beyond measure betwen the Spaniard and the Boyle, but, like the Boyle and Spaniard, amiable and agreable when acquainted.

I shall long to hear with what success Mossop has been received by the Town, and on what terms Garrick has engaged him. pray let Hughs acquaint me with these particulars, and with the fate of Guning, for I will only impose answers of business to the hands of my Dearest Lord, to whom I am ever an Affectionat and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Sept. 30th, 1751.*

MY DEAR LORD,—Before Bowen left London, he delivered a Watch, packed up and directed to be forwarded to me by Mr. Wallis; this he left with Hughs, who I wonder much did not send it, as he does not often omit such things; I therefore desire it may be sent by the first Opportunity, directed to Marlow to be forwarded to me. You must expect a very dull Letter, as I am very sick with eating too many Bergamit Pears, and drinking Asses milk: but living a day or two on Chicking Broth, and abstaining from my dear Pears will make me well again. I must now give you an account of Edmund's Philosophy. While he was here, Mr. Close and Mr. Maxwell both brought their Hounds, two or three times to hunt, and I remember'd how Ld Boyle was permitted to take the same Diversion at Edmund's age; besides I have always observed that being restrained in anything innocent in itself enclines Mankind to grow extremely fond of that prohibited pleasure. Therefore I suffered him to hunt, and the last hunting morning, when he returned home really delighted with his sport, told him that to Town he must goe the next morning, wh. I had conceal'd from him for fear it should trouble him, but that I was sure he would preffer being



a good Scholar above all things, that at Westm<sup>r</sup> there never was allowed more Hollydays at Bartlemy tide than he had had, and we must keep strictly to Westm<sup>r</sup> Rules. He said he was very satisfied since it was your, and my pleasure, then left me, and desired Mrs. Fox to goe into the Garden and dig with him, for, said he, I will endeavour to divert myself that I may behave like a man, but do not tell Lucy for she will cry, and then I shall not be able to keep from crying. Thus he behaved like a little Heroe, till the next morning when he complained that his eyes were sore and apt to water, he whistled and sang at the same time tears stole silently down his cheeks, but Miss Barry writes me word they had a merry journey, and he was extremely well last Saturday. Lucy is very good—reads french as well as English, tho' she does not understand what she sais; but that will come in time; she pronounces perfectly well and is very quick in all kinds of learning. Thus have I given you quite a nursery tale, but consider I am sick and obliged to sit by the fire with a cup of chicking broth before me. Nat Barry is gone to Dick Boyle who is at Bristol very far from well, for which I am much concerned both on the Speaker's and on his own Account. I find the Dutchess of Bolton is dead—will the D. marry Polly Peachum? I hear Miss Butler is certainly marry'd to Jack St. Leger. Were ever the two children of two Mothers better matched! I am to my dearest Lord ever an affec<sup>te</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1751.*

I AM much better this Day, my dear Lord, by having staid quiet at home, taken Rhubarb, as I eat only Chicking Broth, and am again beginning my Course of Asses milk, which I shall take constantly to render me strong for the Winter, because I now percieve the aproaches of Age by a thousand Signs, and am so honest as to confess a Woman just forty, is not so able to walk, to ride or to bear fatigue as at five-and-twenty. I confess these particulars give me more Sorrow to part with, than any other advantage of Youth, for my mind is active, and my body would gladly follow my mind in all the fatigues it used to undergo at twenty, when I used to rise at break of Day, read and worke till the Sun had warmed the Air, then ride a lively trotter seven or eight miles, and on my return home find my good old Aunt and Uncle, as Ld Boyle would now find us, at nine o'clock breakfast, wakened not so refreshed as formerly I used to be at five. But as the old Proverb saith, we had our Time, and now the Young will have theirs. We shall some years hence fall into a profound Sleep, and waken again Young never to grow Old; You will have no Gout, I no weak Stomach, we shall fly unencumbered with these loaded Bodys, on wings from one Hill of Joy to another. It will be very delightful surely to be able to transport ourselves in a moment (for I wave all better and more sublime thoughts of another World) and fancy shall only carry me to visit the Stars; as we shall have been once purified by fire, no doubt our then Bodys will be incapable of being burned, of consequence we may goe up to the Sun without being even put into a Swet by its beams; we may

drive thro' the Seas without being wet, but may make friendships with the Angels of Venus, and envite them to pass some time on the Earth. In short we should be more happy than Adam in Paradise, and yet we are strangely loath to fall into the Sleep which must bring us to the Glorious Waking, and we are by very great Trifles tempted to act in such a manner as, when we fall into this long Sleep, to wish never to waken again. But I must break off to tell you a thing I heard last Night. Plunket the Highwayman who was at Glasslough and in the Co: of Monaghan all last Winter, boasted that he was the person who cut your Portmanteau from behind your Post Chaise, as he drank in one of the Publick House of Glaslough.<sup>1</sup> He is now it is said Out of the Kingdom, and in all probability, if returned to England, will be pursuing his trade as he calls it, following his Friend Mr. Clane up Tyburn Road. Lucy presents her Duty; she has Ballendine's instruction in Writing and Accounts since poor Gannycliffe's departure. I am, my dear Lord, ever Your Affec<sup>te</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Oct. 9, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I will now endeavour to fill a whole sheet of Paper—but alas! what Materials have I for even one Page, nothing but endless Love and Sentiments full of Affection, which can alone be aqueeled by your own, and every time you think on me, imagine I am thinking on you exactly with the same Tenderness. This is a charming Day, and last Night the first we passed without rain; but we had a very smart

<sup>1</sup> Glaslough, 'Greenlake' in English. *Glas* being the Vernacular for green, as *Knock* is for hill.



Frost, which appears too visibly on the poor Beech Trees who have changed their green for golden Heads; the Oaks too, like a Beauty in decay who begins to get a few grey hairs, have a good many brown leaves mingled with their native colour, and winter comes on apace. Mr. Burnet however has almost convinced me that in less than three hundred Years this Earth is to have a Renovation, and that the Saints are to reign here a thousand Years; but then I doubt neither You nor I shall be of this glorious Tribe, for I hope we shall not be Martyrs, and I am sure we are not Saints, therefore we must be contented to lie in our Graves about twelve hundred Years before our little Bodys and Souls meet again, and if my Soul be but permitted to wait on your Soul in the next World, I shall be very well contented without its joyneing my Body. But now laying Body and Soul apart I must begin to talk on your Worke which is so soon to appear, tho' I must first ramble a little more: yet only for a moment, just to say in the General Conflagration, I shall only lament all books being burned. Homer, Plato, Milton, Virgil, Sheakspere, Orrery all must goe. Indeed I am very sorry, for I think they are worthy to be the Studys of even glorified Spirits, because their Sentiments are noble, good, generous and virtuous. The Title you give the Book I have never heard, and of consequence cannot speake of it to you with propriety, but be it what it will, let me know either thro' Yourself or Hughs, whether You will not send me some Setts bound as the last, to give amongst our mutual Friends; I would also beg a sett or two of the second edition of your Pliny. Mr. Moore is come down for two or three days to his Father who is to sign some papers, and I think I had better send you by him those various Elizabeth coyns, as I never saw so great a variety in my Life, and really pretty plaine. If you have the same you may oblige some

other person by giving them your Duplicates, and they in return will send you some others you may want of the same kind, verifying the words, 'give and it shall be given.'

Lucy is just returned from riding, and desires her Duty to her Papa. I am, my dear Lord, ever y<sup>r</sup> very aff<sup>te</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Oct. 16, 1751.*

THE only News I can send my dear Lord this Day is that Mrs. Bannerman, wife of Mr. Geo. B<sup>n</sup> of Armagh, was last Night safely delivered of a Son and Heir at Mrs. Pringle's at Caledon, to the great joy of all that Family, and that on Monday Night George Purey, one of your Tenants, by main force and violence ran away with a most beautifull young Damisel, as she was returning from Caledon Fair, and I have sent the trusty Jack with my Authority, to assure him if he does not restore the Maid, I will prosecute him as far as the Law will goe. He has these two days carried her like a Sack of Corn from one cupple-Beggar<sup>1</sup> to another, but the valiant Maid still persists in refusing; he now has carried her to a place where all things are to be dreaded, Longford's Grin near Clogher, but if Jack gets time enough to her before she has given a fatal consent, I hope to recover this fair Helena, as I did her sister some years agoe. Yesterday was a charming Day; this is not so fine, but it is fair tho' cold, and till these last eight or ten days, we realy had so bad a Season that we were in great apprehension of almost all the poor people's Harvist being lost and spoiled; and as it is I fear, before this time twelvemonth they will suffer extremely, both in their own

<sup>1</sup> The cant name for needy clergymen willing to perform hurried marriages without licence, etc.

provision and that of their Cattle; both will be forced to eat unwholesome food, and of consequence both will be liable to unwholesome disorders. The Plague rages at Constantinople, God Almighty keep it from spreading in Europe; the same Malady still continues among the horned Cattle, and young Mr. Moore told me that he never was so much surprised in His Life, as in traveling thro' Yorkshire, and those parts of England which used to be covered with black Cattle, that you now scarce see a beast. All the Land Wast. You cannot imagine how agreeable my solitary Life is both to me and to Lucy; and I confess what others call dull, I should prefer to all Company in the World except Yours. You shall hear the manner in which we pass our time: We rise about nine, breakfast, and then Lucy performs the part of our Chaplin and reads Prayers; her French and writing employ her while I write Letters; we then either walk or she rides, or we goe to the Island till Dinner; then we walk again if the Day be fair, and when it grows dark we read, worke, play till tea-time, then read, worke and play till nine, then she reads Prayers again. Lucy goes supperless to bed, and I read her to sleep; at twelve I silently follow her to bed, where in Dreams I always meet my dearest Lord, to whom, sleeping or waking, I ever remain a very affect<sup>e</sup>, faithfull and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, November 6th, 1751.*

ENCLOSED, my dearest Lord, you will receive two Letters, either to burn or to forward, when you have read, franked and sealed them, and considered my motive for writing them, which is as follows: Last Post I received a Letter from Lady Suffolk, very kind, but saying tho' she laughed at the follow-



ing Report, she thought it her Duty to ask me the Truth, that she might the better contradict *that You and I were parted*. I gave her the most sollem Assurance that so far from that, we have ever lived together in Love and Freindship, and that we had but one Heart, one Soul, one Will. But as such maliticious Scandel must probably have come to the ears of your other Freinds, I wrote these two Letters, which I enclose, for you to do with them as you please. I was in hopes tattle and lies had been confined to Dublin, but to my Astonishment find that you are only mentioned there with the highest Encomiums due to your Merit; and I mentioned as a very happy Woman in haveing the Honour to be your Wife; and our mutual Affection, and the Affection are ever mentioned as our principal Happiness. As long as it is so in reality let us not regard the Malice of envious People; it is a tribute Merit must pay to little minds; Pliny has made you known, your Fame rises hourly, Envy must try to give some uneasy moments to make some balance. But let us not regard them; let us when Marston is ready, the Sea smooth, the Roads better, and the days longer than at present, meet with such perfect Love as must make pale Envy still more, and at Marston bury ourselves so close as even ill-nature can not be a Spectator of our Happiness. I trust in God this will not vex you, tho' I fancy you have heard the Report before; for my part it shall not disturb my quiet, as I know your Heart and myne most sincerely joyned in all respects. Lucy is well, I will not let her answer her dear Papa's Letter, as she writes from Coper-Plate, and writing from bad copys of Ballandine may spoill her Hand.—I am, my dearest Lord, in spight of Malice, Envy and the Devil, ever Your most beloved, and most loving and faithfull Wife,

M. ORRERY.

## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Nov. 11th, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—Yesterday I had at Dinner with me Shand, Ballindine, the Fat Widow Pringle, and Mr. Ambrose and his Lady Fair; we had some excelant Scotch mutton, a side of venison, sent me by our gratefull Friend Stewart, and some Woodcocks, Ducks, etc., of Truss Brown's killing, who is now your game keeper. while all tongues were silent, all teeth engaged, we heard, to our great surprize, a huge trampling of horses. I thought the King was coming with his whole Court from Orrery hill to eat some Apple Pye. but in this first thought I was doubtfull, because my ears were struck with a great gingling, such as I have not heard since Old Thomond and his Chariot quited this world for the next, I will not say for a better or a worse. At length six Horses aproached, which, had they worn Horns, I should have taken for the time of Pharoah, and slowly followed the ringing veicle, a Chariot *for sure* (as old Marquis De M used to say), the twin brother of that of Thomonds. We staired. Ambrose, Shand, and Fat Pringle toddled to the side Table where sat before Mrs. Fox. Bell and Ellin Maxwell followed, but the great Ballindine kept his Post. At length entered the law-loving Dame, Madam Mervan, accompanied by Mrs. Keans, a scorbutick fat Lady and the Daughter of the former Miss Edwards, a great Fortune that ought to be, but so entangled in Lawsuits that without she marrys Billy Goolde, she will only have her Beauty to trust to, and indeed that is singular, for she resembles in her face a Turkey which the Cats had knawed. *We rose up and kissed them*, sat down and ate and drank, and as soon as dinner was over these three

Ladys packed into their ringing equipage and set forward to Armage, where they are to leave this tender Nymph, to set forward in the Stage to-morrow for Dublin to seek a husband, and the Mother and fat Friend return to Augher, I hope not at our time of dining, for, had not Stewart sent me veneson, we should have been most comfortably set in your dressing room (where we live) on some Chicking and Mutton, the only thing either my young Ladys or I ever tast. o yess, I beg the good Beef of Old England's pardon, we eat England's rost Beef, and what should I have done with these People. But thank Heaven, they are gon, and this adventure has served to fill almost a Letter, which will answer my end by making my Dear Lord smile.

On Saturday I received a Book you sent me by Mr. Leslie. I read it all that night, and am sure, by the stile it is written in, poor old Doctor Mead is a most exceeding good and virtous Man, let his enemies say what they please to the contrary. I imagine by your Name written in it, that it is you I am to thanke for it, not Dr. Mead or Dr. Stack.

It is now past twelve o'Clock, and the Letters are not come in; if they bring anything material I shall add a suppliment to this, if not, let me here conclude, my Dearest Lord, your very affectionate and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

Lucy is very well. Mrs. Fox has had the Chicking Pox, of consequence all the last week has been Holydays to Lucy from French, but this weeke she hopes to make up loss of time by hard study, but she must not write, which greives her, as she cannot answer your Letter.



## LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Nov. 16, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I recived a short letter from you last Post which made me easy. . . . With your short Letter came two long ones from Hughes which I will answer next Post, and for this one, only say a few Words, for the Letters came in this morning, just after I had drank my Spa Water, and I think the Joy they gave me at hearing the great Aplause your two Workes have met with, made the Spa fly into my Head so violently that I am giddy as one at Sea. I shall only say I received your long Letter and shall duly answer Parts in it. First that Mr. Dopping has had a relapse, I doubt it will encrease as the Moon grows towards the full. Lord have mercy upon him for his Family's sake, and either recover him or take him out of this World. I long beyond all Things for Swift's Life and hope to have it next week. Who is Miss Blandy's Capt. C—n? I hope she will find no Favour. I have some Dublin Ticketts; Lucy and Edmund one each, and am resigned if it please God to send all Blanks. I am sorry your Eyes have been ill; bathe them 3 or 4 times a day in plain cold Water—if you could dip your Face as I do, you would find prodigious benefit. I sent Mr. Boyle's shirts and hope by this time he has got them, but all our affairs are tedious, yet at last I trust God Almighty will make them prosperous. If you have not given one of your New Workes to the D. of Dorset, shall Edmund wait on him with one, when those you are sending me arrive? and one to Ld George?<sup>1</sup> I wish you would send a list to whom I shall give them here. I will send you truly my Opinion of all Your Swift contains of

<sup>1</sup> Lord George Sackville, son of the Duke of Dorset.

Beauties, when I see it, for which I am impatient. Edmund told you no Doubt, the reception he met with at the D. of Dorset, I had only an Account that he had been there, but belive he is much delighted. If that wretched Serving-Woman was first seduced by Dopping, and has been his and only his, I think his Family should maintain her, and if she apply'd to Dr. Barry, I really believe he would advise them so to do. Had I been so unfortunate as to have married a Rake, I should have looked upon myself as obliged to have provided for any Woman by him undon, if he would not, as she might live in an honest way. Nay, I should think myself bound to do so for his, or my own, Sons, to maintain and keep a Wretch from Infamy, and their children in the same manner, and surely a Sister is bound to do the same thing.—I thought to have written only a line and have gone on thus far, but almost fear you will be unable to read the giddy writing of my dear Lord Your ever affect<sup>e</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Novbr. 20, 1751.*

I HAVE, my Dear Lord, gon thro' your *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Swift* with most extreme delight, but I must say I rid post thro' this Book and have not yet had leisure to admire its several beautys. I will read it again and again, with my pen in my hand, and point out those places which strike my imagination the most sensibly.

The mention of your Father is much to his honour; and as the Worke is in the Familier Epistolary way, comes in with great propriety. The cruel dart thrown at you has been averted by a heavenly hand, and certainly this stroke has been beneficial to the world, by being the



*Dr. Jonathan Swift*



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M. ORRERY

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

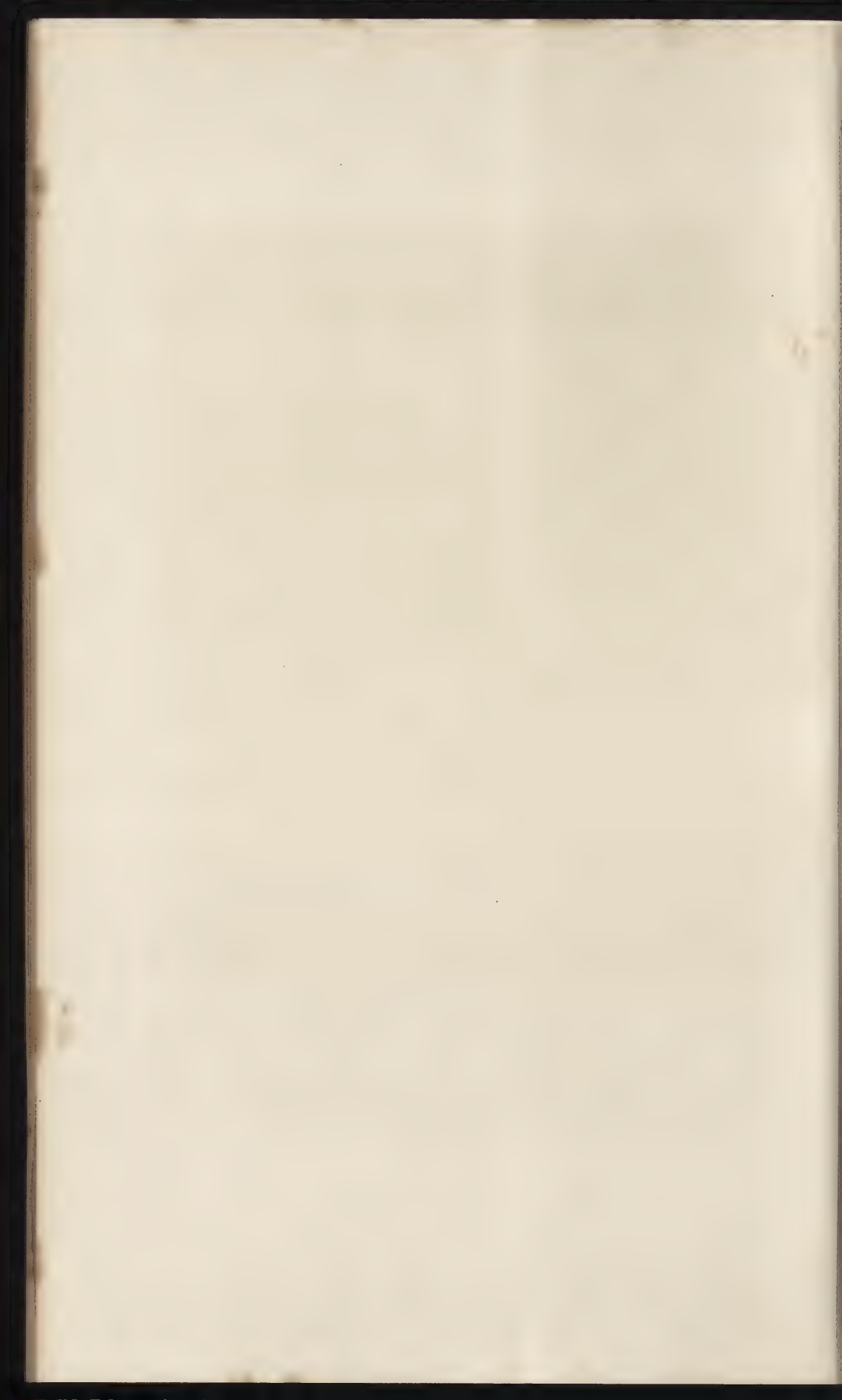
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*Dr. Jonathan Swift.*





occasion which forced your modest and reserved nature to shew the world that tho' a Library was left from you, Books had ever been your favourite amusement, that you both had and could make use of Books. And I think I can justify your Father by a Line from your own Pliny :

‘If they excite me to a closer persuit of my Studys, they do well.’

Your Paternal tenderness to your two Sons is extremely effecting ; they indeed both merit all the Affection a Father can bestow upon these two excelant young men, and I trust in God Almighty's goodness and Mercy to us both, that they will not only continue to repay you back every action of Love and Duty, as they have hitherto done, but answer your utmost expectations in making shining figures in their Country, and answer my expectations in treading exactly in your Steps both in their persuit of Learning and Knowledge, and in all the Social Dutys of Life as the best of Husbands, Parents and Friends.

Your conjecture in regard to Horace and Virgil I should have relished extremely had you not thrown in so much Latin, but your compliment to Barry is both kind and genteel, and realy what he merits in every particular. But I cannot pardon you as to my Elizabeth, and as this was a constant topick on which I endeavoured to bring you over to my opinion, that she had no fault but disimulation, I must rather Pray than hope for your conversion. Surely you might have paid some compliments to the Manes of my Plantaginets, my Edwards and my Henrys, nor should you in that Letter have omited mentioning Trajan, and the present King of Prusia. The only two Crowned heads (except my Elizabeth) who appear to have bent their whole mind to make their People happy. I wish you would add

something of this kind to your second Edition. You see I do not presume to advise, I only wish.

Thus have I hurried thro your new performance ; and I shall now congratulate you on the great success your writings have received from the Publick. And tho we are scarce allowed to be fond of fame for ourselves, we may be permitted to be delighted with the applause given to our Husbands and Friends. And I must add that, as your Fame encreases, I am the more desirous to have our tedious business finished on this side the water, that when I have executed the material affairs you have committed to my care in Ireland, I may have the pleasure of placing on your head the crown of laurel you so well deserve, and in person by every act of Duty and Love, testifying how much I am, my dearest Lord, your very affectionat and obedient wife,

M. ORRERY.

As this is the eve of our son Edmund's birth, I must congratulate you on his entering into his tenth year, and add my wishes to Heaven that he may prove as valuable a Son to you as his two Brothers. Lucy is very well.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Nov. 30th, 1751.*

THIS day I received three Letters from my Dearest Lord and three from Hughs, all most acceptable to me, because you appear to be in good health and spirits, in the first place, which is the principal concern of my life, and in the second place because they bring me accounts of your encreasing Fame, which is the next dearest consideration of my Life. I always was convinced you only wanted to be known

to be admired as a writer, and would you but open your mouth in the house of Lords you would be admired as an Orator as much as you have been as an Author. I do not wish you to go the furious lengths of Party, nor to set up for a high Patriot; I only wish you to speak in the debates with the strength and energy you are Master off in your usual humain manner without bitterness against King and Ministers of State, but like a truly honest man, for the service of your Country. This is your time, the Fame you have got already will make all the Ears attentive to hear you. for God's sake do not let slip an opportunity which so fairly offers. Fortune often throws in our way these lucky occasions to some to encrease their Wealth, but that to you heaven appears to deny: to others to raise their Characters, this appears to be your portion. Take therefore this portion, which will be more durable than even had the blind goddess losed into your lap the ten thousand Prize: and as the Session of Parliament is just began, open those Lips on which Eloquence dwells *and be no more dumb*. Your Pliny spoke even in worse times than we have ever yet known. He began to plead for his Country in the reign of a Domitian, he rose to the dignitys he merited in the reign of a Trajan. Speak then in the present times (such as they are) and goe on in your Countrys service, tho I am sure we shall never see a Trajan.

Millar's second Edition of *Rem. &c.* I this day received, the letter is very neat, the head piece of Swift very soft; who graved it? I like it better than Falkners. I have not had my Book in my possession one moment since I wrote last to goe through the Letters with my Pen in my hand. I wish earnestly you would mention those to whome I shall send those you have sent to me. One for myself and eight for other Persons. I will write to Millar when I get an answer



from Falkner to a Letter I this day wrote to him. Falkner informs me never Book sold so well that he printed, nor never Book was so much commended and approved of in Dublin.

Mr. Moore, I belive is by this time gon to England, and Mr. Boyle's shirts. I shall carry him with my own hands some table Linnen, and must wait till I goe to Dublin to chuse Mrs. Garrick's Delph.

My Health is as usual, all well but my Stomach, which, by only eating quite plain meat is not worse than it has been for these twenty years past, sometimes it is so much out of order as to give me violent headachs, but not more than formerly, and I belive it will hold out till fourscore; since it has not killed me at forty.

Edmund deserves all you can say of him. Lucy is not behind him in merit. She reads French as well and fast as a French woman, and will soon understand it. The Duke of Dorset had company with him when Edmund was with him, his visit was therefore short. he asked him but a few questions and hoped soon to see him again. My Letter is so full I have scarce room to subscribe myself, my dearest Lord, your very Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

I wish you good success, but fear your Ticketts will appear Blank.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Decbr. 7th, 1751.*

MY DEAR LORD,—The 5th Letter begins with Swift's return to Ireland in 1713, the aversion of the Chapter of St. Patricks to him, and of the whole body of the people

of Dublin. but here we find the exact same instance of popular aversion and applause given to Swift, that we have since beheld given to persons who as your Letter ends, are too near our own times to speake off with truth. But I may say that as the Affection of the people of Ireland to Swift was founded on reason, so the aversion of England and Ireland to their former Idol has as solid a foundation.

We come in the sixth Letter to examine his workes. we have buried a good English Queen, who certainly intended the Wellfair of England, and had her head been blessed like her predecessor Elizabeth with a through desernment of Mankind, she would have made as great a figure as ever prince did who filled the English Throne. The glory and advantage of England and England alone, was her sole view. But Favourite Ladys, Treasurers, and Generals prevented the blessings which would have flowed from so excelant an English Heart on an English People. And therefore here we must leave the good Queen Ann, whoes character will rise some ages hence, when this and the next generation are no more. They shall then judge as impartially of this excelant Queen as we do of our Edwards and Henrys.

Your critical observations on his writings, which begin in this sixth Epistle, are most pleasing and instructive, they have no fault but that they are too short. for here the observations are so just, and the stile so harmonious, that it is impossible not to be angry with you every Letter you end, only because you have ended. and yet I think no Pen but your own could add another word to what you have said on each Subject.

The great regularity of his Life, constantly measured by his Watch, plainly shewed his mind to be uneasy, and I doubt he said with the Isralites, *in the evening would God it*

*were morning, and in the morning would God it were Evening,* for certainly those that are at ease will sometimes say *what have we to do with Hours.* and tho there is a great fault in forgetting time and regularity too much, and in hurrying life away, yet an agreeable forgetfulness sometimes can be no fault, and I belive no happy person is ever without this unbending of the Soul.

The second Volum of Swift's Workes is certainly the most amusing of all his Workes. his compliments to Stella very pleasing and testify his affection to her. but his Poem to Vanessa the most perfect in its kind that I have ever read, and merits all you have said in its commendation. Tho' Vanessa was very unfortunate, she does not stir up one sentiment of Pity for her hard fate in our breast, whereas no Eye can read the misfortunes of Stella without a tear.

Your observation that tho' he sometimes appears indescent yet there is much wisdom in even his dirty Dressing Room, is certainly right, and I make no doubt has been of service to many a fair Lady, and as all women wish to be thought Goddesses, why should we take it ill to see what is disagreeable set in so strong and striking light as may make us avoid it. And thus I will finish my remarks upon your eight Letter, and as nothing has happened worth your attention in or about Caledon I need only add we are well, and that I am, my Dearest Lord, your very Affectionat and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Dec. 9th, 1751.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—Enclosed I send you a most obliging Letter from the Dutchess of Beaufort in answer to that you



transmitted to her. Alas! what a miserable Life does the Duke of Beaufort lead, to be continually tortured with the Gout not in the least of his own acquisition: surely Parents would leave their Children even vastly preferable blessings to honours and riches, to transmit to them sound constitutions, for how can this poor Duke enjoy all his opulence in pain? I am really grieved every time I think how much he suffers, and that these sufferings will in all probability be transmitted down to his posterity. I think it would be a good rule for every third or fourth generation of a great family, to marry, like the De-Coverlys, Maud the Milkmaid, in hopes of restoring good flesh and blood instead of great flesh and blood in their families.

I will not touch on Swift this day, only to say the papers Hughs sent me gave me great pleasure, except in the severity against marriage, and I could instance a thousand great men married, for those who died Batchelors. and all who were not wived were oppressed by a domineering Misstress, ten times worse than a Wife.

It will be well for the c—— and w—— if Prince William recovers. I have made some reflections on his illness which, if I had many children, would keep me from being partial to one, and otherwise to my eldest Son.

Hughs sais there were four Irish Packetts due, which was perhaps the reason I did not get a grant of Edmund's company for the X-mass Holydays, but I have taken the liberty to send for him. I think I may say, being confident, since I am at a distance from my principal happiness your company, that you will permit me to have this second blessing, the company of my Boy. Particularly as he loses no time while he is with me, for Mrs. Fox does not let him omit one french lesson, nor Mrs. Gannycliff (who comes with him for his idle time) one

English. the Country does his health service, and he returns to school perfectly contented. therefore as I before said, I ventured to send for him, and on Friday I shall meet him at Armagh.

All are well, the weather mending. I hope Mr. Boyle has got his shirts. I am, my Dearest Lord, your very Aff<sup>t</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Dec. 10th, 1751.*

MY DEAR LORD,—At length I have got again into my possession your *Remarks &c.*, and am just going to give them a carefull reading. I begin on Sunday Evening, and have sent Lucy and all the house to play while I examined with great delight this work which has charmed every person who has read this Book.

The beginning of the first Letter, which we may call the introductory occasion of your publishing the Book, contains a high proof of Paternal affection. you had publickly testified your tenderness and care in forming Lord Boyle on the Plan of an Illustrious Antient: you point out to your no less deserving Son Hamilton, many things which must contribute to his improvement even from the faults of Dr. Swift, particularly one most usefull Lesson, tho' you do not exatly lay a stress theron, but leave your Son like the Bee, to colect Hony from the Flowers you lay before him. what I mean is this, that *Swift's views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that disappointment had a visible effect upon all his actions.* What proper observations both your Sons may draw from this, as they are both just entering upon the Theatre of this world. yourself suffered by early disappointment

both in your Health and Fortune. you suffered severely for the Disappointments your Father had undergon, and indeed there are few minds have Philosophy sufficient to bear frequent disappointments, even tho' we draw them upon ourselves by wrong placed ambition or any other motive ; we cannot receive without being visibly chagreaned in our tempers. therefore no doubt young persons cannot be too often cautioned to get the better of this child of Pride, and submitting to the will of Almighty God (from whome all things immedeatly proceed) with chearfullness and resignation, which may be so pleasing in the sight of God as to send a blessing infinitely more for our happiness than the particular thing would have been on which we had so strongly fixed our inclinations.

The latter Part of this first Letter contains an entertaining Naritive of Dr. Swift's Birth and Education, which is much to be commended for the short manner in which so dry a subject is comprehended, as well as the agreable manner in which it is told.

In the second Letter, what you have said on Stella is so full, that I cannot even make one observation, but only drop a Tear on the Ashes of so valuable a woman so cruelly treated. Yet I must mention one reflection, which, tho' it occurs to a Mother, will not these twenty years enter into Mr. Boyle's head. That it is a dangerous thing for a young man to converse much with a young woman of Beauty, Sense or merit, if she be not a proper and sensible wife for them in all particulars, for it generally ends in mutual Love, often in a foolish marriage, and always in repentance.

The third Letter is a lively description of Dr. Swift's desappointments during the reign of King William. I do not wonder that a Duch Prince should not distinguish the merit and wit of an English man, sufficiently as to provide for him



on that account. But that a King should break his word, ought to surprize everybody, yet Swift was used to breach of Royal words from William, down to the promise of the medals.

The fourth Letter opens a new and more entertaining Sceane than any of the former, yet still filled with fals promises from the great. Swift must have (with his strong passions) experienced during the thirteen years of Queen Ann's reign, all the hopes, fears and vexations of an ambitious disappointed Man, and I am confident must have concluded with Solomon that *All was vanity and vexation of Spirit*.

I wish my paper was larger, that I might not leave of with so mortifying a sentence ; but had Solomon lived with one wife quietly, and had had sons like Lord and Mr. Boyle, I think he would have acknowledged there was happiness, and that you may long enjoy happiness with these sons is the sincere wish, my D<sup>r</sup> Lord, of your Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Caledon, Tyrone, December 16th, 1751.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I have more Leisure To-day than I was allow'd last Post therefore I will return to our Freind Swift, and goe thro' as many of his Writings along with you, as my Sheet of Paper will contain. You have in your ninth and tenth Letters done justice to the Poetical performances of D. Swift, by the Commendations you bestow on these Poems which are worthy the reading and approbation of all Persons of tast, nay of all who have Ears to hear, and you have made us find Beauties even in his most trifling performances, by saying they far exceeded any Verse on the same kind of Subjects. The

Account of his Female Senate composed chiefly of Old Ladyes must surprise many fine Gentlemen who do not regard venerable Matrons, and may lead us to a comparison between the Female companions of the Dean of St. P. and those of Anacreon. Swift represents his Ladys as Daphnes, the Greek crowns his Favourets with beauties and Roses, and perhaps after all the Ladys of both Poets had all the strong passions of other Women. The eleventh Letter is the melancholy Account of D. Swift's loss of sense. All your Reflections are so just and so religious that they must please all Persons who reflect upon the Time which is approaching to us all, when Death shall disincumber us from such Bodys as can by the decay they undergo extinguish so superior a Soul. Your Observations on the Travels of Gulliver are full of Justice, Wit and Spirit, and I must return you my Thanks for your justification of Cæsar whose fall I must Lament, while I acknowledge it more fortunate for his Glory than any Event that could have happened to him; for I question whether even the first of men would not have grown giddy with Power. Queen Elizabeth died also in the most fortunate Period imaginable. Her last Speech to her Parliament, testified her mind as undecayed as her first, when She declared her People were both her Husband and Children. She was about to fall into the infirmities of Old Age in private Life as a Woman, and she could not have guarded against those infirmities appearing soon after in Publick as a Queen. If I shut my Eyes I can fancy Elizabeth admitted into (not the Christian but) the Heathen Paradise. What a Contention would there be among the illustrious Dead who shall have this glorious Queen for his Wife! Would it be a Sin to bring Solomon, Cæsar, Henri IV. of France, Pope Sextus Quintus, Prince Henry Plantagenet (V.), Anthony even from Cleopatra, the

Black Prince and Oliver Cromwell. Elizabeth will not take Solomon because he is wiser than herself. She would have preferred the Black Prince as an English Heroe, only she is his Grandaughter ; she coquets a little with the Pope and the two Henrys, kicks Oliver to Tartarus, and accepts the hand of Cæsar ?

I awake from my Dream, and will put an end to this Letter by subscribing Myself to my dearest Lord, an Aff<sup>te</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Decr. 23, 1751.*

THERE are, my Dear Lord, no Packetts this Day, nor no Letters of any Consequence to answer, therefore as my pen is uningaged by Busyness, I have more leisure to write on your Remarks on Swift. I have got by the Carrier at last that Book you sent me by Falkner, and find the ink blacker and the paper whiter than in many of his Books, and altogether better than the Dublin Edition. I have hitherto found nothing but Beauties in the Worke, I must now discover an Error, w<sup>h</sup> entirely arose from your having quoted by memory in your Remarks. Page 155 are these words, ‘Gulliver has given to Brutus five companions, Jun Brutus, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the Censor, and Sir Tho<sup>s</sup> Moore’ ; then follows Page 167 a degression relating to *Cato the Censor*, very just in itself, but on looking into Swift’s Works, you will find the Person mentioned by Swift in this Sextumvirate to be *Cato the Younger*. So great a mistake I think really you had better mention in this third Edition now printing, to prevent other Cavilers from first finding out the Inadvertency. I was so



possessed with my Observation about Cato that I began with that rather than lamenting poor Ld Bolingbroke's Death. The World has not his equal left, yet surely he has died in a happy time as to himself; far advanced in the decline of Life, yet not so far as to obscure any of the great faculties of his mind. A great Felicity w<sup>h</sup> must appear still a greater Felicity to every Person who reads your account of D. Swift's dreadfull close of Life. I shall long to know in what manner Ld B.'s writings are to be disposed off; to whose care He has left the inspection of those inestimable Treasures, w<sup>h</sup> are much more valuable than his Fortune—that, I suppose, was in his own Pow'r as it came mostly by his Mother. I think all the Freinds of Swift, except those acquired in Ireland (amongst whom I recon yourself) are now dead, for we may say Mr. Poulteney died in Lord Bath. But what is infinitely more lamentable than the death of the great men within these last twenty years, we see no young men of Genius rising to supply their places. This is indeed a Subject to be bewailed. Edmund is just now in from riding with Cheeks as healthfull as a Farmer's Son. He and Lucy join in their Duty; and I am my dearest Lord y<sup>r</sup> v<sup>y</sup> aff<sup>te</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, Janry. 6th, 1752.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I wrote a good many Letters last night in hopes of being able to goe on with Swift this day, and writing to Garrick. but a horrid head Ach will not possibly allow me to goe thro this worke, indeed, I belive it was occasioned by reading so much of *Amelia* last night till it was very late, which I have finished, but cannot say it has given me equal pleasure with *Tom Jones* or *Joaseph Andrews*. it certainly

is his own history, the Love part foolishly fond *beneath the dignity of a man*. *Amelia* vastly good, but a little silly. I think she is dead many years in reality. the Prison and Baliff Sceans very well. the Catastrophy of recovering their fortune unnatural. *Amelia's* conduct in carrying her Children to *my Lord* foolish and indiscreet. Mrs. Atkison's character neither uniform nor natural, the only good stroke in it making so learned a lady also a drunken Lady. Miss Mathews the most consistant character in the book. however, his observations on the abuse of laws, and his moral discourses are very well. but all together it is tedious.

Adieu, my Dearest Lord, my head will not let me say a word more but that Edmund and Lucy are well, and that I am your Aff<sup>t</sup> and Obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

#### LADY ORRERY TO LORD ORRERY.

*Ash Wednesday.*

*Caledon, Feb. 12, 1752.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I make no question that the three Bells at Marston are now tinkling for Prayer as well as the one Bell of Caledon, and if you have as fine a day in Somerset, as ours in Tyrone, my dear Lord is drawing on his Boots, not to visit the sober Church but to pay his respects to Vallis. For my part I must goe and curse my Neighbours as the Church commands, tho' thereby I must write short Letters, and lose a Walke, but there are so many People who deserve cursing in this World that I would not omit my Amen for any Consideration. I have written to the gardener to send some seeds of trees from London, and to Bowen to take care of having them sowed. I have also ordered some more Orange to be sent when they arrive from Italy, for old and weake as I am growing,

I shall still be able to hobble to the garden, and will leave behind me a good Collection of Trees which will still be young and beautifull when all this generation is laid in the Dust. But then we shall be young and beautifull again when all these Trees are burnt to Ashes. We are returned from Church. Eight persons besides the Sexton and our Household formed the whole congregation. Farewell till Saturday, my dearest Lord. I am ever y<sup>r</sup> aff<sup>te</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Caledon, March 30, 1752.*

MY DEAR LORD,—You will be surprised at another short Letter, but when you hear how my time has been employed since Saturday's Post carried my last to my Laelius you will wonder no longer. Easter Sunday we had so full a Congregation that Church was not ended till three o'clock. Before dinner was well finished the Bell rang for Prayers, and after that Edmund carried us to drink tea with Mrs. Pringle, to propose Mrs. Fox to Mr. Billy as a Wife; you will find him a Boy full of Wagery, and he actually put poor Billy and poor Fox into such Confusion that they had both like to have expired. At nine we returned home, supped and gently composed ourselves to sleep. On Monday after Breakfast the Bell called us to Church, away we went thro' the midst of the Fair, had Prayres, a Churching, and the Wedding of Young Mr. B. Sheils to Miss Mary Hickling, a Lady of great Beauty, Fortune and all Accomplishments that are required to make the Marriage State Happy. After that we bustled thro' the Fair, which kept us till past two o'Clock, and on my Return home found many of the Tenants here waiting to give an



account of their Improvements. I have been detained so long by them, that Dinner is spoiled as Mary sends me Word, and its being on the Table occasions my concluding so soon. My dearest Lord Your aff<sup>te</sup> and obedient Wife,

M. ORRERY.

### THE LAST WORD.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1762, John, Fifth Earl of Cork and Orrery, quietly passed from a life which, in its duration, came greatly short of the statistics of King David, and in its chequered course, though exhibiting a fair show of outward prosperity, undefaced by exceptional calamity or tragedy, yet involved him in a full share of the trials allotted to average humanity. We may feel assured too, that no events of whatever cast were likely to be minimised by one who, curiously enough—considering his want of early familiarity with Ireland and the Irish—inherited largely all the characteristics of the Celtic temperament, with its exaggerations of expression and sentiment, its impetuous though transient phases of likes and dislikes, its ill-regulated alternations of depression and exaltation, its egotistical excitabilities, and, above all, its unconquerably lofty standard of Self Esteem! The first evil stroke of destiny fell upon him while still unconscious, in the premature removal of a Mother's guiding love, ill replaced by the unexpansive affection of a Father, absorbed in his own multifarious pursuits, and so careless of a future beyond them, as to leave his only son steeped to the neck in financial complications. Among the chief compensations in that son's tangles and struggles, we find first his deep-rooted and abiding love of study that, joined to his keen delight in literature—though untinctured with science—early attracted and retained for him

the friendship of most of the brightest Intellects of his day. Next in date, though not in rank, came his immeasurable good Fortune, in winning the absolute devotion of two wives in succession, from among the women whose worth is above rubies. With the lovely and fragile Lady Harriet Hamilton, his conjugal happiness was darkly clouded only after the birth of their third child, when the Shadow of Death began to loom over her gentle little life, and all too soon bore it fluttering away. For six unbroken years John dwelt practically alone with her memory and her children ; the interval seemed long to some of his friends, but it proved to be (in the Irish idiomatic adaptation of a French saying), 'backing for a bound' ; and from the letters of Margaret Hamilton we may gauge the sterling value of a character that constituted her at least as great a mainstay to her husband morally, as were her Estates to his circumstances. Throughout her correspondence—much of which for private reasons could not be reproduced—every sentence, nay, every word, is inspired by overflowing tenderness towards her husband and family : a judicious tenderness which does not preclude the occasional honest expression of difference in opinion, where his welfare is concerned. Her Piety was unaffected and free from narrow-mindedness ; her perceptive understanding ripened by cultivation—despite barbarous irregularities of orthography—and if wifely partiality at times overweighted her judgment of his compositions,

‘Yet this *Infirmity* is such  
As we too must adore ;  
She could not love *Her Lord* so much  
Had she prized *Genius* more.’

The cruel loss of this unequalled companionship plunged John again, and more severely, into sorrowful Solitude ; wherein he confided to a friend the pathetic impossibility of remaining

long at Marston : 'It is too far, too lonely, and too dismal a 'remembrance of former happiness.' Nor can we wonder : his eldest daughter—Lady Betty Worsley—was a widow ; two of his offspring—the much-afflicted Lord Dungarvan and the tardily weaned little Kitty—were gone, as were many of his older and better friends ; while the next heir, Hamilton, already showed fatal signs of not lingering long after his father on earth. Surely for poor John had the grass withered and the flower faded ! As we leave him, clinging through the martyrdom of hereditary gout to his pen and his classics, it seems permissible in closing his record to borrow for a moment the One, and extract from the Other, a kindly memento in the single word—*Fuit*.

[Earl John and Countess Margaret both lie in the family Vault in St. John's Parish Church of Frome Selwood, a picturesque small town built on part of the ancient Forest of Selwood, and bisected by the murky little river formerly spelt Froom. The Church, originally founded in far days by St. Anselm, has been (perhaps) a little over-restored by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, at one time Vicar, and a very prominent ecclesiastical character. The family Vault of the Boyles was finally closed in 1856 at the interment of the late Earl of Cork and Orrery, on which occasion was exercised for the last time the curious Prerogative of the Lord of the Manor to claim removal of all seats in the main aisle for either funeral or wedding Ceremonies in his behalf.]



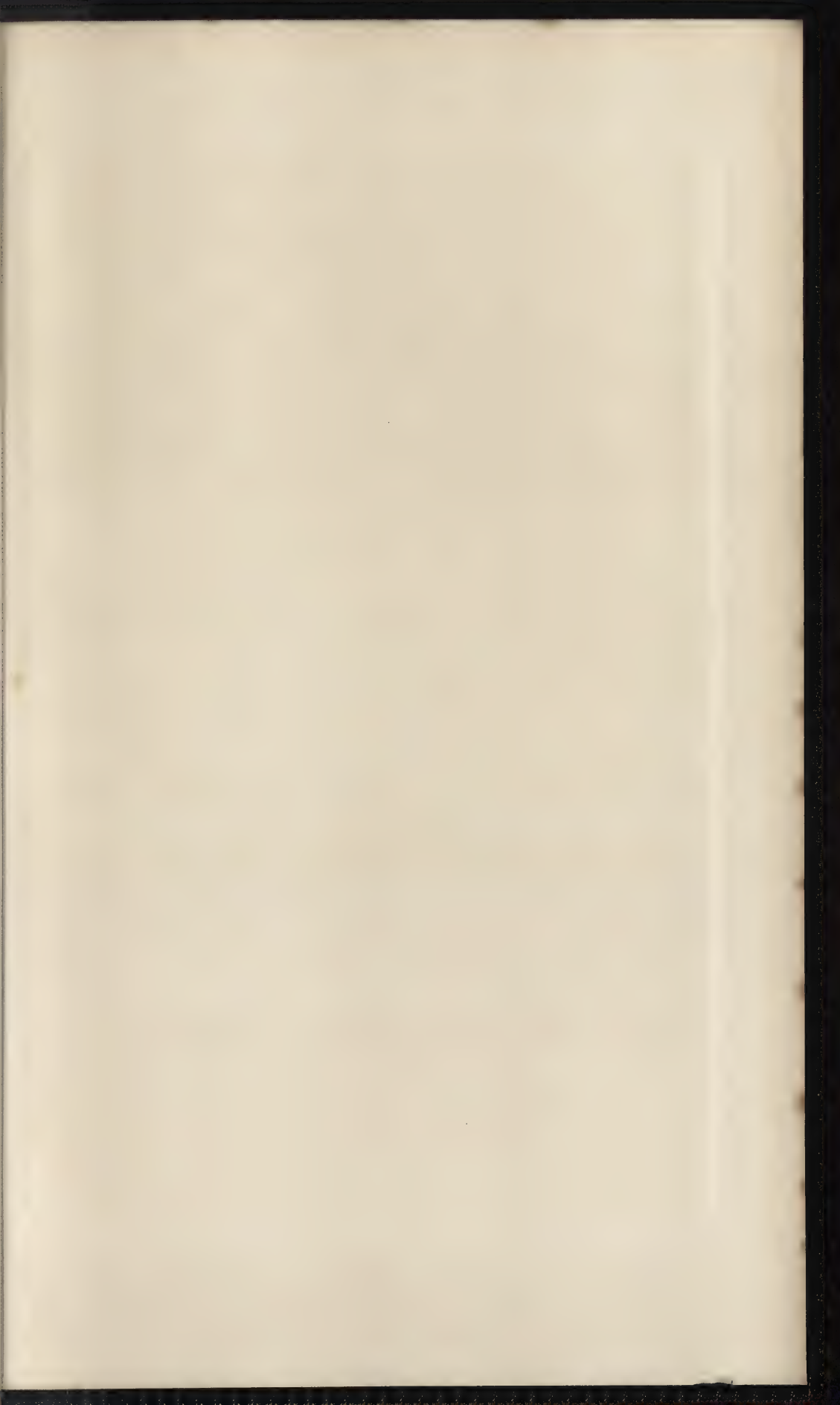
## A P P E N D I X.

### THE BLUE RING.

THE Story of the Sapphire Ring presented to Lord Orrery by the Duchess of Buckingham, (his kinswoman and) the daughter of James II., was at one time fairly well known, being printed in a small Volume by Lord O., but has since then dropped out of memory, altho' in Robertson's 'History of Scotland,' James I. is represented as saying he 'had received a Blue Ring from a fair Lady' in relating his successful (because well-timed) expedition South to claim as his rightful inheritance the throne of England.

Briefly stated, the facts are these: when Queen Elizabeth lay at Richmond in the throes of her fatal illness, the Ministers met daily in Council at Whitehall, to receive the latest tidings of their moribund Sovereign, and to consider the most expedient measures to take on the first notice of her demise, for barring the unpopular succession of James VI. from Holyrood to St. James' Palace. The Queen herself, altho' she had publicly recognized the legality of his pretensions and could take no overt steps to upset them, was privy and favourable to the intended manœuvres of her Ministers, and his chances, for the Time being, hung rather lightly in the Balance of the Future. But a canny Scot is hard to reckon with in all ranks of life, and the far-seeing Northern Monarch had wisely secured to himself two potent allies in the very heart of the Enemy's Camp. These Allies, Philadelphia Lady Scrope and Robert Carey (afterwards Earl of Monmouth), in addition to the relationship of Brother and Sister, were also, curiously enough, near-of-kin to the Queen, being the children of Henry Lord Hunsdon, son of Lady Mary Boleyn, her Aunt. Queen Elizabeth, in addition to the honours and benefits bestowed upon her Cousin, shewed a good measure of kindness to his offspring, placing Lady Scrope about her own person, and being graciously disposed towards 'Robin' till he unadvisedly forfeited her favour by a hasty and imprudent marriage—

a deadly sin in the Royal Eyes. He was not, however, utterly cast off, and very shortly before her last moments, being admitted into her Presence, saw for himself and heard her admit how ill she was. Details must have been then—if not earlier—arranged between the brother and sister, for Robin came no more inside the Palace, but hung about the exterior, more particularly under the Queen's Windows (where, being well-known to the Guards, etc., he was not interfered with), until suddenly Lady Scrope appeared at one of them and made signs for him to draw close underneath. Then, shutting for an instant both eyes with her hands, she softly opened a pane, dropped the Ring, his appointed Credential, into his palm, and pointing North, swiftly and cautiously closed the window. As Robert Carey turned rapidly away he saw a mounted Messenger galloping off towards Whitehall, and learned from one of the Household whom he incidentally ran against, that the Doors of the Palace were by the Queen's last command closed to all out-goers or in-comers pending the Orders of the Lords in Council. With all the promptitude of a starving Younger Son (he was number four of his Father's flock!) did Robert bestride his horse as previously settled, and start on his arduous journey, *et bien lui en prit* not to have loitered in his departure, seeing that the first Order in Council forbade all posts to Scotland, an immense though unconscious assistance to his project. The adventure was not however exempt from pain and calamity, some ruffians having set upon him when over the Border, and gashed his head so severely that altho' he succeeded in concealing the ring from their brutal researches, he had the mortification of appearing before the King with his brows bound up with a 'bloody Clout.' There however his troubles ended. James, to whom Robert Carey had formerly been presented when sent to Scotland in the suite of Mr. Secretary Walsingham, recognized him at once, and acted on the information he brought with such speed, that ere the English Ministers had fully decided on their course of action they learnt the time for that action had sped, the new King and his Army having come within measurable distance of his new Capital. The broken head of Robert Carey soon healed under all the soothing treatment it received, and his subsequent career as Earl of Monmouth was an entirely prosperous one.







*Lady Dorothy Boyle, daughter of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Cork &  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Burlington; wife of "the wicked" Earl of Euston.*

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Lady Penelope Boyle, daughter of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Cork.  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Countess of Desmond, wife of the 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Linton.



N.B.—The Earls of Monmouth, Middleton, Middlesex, Dorset, Orrery, with the Dukes of Dorset and Buckingham, and Lady Elizabeth Spelman, were all in different degrees of cousinship together.

### LADY DOROTHY BOYLE.

LADY Hertford gives the following account of the conduct of Lord Euston, son of the Duke of Grafton, to his betrothed, Lady Dorothy Boyle, daughter of Lord Cooke and Burlington, the 'architect' Earl:<sup>1</sup>—

'Though Lady Dorothy, besides her vast fortune, is said to have all the good sense and gentleness of temper that can be desired in a wife, and has so fine a face that were her person answerable to it, one could hardly imagine anything more beautiful; yet he takes every opportunity to shew his contempt and even aversion for her, while she entertains very different sentiments for him, which, notwithstanding the great modesty of her temper, she cannot always conceal. Amongst the many balls that were given last spring, there was a very magnificent one at the Duke of Norfolk's, where I saw so many instances of the slighting manner in which he treated her, and of her attention to him, as raised both my indignation and my pity. But I heard that at another ball he carried his impoliteness much further; for when the company was sitting at supper, after looking upon her for some time in a very odd manner, he said "Lady Dorothy, how greedily you eat! It is no wonder that you are so fat." This unexpected compliment made her blush extremely, and brought the tears into her eyes. My Lady Burlington, who sat near enough to hear what passed, and see the effect it had on her daughter, coloured as much as the young lady, and immediately answered, "It is true, my lord, that she is fat, and I hope she will always be so, for it is her constitution, and she will never be lean until she is less happy than we have always tried to make her,

<sup>1</sup> 'Who plants like Bathurst and who builds like Boyle.'—POPE.

A legend used to be current that the original Burlington House in Piccadilly was there placed by its owner with the determination that 'no man should live west of him,' which story, however apocryphal, gives the measure of London's limits then in that locality. Burlington House was in comparatively recent days pulled down and replaced by the present Royal Academy. The architecture of the two wings and their colonnade was a joy to the eyes, but the main body of the building less important.

which I shall endeavour to prevent her being." Those last words were spoken in a tone which gave the company reason to believe that her ladyship's eyes were at last opened to what everybody had seen too long. . . . I know of nothing since but that they are not married, and indeed I hope they never will be so. Were the young lady my daughter, I should with less reluctance prepare for her funeral than for such a marriage.'<sup>1</sup>

There is something like a prophetic ring in those words, for poor Lady Dorothy was married to Lord Euston in 1741, and died from his ill treatment of her six months later, being then only just eighteen. Horace Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann only a fortnight after the marriage, says:—"I wrote you word that Lord Euston is married; in a week more I believe I shall write you word that he is divorced. He is brutal enough, and has forbid Lady Burlington his house, and that in very ungentle terms! The whole family is in confusion, the Duke of Grafton half dead, and Lord Burlington half mad. The latter has challenged Lord Euston, who accepted the challenge, but they were prevented. . . . Do you not pity the poor girl, of the softest temper, vast beauty, birth and fortune, to be so sacrificed?"

After Lady Dorothy's death her mother painted a portrait of her from memory, on which was placed the following inscription:—

LADY DOROTHY BOYLE

BORN MAY THE 14TH 1724.

She was the comfort and Joy of her parents, the delight of all who knew her angelick temper, and the admiration of all who saw her beauty.

She was married October the 10th 1741, and delivered (by death) from misery

MAY THE 2ND 1742.

This portrait was afterwards engraved, and prints were distributed by Lady Burlington to all her friends. The inscription, of which two versions are quoted by Walpole, is said to have been written by Pope.

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence between Frances, Countess of Hertford, and H. L., Countess of Pomfret*, 1738-41. 3 vols. 1805.

COPY OF A PAPER IN 'THE BUSYBODY' BY  
JOHN LORD ORRERY.*Oct. 14<sup>th</sup>, 1759.*

It is a constant observation made by all foreigners who come into this island, or see any of our islanders, that there is a greater variety of character in England, than in any other Nation in the World. The remark is founded upon truth and experience. Naturalists who dive deep into causes and effects, pretend to account for it either from our climate, our liberty, or occult matters too refined and abstruse to be the subjects of this paper. The fact is certain, be the cause what it may. With your leave then, Mr. Busybody, from amidst the variegated mass of characters, which Nature has stamped upon her several editions of Englishmen, I will endeavour to point out 3 different branches, nurtured from the root of the same tree. This Triumvirate is not always sufficiently distinguished, they are too often grouped under the general denomination of mad men or fools. It is a careless indolent way of defining their peculiarities, and as the negative cannot be proved, few people think it worth their while to run into definitions that are so easily explained by one single term. But as in the commerce of my life I have observed a very remarkable distinction between each of the characters, which I would here describe, I hope it may not be totally unworthy of your attention to look at the pictures I shall exhibit of 'the Odd Man,' 'the Singular Man,' and 'the Hippiish Man.' The Odd Man is not only absolutely of English growth, but his species like our Irish Wolf-Dog can scarce be propagated in any other Country. Search for him beyond the Twede, he is not to be found. Look for him in Ireland, he may have been transplanted thither, but the Hibernian air is as fatal to him as to toads and serpents, he snuffs it up, crawls into a ditch and dies. Let us consider then what the true definition of an Odd Man ought to be. It is certain that he is not a fool, on the contrary he has good sense tinged with absurdity. He is often a Wit. In his general conduct he is eccentric rather than impudent. He differs in all the actions of his life, all the postures of his body, and all the thoughts of his mind,



from the generality of his fellow-creatures ; nay, he differs from himself, as much as the Seasons of the Year differ from themselves. He is sometimes as hot as summer, and sometimes as cold as winter towards his oldest friends, and most acknowledged acquaintances. In one hour he knows his intimates, in the next he cannot recollect who they are. Unless he relishes his company he is silent and sullen, or when he speaks is peevishly rude. Give him the companions he chooses, no man more happy, no man more agreeable. Strong ingredients of pride may be perceived throughout his whole behaviour. An awkward bashfulness adds to the appearance of pride, and every degree of ease and familiarity being wanting, the composition of the man is constantly rendered disgustful and sometimes contemptible, although there may be virtues within him, which unless smothered by oddness, must have been an honour to the possessor, and a benefit to his country. He abhors Courtiers. The Court is a scene of politeness—the odd man seldom or ever appears at Court ; he calls his absence patriotism ; if he called it perverseness, oddness or sheepishness, he would give it the true name.

A man of deep learning without the least knowledge of the world must always be an odd man ; well and wisely therefore did a friend of mine write with a diamond upon the casement of his chamber in Oxford these lines :

‘George Goggle his window—  
God give him grace thereout to look,  
And see the folk pass to and fro,  
To study man instead of book.’

If an odd man marries an odd woman, the offspring are generally lunatics, if the lunacy be of the methodistical kind it is apt to be incurable ; but if a demi-lunatic not too far gone, marries a woman of sound understanding, of decent behaviour and of a proper degree of vivacity and chearfulness, it is more than probable that of such an alliance a Wit, an acknowledged Wit will arise, in all the glory of supreme talents. Hence the observation of our Poet :

‘Great Wits to madness sure are near allied,  
And their partitions do the bounds divide.’

Wits seldom endure longer than a single generation. There are

few instances of a witty father producing a witty son : but odd men last from generation to generation, and I am acquainted with the very odd Grandson of an extremely odd Grandfather. My friend Oakley Soothless Esq<sup>r</sup> began early to show great indications of oddness, . . . and being sent to Gray's Inn to study the law, scorned the laborious works of Salkeld, and directed his studies to the German Flute. He was afterwards transplanted to Paris and dined once with the English Ambassador, after which the rest of his time was passed in voluntary confinement within his hotel, dreading to be seen in a bag-wig or spoken to in a language he did not understand. On his Father's sudden death he returned to us with all the prejudices of an Englishman, burnt his bag-wig on arriving in Golden Square, sold his french cloths to the Playhouse and ordered his travelling tutour (on whom he settled a handsome annuity) never to visit him but on Quarter Days. His deportment at his country seat convinced his neighbours that their company was not agreeable to him. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I will do you any service in my pow'r, but I hate duty payers; they are Duns for the immediate payment of Time, and as a free-born Englishman I insist upon having my hours and thoughts at my own disposal.' This Esquire passes his winters generally in London—he appears (the Court and the Opera excepted) in most of the public places of resort always alone, and always in a dress peculiar to himself. In a general mourning he may be seen in the front boxes in a red plush frock, laced ruffles, embroidered buff waistcoat, and white nankin breeches, and commonly places himself as near as possible to the celebrated Kitty.<sup>1</sup> After the Play he sometimes accompanies a few friends to the Bedford Arms, and as I am generally of the number, give me leave to assure you, that I frequently go home in a kind of astonishment by hearing from him a great deal of good sense and rational conversation, mixed with such prejudices, narrowness of judgment, violence of passion, and ridiculous notions of the world, as might almost tempt me to the wild opinion that a man, at least an Englishman, has two souls. I had written thus far when the expression 'odd fish' was brought to my notice, and has struck me as one which it belongs to my present undertaking to explain. The odd fish is relative to the odd man, especially

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Clive.

when the latter is taken in a net that draws him to the shore of good company. He flounders, he flounders, he gasps for breath, he languishes after his proper element, and if he is not returned soon to the regions of deepness and mudd, he beats himself nearly to pieces. To enter further into the minutæ of odd men might be tedious; in Oakley (so named because he was born on May the 29th) you see them. Their dress, physiognomy and awkwardness discovers them. It will be almost ridiculous to add, that I have seen many short-sighted men who were not odd men, but I never saw an odd man who was not short sighted. I find I have been betrayed into a whole length when I intended only a half length picture, and it has taken up too much room to admit the other two gentlemen whom I proposed to place in the same rank. Some other opportunity must display them in their proper attitudes. I have the honour to be really your well-wisher, and in some future address you shall have my name uncurtailed, at present be pleased to accept of the initial letters,

J. O.

PAPER No. 2 TO 'THE BUSYBODY.'

'*ALTER SED IDEM.*'

THE Singular Man bears a very distant resemblance to the Odd Man whom I have had the honour to present to you. The latter is deficient in most perfections and accomplishments; the former is generally a very fine Gentleman, subject and attached to some peculiarities, that perhaps are seldom known except to his domestics and his most intimate friends, but when known, they are such as give a very remarkable form to his character. The odd man is only to be found in England, the singular man is to be found everywhere, but I shall confine myself entirely to the Singular Englishman. The Odd Man shuns Good Company. The Singular Man is to bear a part in every Scene of politeness, and is present in every Rout and Assembly with which our Metropolis abounds. Yet it is observable that a certain stiffness embarrasses the most elegant actions of his life. He is civil without being easy. Could he attain to ease he must naturally shake off those chains with which he appears manacled. He is governed by his watch, and scorns to be outdone in regularity by



Time itself. He conforms to the hours of other people abroad, but in his own house differs from the general hours, and dines at least half an hour sooner than the rest of the world. His dinner stays for no person whatever, the supper is served up in the same degree of hourly exactness. However, I recollect to have seen the latter meal postponed for once in a very extraordinary manner. Some years ago, I called one evening at the house of a near relation<sup>1</sup> of mine, with an intention of supping with him. I knew his destined hour was ten o'clock. We sat together till my appetite prompted me to hint to him that I was surprised to find his usual exactness overturned, for altho' the cloth was already laid, the clock had struck eleven, without the appearance of any supper. 'As to the time of night, you are mistaken, Cousin,' replied he; 'my wife not being come home, I am convinced that it cannot be ten o'clock. She knows my hour, and as an excellent and obedient wife, will comply to it.' It was upon the stroke of twelve before the lady wrapt at the door, then my kinsman with a very grave countenance, sent to let his cook know that he was impatient for supper as it was just ten o'clock. The singular man without being effeminate in his person or manners, encroaches upon the province of females in many instances, which is the cause why the generality of singular men remain Batchelors; they are afraid that a wife might not easily conform to their rules and regulations, or might divest them of their occupations and employments. They worship the ladies, as the Indians worship the Sun, with true adoration, but care not to come too near lest they might be burnt. The generality of singular men are men of knowledge and abilities. Weak men dare not be singular, they may be odd, but they have not sufficient powers to stem the torrent of modes, customs and prejudices. Having no judgment of their own they must swim with the tide. Singular men loudly boast that all their actions are squared by reason; perhaps so, but it is a sort of reason that differs from the rest of the world, and is peculiar to

<sup>1</sup> 'The old Lord Pembroke,\* grandfather of the present Earl, is the person here meant. The story is true, nor did Lady Pembroke ever stay out a second time after ten o'clock.'—Note by Lord Orrery.

\* Henry, 9th Earl of Pembroke and 6th Earl of Montgomery, married to Mary, daughter of Viscount Fitzwilliam.

themselves. The talents of some singular men have been peculiar in their kind tho' an ornament to their country. Among these, Dr. Swift was particularly distinguished, but an instance of his singularity may not be foreign to this dissertation. It was his custom while Dean of St. Patrick's to walk to the end of Dublin, and then get upon his horse. Two footmen attended him, one of whom was constantly commanded to carry one of his boots, and the other another, to the place where he took horse, 'because,' said he, 'if one man carried both boots the other would laugh at him.' In politics, and indeed in everything, the singular man is a great reformer. He sees the errors of the personages at the helm, and he tries to amend them; but the present Minister<sup>1</sup> has been very unfavourable to his spirit of reformation. He has debarr'd him of the power of finding fault. He smothers him with roses, he fetters him with chains of silk; he has forced him to join with the whole Nation in one continued chorus of applause, so that unless the subject of a Court-martial had allowed a tolerable topic of remarks and altercation, singularity itself must have sunk into oblivion and have perished like a drop of water in the sea. I remember a singular man who was remarkably fond of fine cloths. In his youth, when he could not afford lace, he bedaubed his person with tinsel; but when in a maturer age he became master of a fortune, he never appeared unbediamonded, unembroidered, or unlaced. After a long illness, which he bore with great heroism, his physicians let him know that he must dye. 'With all my heart,' said he, 'provided that I can dye as I have lived: take me out of bed and let me be dressed in my 'last Birthday Suit.' His commands were obeyed: he was taken from his bed, his cloathes and wig were put on, and he was placed upon a Couch, where he soon afterwards expired, in a brown velvet suit embroidered with gold. The erasure of Superstition in Religion has been very fatal to singularity. Witches, Astrologers, Fortune-tellers of every sort seem to be drowned in the Dead Sea. I question whether the Second Sight in Scotland is not grown dim. It is certain that not a crooked pin has been visible for these last score years. No croaking family Ravens foretell the death of the Esquire or of his Lady, nor is Her Ladyship driven from country to Town by the invisible rattling

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pulteney.

of chains, or the tattoo of drumsticks. Such incidents gave great occasion for Singularities in families. Portents and omens made each person who beheld them imagine himself distinguished by Heaven, and cast if not in a sacred in an uncommon mould; he silenced all attempts at deriding Apparitions by the story of the Witch of Endor, and brought up the Ghost of Sir George Villiers in the Earl of Clarendon's history. Betty Canning, with her penny tarts, succeeded by writing anonymous letters to the D. of M.,<sup>1</sup> revived the dying embers of superstition for some time, and afforded very extraordinary arguments that just then might have made a figure in some paper. But these things are no more. Canning is married in America, and the letter-writer will scarce think it worth while to begin a correspondence with the Dead. Superstition overcome, what is left for Singularity?—only a few pitifull vulgar detestations; such as the dreadfull tremors at the sight of a spider, the instantaneous horror at the crawling of a toad, or the sweating sickness occasioned by the most hated and most beloved of all animals, a cat. I saw a most tremendous instance of the cat-like horror last Tuesday,<sup>2</sup> at my own house in Westminster. I had invited some company to dinner, to celebrate the Day, among whom was Lory Nerves, my wife's Cousin-german. I knew his insuperable aversion to Cats, and had therefore sent my three favourites, Pin, Needle, and Cushion, prisoners to a house in Southwark, that they might not be on the same side of the water with us; but as we were sitting in a circle, after dinner, round the Drawing-room fire, Lory fell into uncommon agitations and sweatings, and could only repeat faintly the word 'Cat.' The whole house was immediately searched for some witch in disguise, who might possibly have slid in through the key-hole. The search was to no purpose, not even the footsteps of a Cat could be found. Lory still continued convulsed, till my wife, who has more presence of mind than myself, drew from behind her chest of drawers our Son Ralph's Cat-stick, and immediately threw it into a bonfire that was just then beginning to be kindled before our door. The Cat-stick was scarce singed by the flames when our Cousin Nerves

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Marlborough. For these letters a Mr. Barnard, a builder, was tried and found not guilty at the Sessions in 1758.

<sup>2</sup> Illumination Night for Quebec.



began to recover, and by the help of some hartshorn drops in his tea continued very good company all the evening.—I am, Sir, your humble  
 Servant,  
 J. O.

COPY OF THE THIRD LETTER TO 'THE BUSY-BODY' (NOW ANNEXED TO 'THE EVENING POST'). THE  
 HYPPISH MAN.

'A man so various that he seems to be,  
 Not one—but all mankind's epitome.'<sup>1</sup>

SIR,—Will you accept of the third picture which I proposed to exhibit to you and turn your eyes to the Portrait of the Hyppish Man? His features are not always the same, for he differs from himself *ex toto cælo*, and is at some hours the most miserable, at others the most happy of mankind. Doctor Cheney<sup>2</sup> gives the title of the English Malady to hypocondriacal complaints, but the malady is not solely confined to our island. It is probable that it had its original with hum. nature, and is coeval with the Creation of the World. Saul, the first King of Israel, was sometimes affected with it to a high degree, and only curable by the harp of his successor, David. . . . It must be owned, tho', that the distemper is particularly prevalent in these northern islands, and shows itself in more various shapes among Englishmen than among any other people on the Globe. An English hypocondriac sometimes fancies himself a tea-pot, and foresees his death from the boiling water that must be poured down his throat for the use of the ladies. Sometimes he imagines himself a drinking-glass, and dreads being broken to pieces by an awkward Hobb-Nobb. . . . Hyppish people have one great advantage over athletic persons: they are always seemingly dying, yet live longer than almost any other set of men. They are weeping willows that bend at every blast of wind, while the tall, straight elm is blown down without any warning of its fall. A man who has gone through the whole course of the Hyp has fought against nearly every distemper that ever existed in mind or body. I have seen a friend of mine stop short in the midst of an important discourse to brush off the devils that sat invisibly to all but himself upon his

<sup>1</sup> Dryden, 'Character of Zimri.'

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* Dr. George Cheyne.

shoulders and some of his coat buttons. A short ejaculation seemed frequently to have a better effect than the force of brushing. At certain inarticulately muttered words the infernal Spirits scarce ever failed to fly out of the window, for which reason my friend constantly keeps his window open day and night in the bitterest winter season. I should think myself a degenerate Englishman, if I had not the honour of boasting that some years I was attacked by the Hyp; but I must add that my cure was too rapid to permit me the assumption of pretention to any great achievements. On the 29th of September, having eaten plentifully of the bird sacred to the day, I waked the next morning with a full conviction that I was become a gander, and acting in this belief proceeded to immediately exercise my plumes in the long canal lately made in my garden, where I soon became the most Leviathan Gander that ever swam. I sported in the water in the morning, at noon, and at night. The only drawback in my transformation was that my wife, whom I was never able to convince that she was a goose, absolutely refused to bear me company, or indeed swim at all. She carried her obstinacy so far as to insist that not one of our three dear little goslings should paddle in a small serpentine river that I made on purpose for them in our Stable Yard, altho' when they hobbled alongside of it, they discovered as true a gosling waddle as any goose upon a common. In about a month's time, by swimming incessantly, I found my plumes drop off apace, nor indeed have the least remains of a water-fowl ever since adhered to me. . . . In a Nation where hypocondriacal complaints are acknowledged to be so prevalent, I am surprised that their ebullitions have not been more frequently represented in the theatres. Except 'Morose' in Ben Johnson's *Silent Woman*, I do not remember any English Comedy wherein the character of the Hyppish Man is exposed to view. Molière painted him finely in his *Malade Imaginaire*, and at the same time indulged the natural spleen which he entertained against physicians. What an incomparable figure would some of our Quacks make upon the Stage administring to Yates<sup>1</sup> their 'Oil for Convulsions,' their 'true chemical Opodeldoc,' their 'delightful tincture for the teeth and gums,' not to mention 'the only short and infallible cure for

<sup>1</sup> A favourite actor.

the scurvy,' exhibited by the Gentlewoman at the Two Blue Posts in Hayden Yard. All these gentlewomen and gentlemen, and many hundreds more, some in chariots, and some in one-horse chaises, live and thrive upon the hyppish disposition of the good people of England, who while there is a medicine remaining to be advertised, will not fail to have a malady that will fit it.—I am, Sir, as I said in a former letter, etc.,

## TIMOTHY OBSERVATION.

'THE CONNOISSEUR,' OCTOBER 1754.

GOING the other day to visit Mrs. Penelope Dent, her maid informed me with her Mistress' Compliments, after I had waited some time in the Parlour, that she was extremely busy, but would be very glad to see me in the Nursery. As I knew she was a Maiden Lady, I felt startled at the message; however I followed the servant upstairs to her Mistress, whom I found combing a little white dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the settee she occupied, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens in the other corner. The whole of the large room was indeed a Nursery for all kinds of Animals, except those of the human species. It was hung every where with cages containing every variety of birds, on the chairs were several cats reposing on soft cushions, and little kennels in the Chinese taste filled every corner of the room, inhabited by Pugs, Fido's and King Charles' breeds. As soon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewing of the cats, occasioned by my entrance began to cease, 'You find me here, Sir' (said the lady), 'tending my little family: Here's a dear pretty creature (holding up the dog), a beauty Sir! a fine long-eared, snub-nosed beauty! Lady Faddle advertised 'three quarters of a year, and could not get the fellow to it—bless 'its sweet Soul!' And then she stroaked it and kissed it for near two minutes, uttering all the time those inarticulate sounds, which are only addressed to dogs, cats, and children, and may be stiled the language of the nursery. A humane disposition is indeed most amiable in either man or woman, but the most compassionate temper



may be gratified by relieving the wretched of our own species, and who may boast of their generosity to a lapdog or their heaping eternal obligations on a monkey? Again, should we celebrate the charity of one who, while denying support to a relation, maintained a family of kittens? For my part before I wd treat a Dutch puppy with such absurd fondness, I must be brought to worship dogs like Ægyptians of old, and ere I would so extravagantly doat upon a monkey I would—as Iago says on a different occasion—‘change my ‘humanity with a Baboon.’ Yet there have been many instances, besides my female friend, of this pampering of the brute creation being carried to very ridiculous lengths. Grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulse of a lapdog, or inspect the vomit of a squirrel; and one lady carried the matter so far as to discharge her chaplain because he refused to bury her monkey. I know a young fellow that was cut off with a shilling by an old maiden aunt, for very proper chastisement of ‘poor Veny,’ and have heard of another who might have carried off a rich widow but that he could not prevail on himself to caress her dormouse. We often see a footman following his mistress to church with a Prayer-book under one arm, and a lapdog under the other; and I once saw a brandy-monarch disturbed as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a little black dog of King Charles’ breed, who jumped out of the stage-box, and, seizing on the hero’s perriwig, brought it off in his mouth to lodge in his Lady’s lap. It does not appear strange in this state of things that the breed of these favourite animals should be solicitously preserved, nor shall I speedily forget a card sent to another Lady on an interesting occasion, expressed in these terms: ‘Mr. ——’s compliments to Lady Betty, is glad to learn Miss Chloe is ‘safely delivered, and as a particular favour begs that her Ladyship ‘would be pleased to *set him down for a Puppy.*’

EXTRACT OF PAPER No. XV. FROM ‘THE  
CONNOISSEUR,’ MAY 1754.

A FRIEND of mine who belongs to the Stamp-Office acquaints me that the Revenue arising from the duty on cards and dice con-  
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tinues to increase every year. This will not appear very wonderful when we consider that gaming is now become the business rather than amusement of Persons of Quality ; that their whole attention is employed in this important article, and that they are more concerned about the transactions of the two clubs at White's, than the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament. Thus it happens that Estates are now almost as frequently made over by whisk and hazard as by deeds and settlements, and the chariots of many of our nobility may be said (like Count Basset's in the play) 'to roll upon the four Aces.' . . . The management of a dispute was formerly attempted by reason and argument, but the new way of adjusting all differences of opinion is by the sword or a wager ; so that the only genteel method of dissent is to risk a thousand pounds, or take your chance of being run thro' the body. . . . The gentlemen who now frequent White's look upon everything as dubious, and put the issue upon a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been lost upon the colour of a coach-horse, or the changing the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to persons not in the least related to the family wherein it was born, and the breaking off of a match has affected many in their fortunes besides the parties immediately concerned. But the most extraordinary part of this fashionable practice, is what in the gaming dialect is called *pitting* one man against another ; that is in plain English wagering which of the two will live longest. In this manner people of the most opposite character make the subject of a bet. A player may be pitted against a duke, an Alderman against a Bishop, or a w—— against a privy-counsellor. There is scarce one remarkable person upon whose life there are not many thousand pounds depending, or one person of quality whose death will not leave several of these kind of mortgages upon some estate. I remember a man with the constitution of a porter, upon whose life very great odds were laid ; but when the person he was pitted against was expected to dye every week, this man unexpectedly shot himself thro' the head, and the knowing ones were taken in. Though many of our follies are imported from France, this has had its rise and progress entirely in

England. In the last illness of Louis XIV., Lord Stair laid a wager on his death, and we may guess what the French thought of this from the manner in which Voltaire mentions it: 'Le Roi fut attaqué vers le milieu du mois d'Août. Le Comte de Stair, Ambassadeur d'Angleterre, *paria selon le génie de sa Nation* que le Roi ne passeroit pas le mois de Septembre.' I am in some pain lest this custom should get among the ladies. They are at present very deep in cards and dice; and while my Lord is gaming abroad, my Lady has her rout at home. I am inclined to suspect that our Women of Fashion are also learning to divert themselves with this polite fashion of laying wagers. . . . Should they proceed further to stake the lives of their acquaintances against each other, they would doubtless proceed with the same fearless spirit as they are known to do at Brag: one husband might be pitted against another, or a Woman of the Town against a Maid of Honour. As the Vices and follies of persons of distinction are apt to spread, this branch of gaming has I fear already descended on the common people. During the recent contested Election in the City a butcher in Leadenhall Market laid an ox to a shin of beef on the success of Sir John Barnard, while a publican in Thames St. ventured a hogshead of entire on the Candidate who serves him with beer. The Spirit of gaming also displays itself with as much variety among the lowest as in the highest order of people. The Dice rattle the same in orange-barrow, as at the Hazard-table. A couple of chairmen in a night-cellar are as eager at all-fours, as a party at St. James' at a rubber of Whisk; and the E. O. table is but a higher sort of *Merry-go-round* where you may risk or get six halfpence, sixpence, or six twopence for one. . . . To give a full idea of one wholly employed in this manner, I shall conclude with the character of Montano.<sup>1</sup> He was born heir to a Nobleman remarkable for deep play, from whom he early imbibed the principles of gambling. At school he was the most expert of any at taw; and would often strip his schoolfellows of their whole week's allowance at Chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every cricket or football match, and when made Captain started a lottery.

<sup>1</sup> Bromley, Lord Montfort, Baron of Horseheath, who shot himself a few months after this paper was written.



He is still talked of at the school for having tossed up with another of his own cast to decide by heads or tails which was the best scholar. He first reduced betting into an art, and made White's the grand market for wagers. He was the first that struck out the practice of pitting, in which he is so thoroughly versed, that the death of every person of quality may be said to bring him a legacy; and he has so contrived the bets on his own life, that live or die the odds are in his favour.

EXTRACT FROM A PAPER IN 'THE CONNOISSEUR'  
(No. IV.) A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICISM AND GENERAL  
CENSORSHIP IN THE YEARS 1754-55.

I FIND the female part of my Readers exclaim against me for not having as yet paid my particular Addresses to the Fair, . . . and shall at present oblige the Ladies by celebrating an Order of Females lately sprung up amongst us, usually distinguished by the denomination of *Demi-Reps*, a word not to be found in any of our Dictionaries. This Order which seems daily increasing upon us, was first instituted by some Ladies eminent for their public Spirit, with a view of raising their half of the Species to a level with the other in unbounded licence of enjoyment. By this artifice the most open violation of modesty takes the name of innocent freedom and gaiety; and as long as the last failing remains a secret the Lady's honour is spotless and untainted. In a word, a *Demi-Rep* is a lady whom everybody thinks, what nobody chuses to call her.

It is absolutely necessary that every lady of this Order should be married. Custom has given a certain charm to Wedlock, which changes the colour of our actions, and renders that behaviour not improper, which in a state of celibacy would be accounted indecent and scandalous. . . . Religious and political writers have, both for different reasons, endeavoured to encourage frequent marriages: but this Order, if it maintains ground, will more certainly promote them. How inviting must such a state appear to a Woman of Spirit! An English Wife with all the indiscretions of a girl, may assume more than the privileges of a woman, may trifle publicly with the Beaux and

Smarts, introduce them to her toilette, and fix it as a certain rule in all her conversation and behaviour, that when marriage has (in 'Lucy's' phrase) 'made an honest woman of her,' she is entitled to all the licence of a Courtesan. I have lately seen with some compassion, a few forward maidens investing themselves with the dignities, and incroaching on the privileges of this Order. It may not be improper to warn them to reced in time. As their claim to these liberties is unwarranted by custom, they will not retain that ambiguous reputation enjoyed by the Demi-Reps, whose whole system of conduct is founded on the basis of matrimony. Every Lady therefore inclined to indulge herself in little innocent freedoms, should confine herself within the pale of matrimony, to elude censure, as insolvent debtors avoid a jail by lodging within the verge of the Court. A Demi-Rep then must necessarily be married; nor is it easy for a Lady to maintain so critical a character unless she is a Woman of Fashion. Titles and Estate bear down weak censures and silence scandal and detraction. That good breeding too, so inviolably preserved among persons of condition, is of infinite service. This produces that delightful insipidity so remarkable among persons of quality, whose conversation flows with one even tenor, undisturbed with sentiment and unruffled by passion, insomuch that the whole circle of kindred and acquaintance can entertain the most thorough contempt and even hatred for each other, without transgressing the minutest article of good breeding and civility. But those females who want the advantages of birth and fortune, must be content to wrap themselves up in their integrity, and avoid the risk of bitter invectives thrown against them by the lower sort so notoriously deficient in politeness. The Great World will, I doubt not, return me thanks for thus keeping the *Canaille* at a distance, and securing to them a quiet possession of their privileges; and here I cannot but observe how respectable an Order the Demi-Reps compose, of which the lovely Sisterhood must all be married and almost all Right Honourable. It is observed, that the difference between the several species in the scale of Beings, is but just sufficient to preserve their distinction, the highest of one Order approaching so near to the lowest of the other that the gradation is hard to determine as the

Colours of the Rainbow, thro' an infinite variety of shades die away into each other imperceptibly. The Demi-Reps hold this intermediate station, between the modest Women and the Women of Pleasure, as they stand upon the utmost verge of reputation, and totter upon the brink of infamy. It were therefore to be wished that the Ladies wore some Symbol of their Order, as the Romans assigned different habits to Persons of different ages and stations, and I would fain hope that the new Parliament may find leisure to take such a matter into consideration, at some not too distant day, before we degenerate from bad to worse, while decency is yet alive among us, and the reputation of chastity still the aim of even a fine Lady of Fashion.

EPIGRAM ON THE REVOLUTION IN 1688.<sup>1</sup>

Of a Whimsical Nation I sing,  
 Much troubled with frantical fits,  
 Whose silly Conceit for a King  
 Has put them quite out of their Wits;  
 And made them to send to the Hague,  
 For a Doctor who liv'd in a Ditch;  
 Who brought with Him more than the Plague,  
 To cure them of less than the I—h.

EPITAPH ON HECTOR.

INSCRIPTION ON AN URN AT LORD CORKE'S TO THE  
 MEMORY OF HIS DOG HECTOR.

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's Tomb!  
 See to what end both Dogs and Heroes come!  
 These are the Honours by His Master paid,  
 To Hector's Manes, and lamented Shade.  
 Nor Word, nor Honour, can enough commend  
 The Social Dog, nay more, the faithful Friend.

<sup>1</sup> Author not mentioned.



From Nature all his principles He drew,  
By Nature faithful, vigilant and true ;  
His Looks and Voice his inward thoughts express'd,  
He growled in anger, and in love caress'd ;  
No human falsehood lurk'd beneath his heart  
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.  
When Hector's Virtues Man, proud Man ! displays,  
Truth shall adorn his Tomb with Hector's praise.

## THE ELECTION OF A POET LAUREATE IN 1719.

## I

A FAMOUS Assembly was summoned of late,  
To crown a new Laureat came Phœbus in State ;  
With all that Montfaucon himself could desire,  
His Bow, Laurel, Harp and abundance of fire.

## 2

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,  
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope ;  
Phœbus smiled on these last, but yet ne'er the less  
Said he hoped they had now got enough from the Press.

## 3

Lampooners and critics rushed in like a tide,  
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side by side ;  
Apollo confessed that their lashes had stings,  
But beadles, and hangmen were never chose Kings.

## 4

Steel long had so cunningly managed the Town,  
He could not be blamed for expecting the Crown,  
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,  
But wished him success in his project of fish.

## 5

Lame Congreve unable such pain to endure,  
Of Apollo begged either a crown or a cure ;  
To refuse such a writer Apollo was loth,  
And almost inclined to have granted him both.

## 6

When Buckingham came, he scarce cared to be seen,  
Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in ;  
But a Laureat Peer had never been known,  
The Commoners claim'd that place as their own.

## 7

Notwithstanding this law yet Lansdown was named,  
But Apollo with kindness his indolence blamed ;  
And said he would chuse him but that he shd fear  
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

## 8

A Prelate<sup>1</sup> for Wit and for Eloquence famed  
Apollo soon miss'd, and he need not be named,  
Since amidst a whole Bench, of which some are so bright,  
No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

## 9

In—p, Gay and Vanbrugh expected reward,  
For some things writ well, but Apollo declar'd,  
That one was too flat, the other too rough,  
And the third sure already had places enough.

## 10

Pert Bethell came next and demanded the bays,  
Said those works must be good which had Addison's praise ;  
But Apollo reply'd, Child Eustace, 'tis known,  
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

## 11

Then Phillips came forth as staunch as a Quaker,  
Whose simple profession's a Pastoral maker;  
Apollo advised him from Play-house to keep,  
And pipe to naught else but his dog and his sheep.

## 12

Hughes, Fenton and Gay came last in the train,  
Too modest to ask for the Crown they wd gain,  
Phœbus thought them too bashful and said they wd  
    need  
More boldness if ever they hoped to succeed.

## 13

Apollo now brought to a certain quandary,  
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary;  
Nay, had honest Tom Southerne but been within  
    call,—  
But at last he grew wanton and laugh'd at them all.

## 14

And so, spying One<sup>1</sup> who came only to gaze,  
A hater of Verse, and despiser of plays,  
To him in great form without any delay  
(Tho' a zealous fanatic) presented the Bay.

## 15

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,  
Concluding the Bigot would never accept,  
But the Hypocrite told them he well understood,  
Tho' the function was wicked, the Stipend was good.

<sup>1</sup> ? Walpole.



16

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cry'd 'who shall have it  
 'But I, the true Laureat to whom the King gave it?'  
 Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,  
 But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.

By J. SHEFFIELD,  
 Duke of Buckingham and Normanby.<sup>1</sup>

## POLITICAL STANZA.

WHENE'ER my foolish bent to public good,  
 Or fonder zeal for some misguided Prince,  
 Shall make my dang'rous humour understood,  
 For changing ministers for men of sense ;

When vainly proud to show my public care,  
 And e'en ashamed to see three Nations fooled,  
 I shall no longer bear a wretched share  
 In ruling ill, or being over-ruled ;

Who knows but my example then may please  
 Such noble, hopeful spirits as appear,  
 Willing to slight their pleasures and their ease  
 For Fame and Honour, till at last they hear,

After much trouble borne and danger run,  
 The Crown assisted, and my country served,  
 Without good Fortune I had been undone,  
 Without a good Estate I might have starved !

D. OF B.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Buckingham was considered to be secretly disappointed at not being chosen.



# THE HISTORY OF THE

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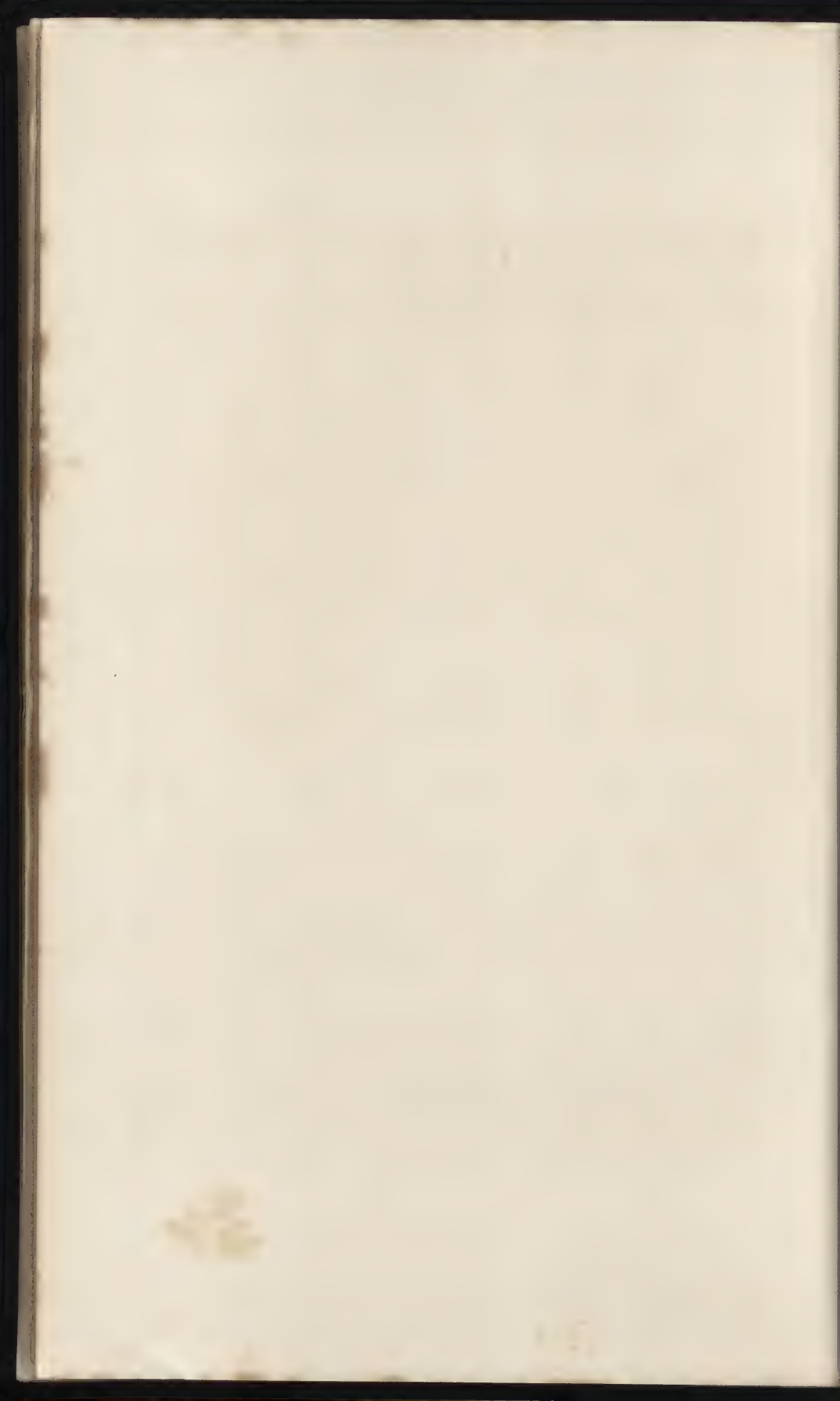
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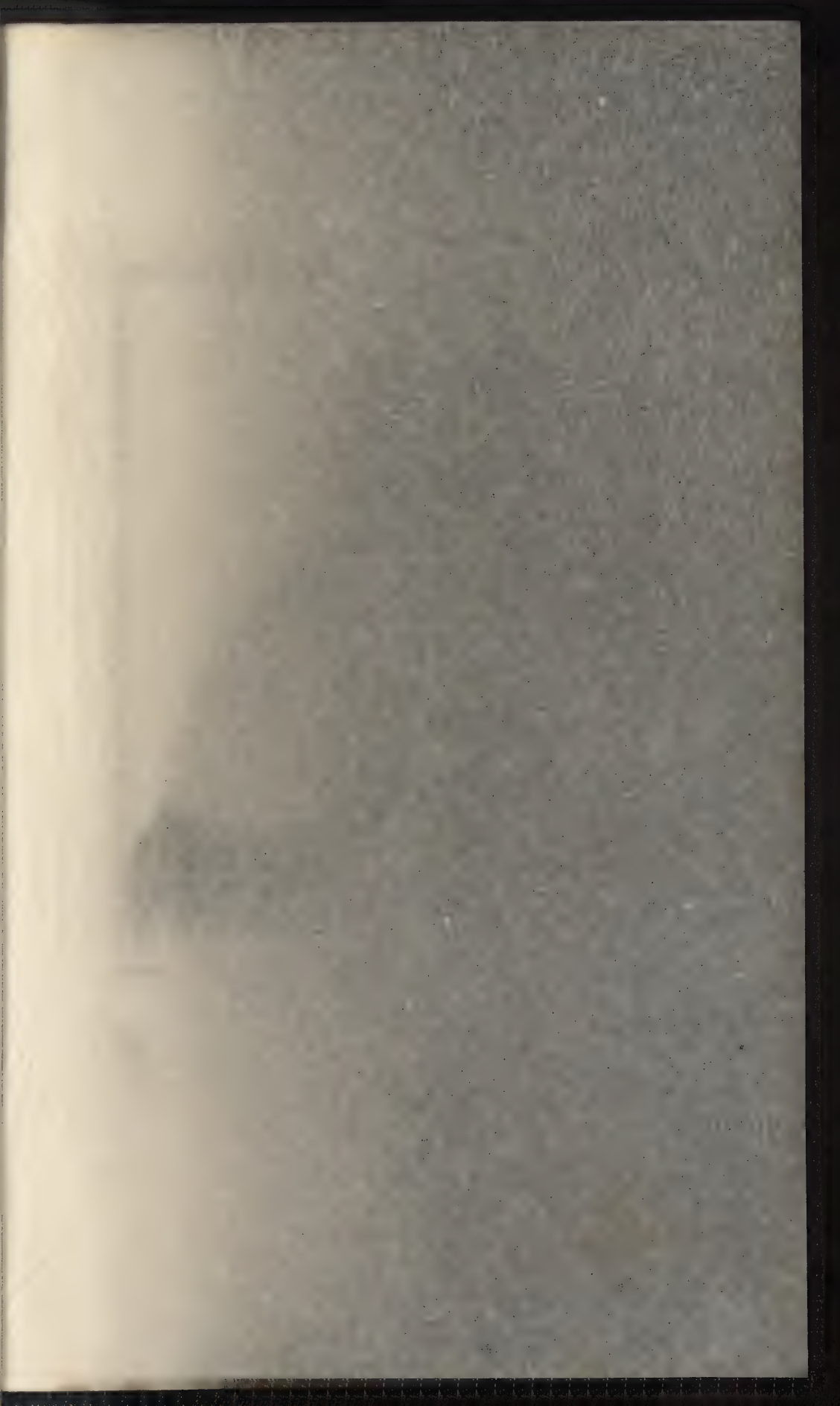
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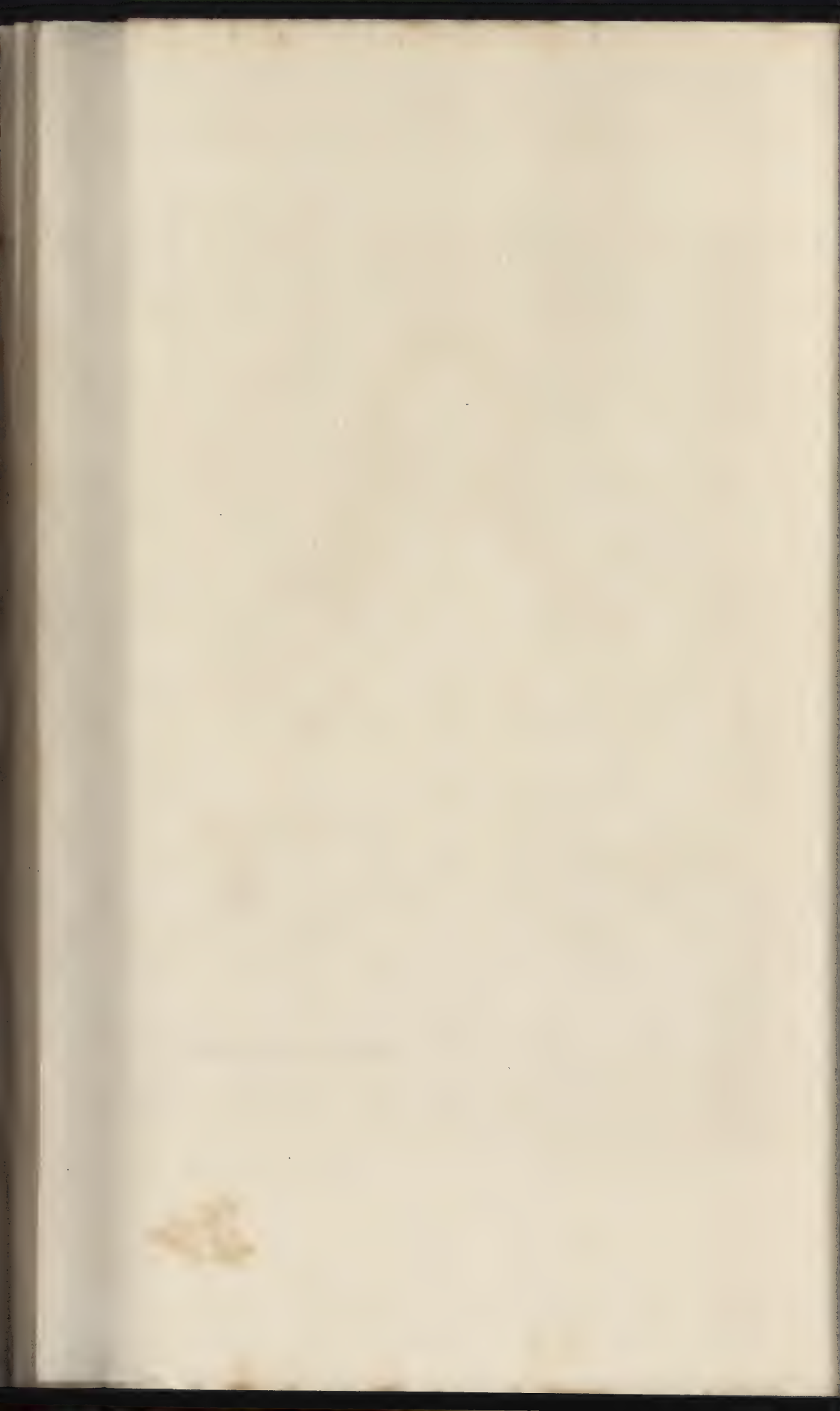














EDMUND SHEFFIELD SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND NORMANBY

SON OF JOHN FIRST DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM & C.

AND OF THE LADY CATHARINE DARNLEY DAUGHTER

21 KING OF THE ISLAND OF CATHARINE DARNLEY

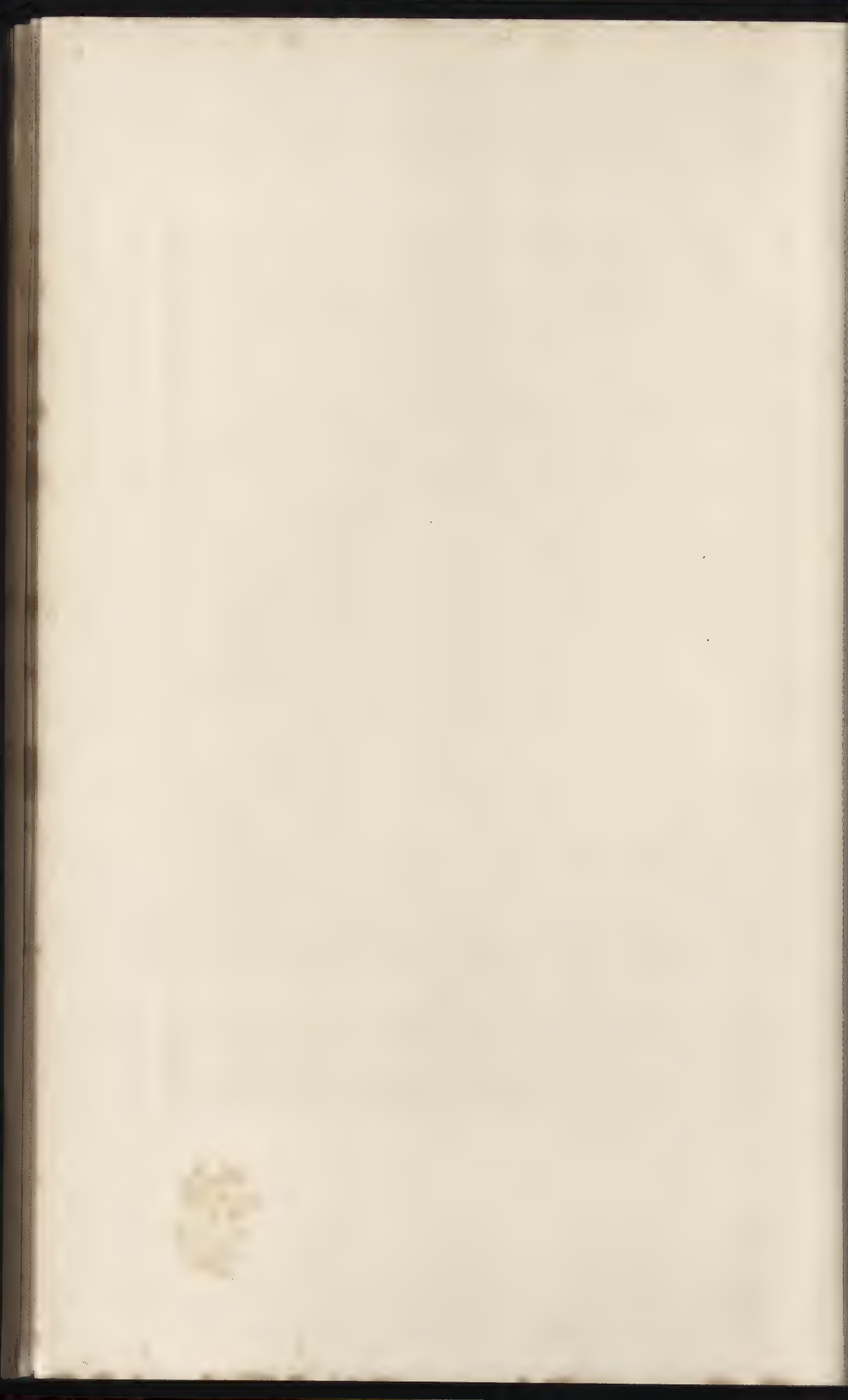
COUNTRESS OF DORCHESTER AND PORTMORE

28. 1735.

ET 79.

From  
*Memirs of the Family of Grace* 55. by Sheffield Grace, F. S. A.

Printed by J. G. Smith, London.





## THE RECONCILEMENT.

COME ! let us now resolve at last  
 To live and love in quiet ;  
 We'll tie the knot so very fast  
 That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest Joys they seldom prove  
 Who free from quarrels live,  
 'Tis the most tender part of love  
 Each other to forgive.

When least I seemed concern'd I took  
 No pleasure, nor no rest ;  
 And when I feign'd an angry look,  
 Alas ! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me you'll find  
 How blest will be our fate ;  
 Oh ! to be happy, to be kind,  
 Sure never is too late.

## D. OF BUCKINGHAM.

The Duke of B. also wrote some prose Reflections and a Character of Charles II., but neither of these is to be compared to the clear and pointed style of the Marquess of Halifax on the same subjects ; while his character of the Earl of Rochester, in a poem in satire, is as just as severe :

'Last enter Rochester, of sprightly wit,  
 Yet not for converse safe or business fit,  
 Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,  
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him.'

Dryden's lines on this Duke are less known than many others—they end thus :

'In Council or Debate  
 True to his Prince but slave unto no State,'

which may be taken as a just appreciation of his character.

A POEM IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF  
H.R.H. FK. P. OF W.

I LOVE with all my Heart,  
The Hanoverian Part,  
And for its Settlement  
My Conscience gives Consent :

Most righteous is their cause  
Who fight by George's laws,  
This is my Mind and Heart  
Though none should take my Part.

The Tory Party here  
Most hateful doth appear ;  
I ever have denied  
To be on Charlie's side ;

Who fight for such a King  
Will England's Ruin bring ;  
In this Opinion I  
Resolve to live and dye.

PARODY ON A POEM CALLED 'THE CHARMS OF SYLVIA.' The  
first line of which runs—'Tis not the liquid brightness of those  
Eyes,' and thro' several verses continues in like strain.

'Tis not her Foot, 'tis not her Toe,  
'Tis not her Knee, 'tis not her Calf,  
'Tis not her Wink, 'tis not her Laugh,  
'Tis not her Hair, nor Cheek that glows,  
'Tis not her Ear, 'tis not her Nose,  
'Tis not her Figure lithe and lissom,  
'Tis not her neck, nor e'en her Bosom—  
No : 'tis that corresponding Tongue  
That never puts me in the wrong !

## A SONG ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

BY MR. HAWKINS, OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXON.

SOME twelve Months ago, a hundred, or so,  
The Pope went to visit the Devil;  
And if you'll attend, you'll find to a Friend  
Old Nick can behave very civil.

Oh ho! quoth the Sieur, what a Plague brought you here?  
To be sure 'twas some whimsical Maggot;  
Come draw tow'rd the Fire; nay prithee sit nigh'r,  
Here Sirrah, lay on 'tother Faggot.

You're welcome to H—l, I hope Friends are well,  
At Paris, Madrid, and at Rome,  
But now you elope, I suppose honest Pope,  
The Conclave will hang out a Broom.

Then his Holyness cry'd, all jesting aside,  
(Give the Pope and the Devil their Dues),  
Take my Word for't, old Lad, I'll make thy Heart glad,  
For Faith I have brought Thee rare News.

There's a Plot to beguile, an obstinate Isle,  
Great Britain, that Heretick Nation,  
Who so slyly behav'd, in Hopes to be saved  
By the Help of a d—d Reformation.

We shall never have done, if we burn One by One,  
Nor destroy the whole Heretick Race;  
For when One is dead, like the fam'd Hydra's Head,  
Another starts up in his Place.

Believe me, Old Nick, we'll now play a Trick,  
A Trick that shall serve for the Nonce,  
This Day before Dinner, or else I'm a Sinner,  
We'll kill all the Rascals at once.



There's Powder enough and combustible Stuff  
 In thirty and odd trusty Barrells,  
 Shall blow all together, the Lord can tell whether,  
 And decide at one Blow all our Quarrels.

When the Parliament meets, and All try their Wits,  
 To consult over old musty Papers,  
 We'll give them a Greeting, shall blow up the Meeting,  
 And try who can cut the best Capers.

When the King and his son, and the Parliament's gone,  
 And the People are left in the Lurch,  
 Kings shall take their old Station, you d— the Nation,  
 And I shall be Head of the Church.

These Things were scarce said, but in popp'd the Head  
 Of an old Jesuistical Wight,  
 Who cried You're mistaken, they've all sav'd their Bacon,  
 And Jemmy still sweats with the Fight.

Then Satan was struck, and cry'd 'Tis ill-luck,  
 But you for your Pains shall be thankèd ;  
 So he call'd at the Door, six Devils or more,  
 And they toss'd the poor Dog in a Blanket !

EPITAPH ON HARRIOT, COUNTESS OF ORRERY,  
 YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ORKNEY,  
 FIRST WIFE OF JOHN, EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY.

If purest Virtue, Sense refin'd in Youth,  
 Religious Wisdom, and a love of Truth,  
 A mind that knew no thought ignobly mean,  
 A Temper sweetly cheerful, yet serene,  
 A Breast that glow'd with those immortal fires  
 Which Godlike Charity alone inspires ;

If these could lengthen Fate's tremendous doom,  
 And snatch one moment from the gaping Tomb  
 Death had relenting thrown his dart aside,  
 And Harriot, Oh ! my Harriot had not died.

ORRERY.

CONCLUDING LINES OF LORD ORRERY'S STANZA  
 ON HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

FAR from the busy Crowd I sit forlorn,  
 Nor can my anguish ever have an end,  
 I weep a Father, but I've lost a Friend.

AN EPITAPH UPON MISS PIN.

THE Female who within this Tomb is laid  
 Departed hence nor Widow, Wife nor Maid.  
 Titles she boasted not nor gentle Kin  
 But Sense and Beauty, and her name was Pin.  
 Obscure, she lived an easy chearful life  
 Refused no friendship and provoked no Strife  
 With those She lik'd not, now and then too loud,  
 And ev'n with those She did too often proud.  
 No Christian She, Mahometan or Jew,  
 But to the God of Epicurus true ;  
 For She ne'er bore a Pain She could avoid,  
 And ev'ry Pleasure, She could seize enjoy'd :  
 By no Law, Rule or Principle e'er sway'd  
 But what her Appetite or Passions made.  
 She drank when thirsty, eat when Hunger mov'd,  
 Rested when weary, and, when tender, lov'd.  
 She to no Tyrant own'd herself a Slave,  
 But to her Friend her willing Service gave  
 And tho' four legs this Female had, 'tis true  
 I know of few so good, who have but two.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION OVER A FAVOURITE HORSE  
OF LORD ORRERY'S IN THE GARDENS AT MARSTON.

Hic sepultus est

REX NOBBY.

Equorum Princeps

Omnium sui generis

Longe praestantissimus

ob. 12 Feb. 1754. aetatis 34.

On the other side is inscribed :—

Under this urn are interred the bones of King Nobby, a horse who was superlatively beautiful in his kind. He loved his master with an affection far exceeding the love of brutes. He had sense, courage, strength, majesty, spirit and obedience. He never started, he never tript, he never stumbled. He lived to an uncommon age, and till within two years of his death retained all his natural excellencies and vigour. His limbs were sound to his last moments, he having enjoyed the peculiar felicity of scarce ever having been lame or sick during the long course of his life.

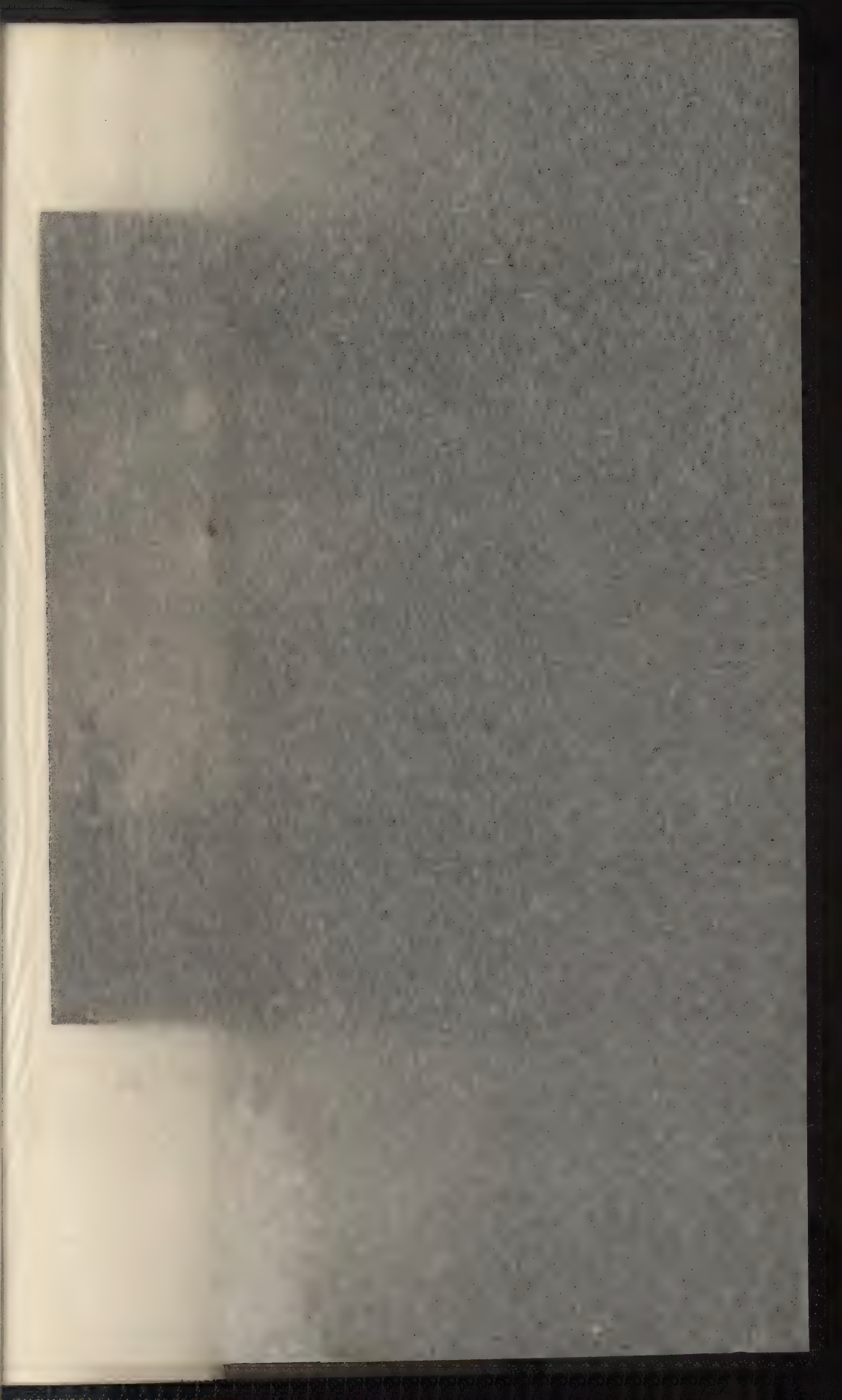
*Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1780.

EPITAPH.

IN Preston Church, near Faversham, 'over y<sup>e</sup> Bodies of Roger and Joan, who are couchant, is written in Gold Letters upon a Black Marble Plate':

'Here lyeth entombed the Body of Roger Boyle, late of this Parish of Preston, Esq., who descended of y<sup>e</sup> antient and worthy Family of y<sup>e</sup> Boyles in Hereford-shire. As also y<sup>e</sup> Body of Joan his Faithfull and loving Wife, Daughter of John Nayler of y<sup>e</sup> City of Canterbury, Gentleman, who, as they lived and loved together, so were both here buried together, leaving behind them Three Sons and Two Daughters here under depicted.'





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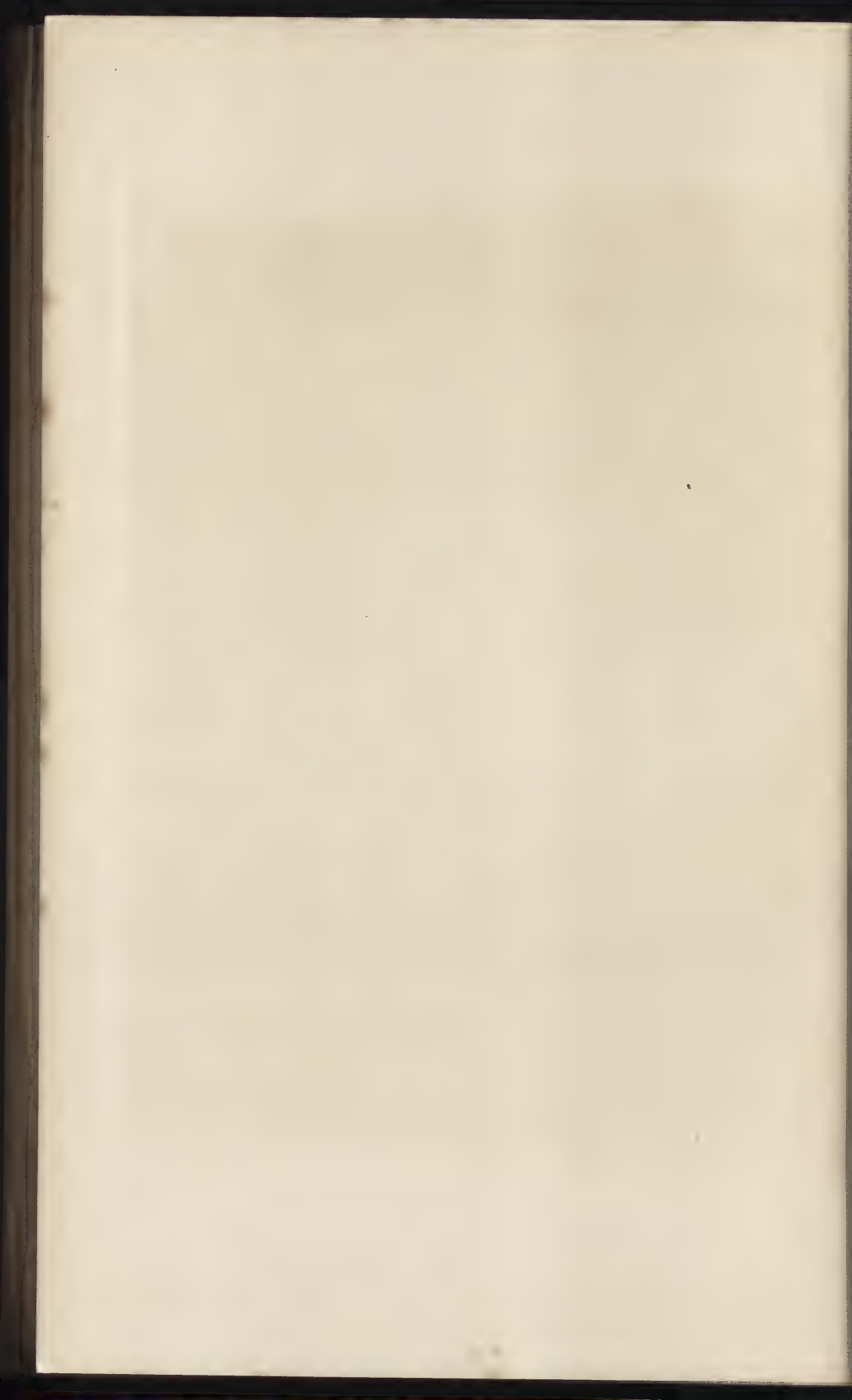
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*Stark & Co. Cork 1855*

*The Tomb of Richard Boyle 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork at Youghal.*





‘Over y<sup>e</sup> Head of the Earl of Cork, who is kneeling in Armour at the Head of his Father and Mother’:

‘Sr Richard Boyle Knight, Lord Boyle Baron of Yoghall, Viscount Dongarvan, Earle of Corke, and One of y<sup>e</sup> Lords of his Majesty’s Honourable Privy Council in Ireland, Second Son to the said Roger and Joan, married Katherine, only Daughter of Sr Geffrey Fenton, Knight, Secretary of State in Ireland, by whom he hath a plentiful and hopeful Posterity, whereof Five Sons and Eight Daughters are now living who in Memory of his virtuous and worthy Parents caused this Monument to be erected:

‘These Three Writings are between the Two Daughters and Youngest Son, who are kneeling in ye Front under Roger and Joan:

‘Elizabeth Boyle, y<sup>e</sup> Eldest Daughter of the said Roger and Joan, married Piers Power Esq. and by him hath Issue:

‘Hugh Boyle, Youngest Son of the said Roger and Joan in his Travel in forreign Kingdoms was slain in the Wars before he had Issue.

‘Mary Boyle, Second Daughter of the said Roger and Joan married Sr Richard Smith Knight, and by him hath Issue.’

### TO A LADY.

UPON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHERE HE THOUGHT HE SHOULD  
BE THAT TIME TWELVE MONTHS.

*(Written offhand.)*

FORBEAR dearest—with a fruitless desire,  
Into Truths which are better conceal’d, to enquire,  
Who anticipate Care their own Pleasure destroy,  
And invite Disappointment who build upon Joy;  
Perhaps many years are allow’d me by Fate,  
Or next Winter perhaps is the last of their Date.  
Let the credulous Fools whom Astrologers cheat  
Or exult or despond as they vary Deceit;  
All our Ills unforeseen we the better endure;  
What avails to foresee unless Foresight can cure?

And from Ills by their Art how can Wretches be freed,  
 When that Art must be false, or those Ills be decreed ?  
 Then, no more on Hereafter thy Wishes employ,  
 Who live but to the Future, the Present destroy.  
 From Reflection and Hope little Pleasure we find,  
 To possession alone let thy thoughts be confin'd—  
 Even now while I scribble, Time steals on my Youth,  
 And a moment cuts off from thy Friendship and Truth.  
 As To-day's all the Treasure poor Mortals can boast,  
 For To-morrow's not captur'd, and Yesterday's lost—  
 Then annex the swift Blessing, enjoy the clear Now,  
 And receive—not expect—what Hereafter'll bestow.

O.

## VELLEM NESCIRE LITERAS.

EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM SPOKEN ON THAT SUBJECT IN  
 WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

OXFORD, no more with Pride your Bodley own,  
 And, Cambridge, grieve to see yourself outdone.—  
 Your choicest Manuscripts can only show  
 What the World thought some hundred years ago.  
 'Tis London justly boasts her Sterling Wit,  
 More strong than yours, and more succinctly writ.  
 What are your Volumes, but long learnèd scrawl ?  
 One single Scrip of Hers, shall buy them all :  
 One short, but comprehensive, Note of Hand,  
 To Self—or Order—paid upon Demand !  
 Oxford and Cambridge, drop your poor Pretence,  
 The Bank of England is the Fund of Sense !



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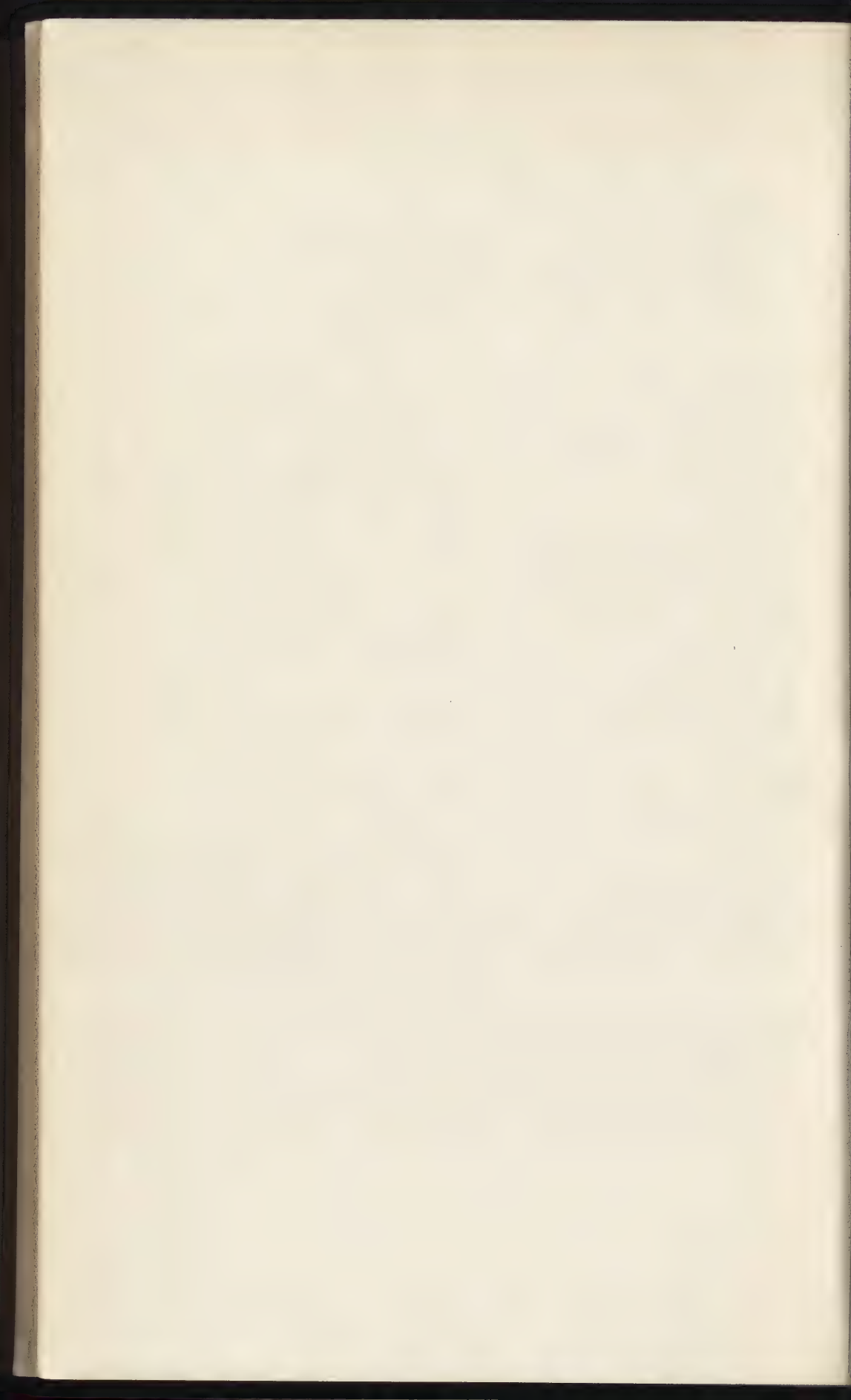
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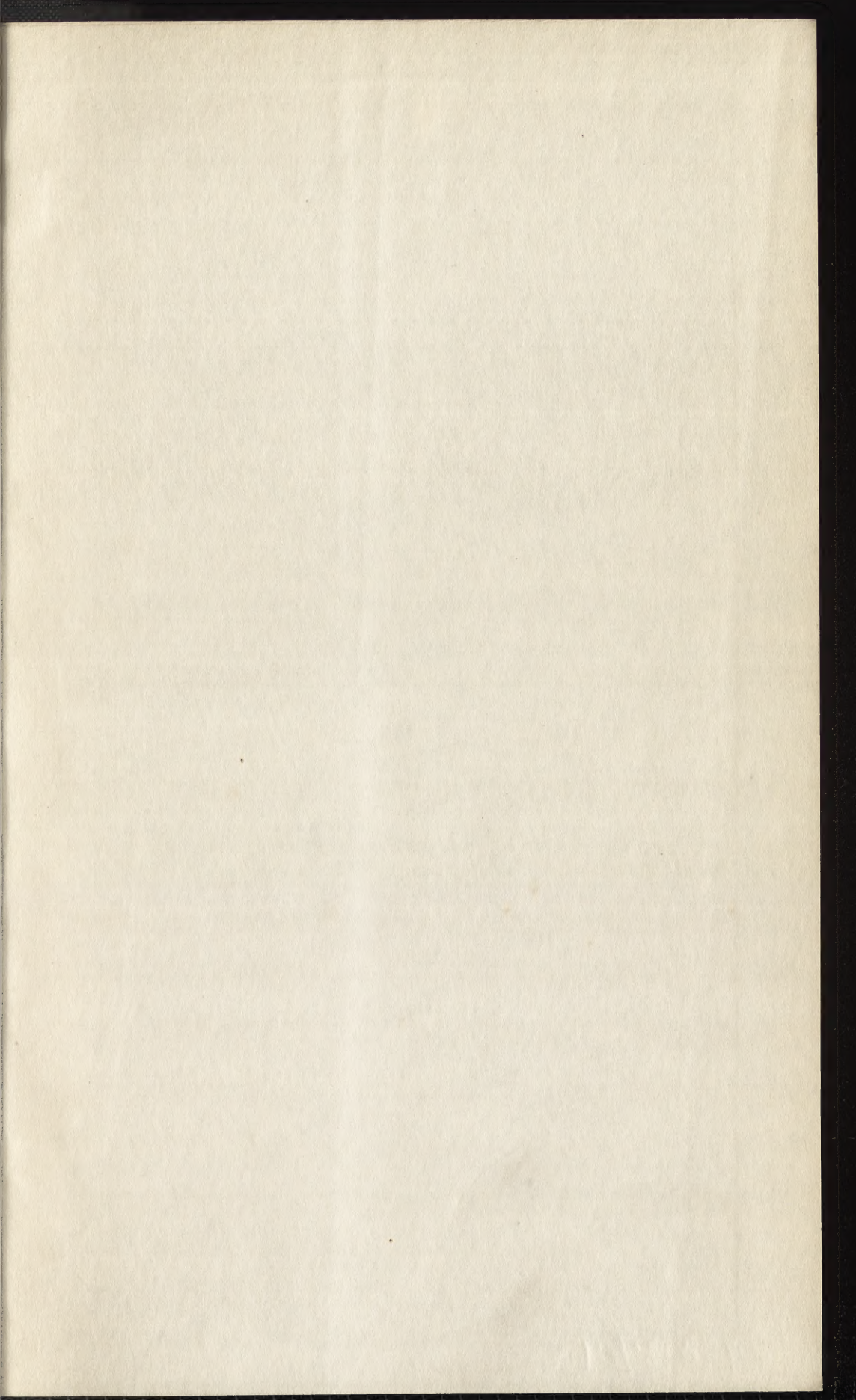
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